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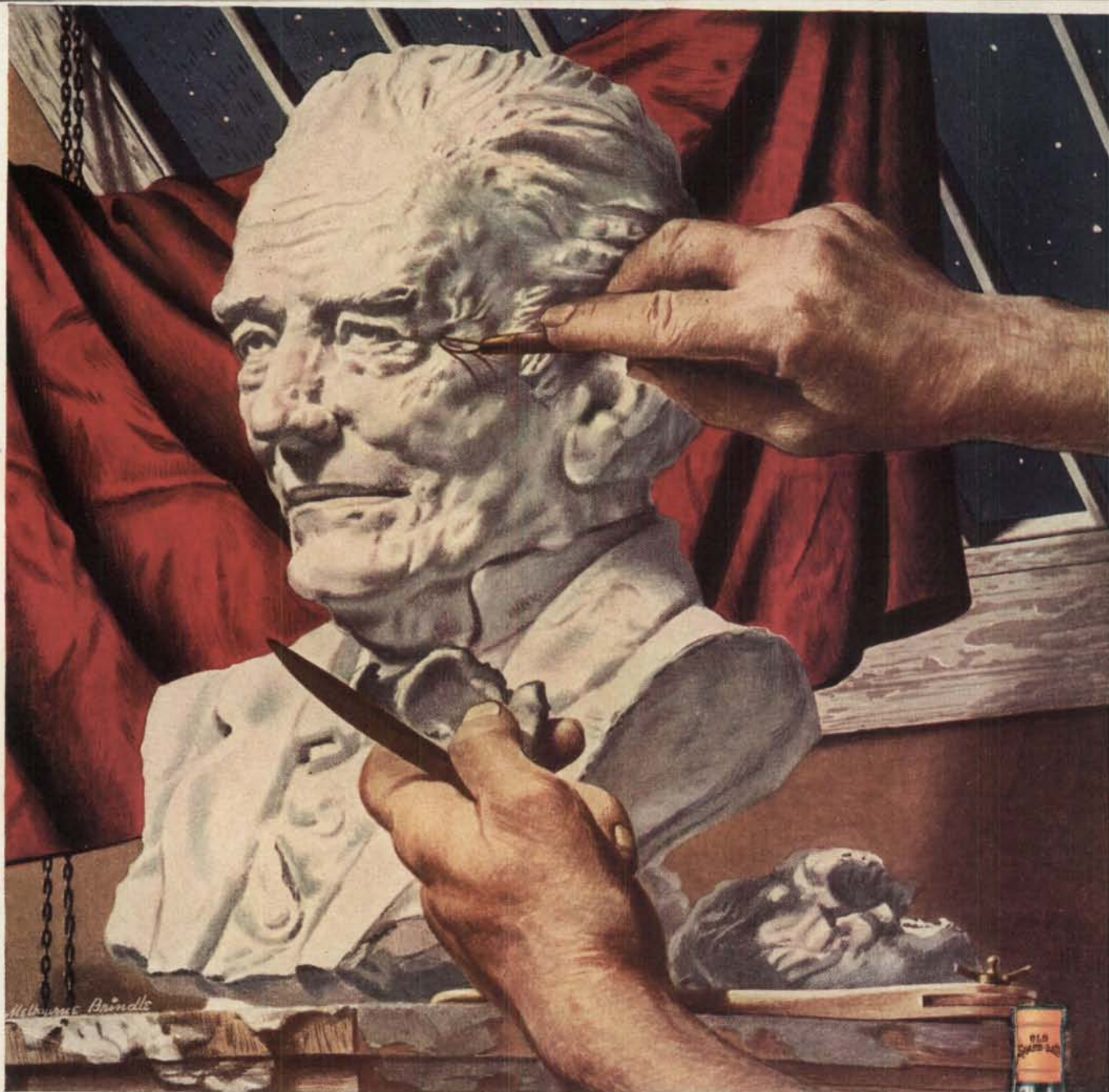
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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE SHIPS?

by LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

IN THE fall of 1939, the dry cargo merchant shipping tonnage under American registry represented only 17 per cent of the total tonnage of the present Allied nations. When the skies clear once more, the tonnage under the American flag will constitute more than half of all the dry cargo tonnage of the United Nations.

A discussion of this astounding change in world shipping must be set in its broad context. It must raise the question, in its many ramifications, of extending subsidies to American operators. It must cover the consequences of a large American merchant marine on trade — our trade and world trade. It must include considerations of national defense, and it cannot be divorced from the difficult task of re-establishing the market places of the world and a stable medium of international exchange.

Shipping touches the Allied maritime nations on their most sensitive spots, for it is the nerve center of their national life. Hence the disposition of our huge merchant marine is not exclusively an American problem. It is not in a technical sense a shipping problem. It is an essential part of the restoration of peace.

A native son of Arizona who graduated from Amherst in 1916, LEWIS W. DOUGLAS was four times elected to Congress, resigning in the spring of 1933 to become Director of the Budget. As Deputy Administrator of War Shipping, Mr. Douglas had charge of the allocation and operation of all American tonnage and of integrating the use of that tonnage with the British during the crucial months from May, 1942, to April, 1944.

To endure, peace must have an international environment in which it can nourish itself, grow, and become the settled and accepted order of mankind. The task of establishing such an environment is a large one. The three major periods of peace that the world has enjoyed have all been characterized by unifying forces more powerful than the forces of separatism. Roman law, reinforced by the Roman legions, bound the civilized world together in a long period of comparative tranquillity. During the Middle Ages, canon law, supported by the power of the Church, knitted the Western world together in reasonable order. The period from Waterloo to the Marne was marked by relatively free trade carried on under the gold standard and enforced by the British fleet.

Law, religion, and the market place, therefore, within the limitations and definitions of their three different worlds, have provided the restraints on the exercise of sovereignty without which world order and enduring peace become unattainable objectives.

Governments take over trade

From the vantage point of today, we can gain a perspective of the divisive developments that began more than seventy-five years ago — in Europe under the national socialism of Bismarck and in the United States under the influence of a government dominated by the Northern mercantile interests. A steadily growing tendency toward autarchy — manifested first by tariffs, and after World War I by

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more tariffs, by subsidized exports, by quotas, by shipping subsidies, by monetary policies adopted by nation states and aimed at raising internal price levels, and by exchange restrictions — is now in retrospect clearly discernible.

Slowly — by a variety of acts, some ill-advised and some misguided — the dicta of governments began to replace the decisions of the market place. Governments became increasingly entangled in the affairs of business, finance, commerce, and agriculture; and the economic decisions they made, while thought to be purely internal in their effects, necessarily had profound consequences. They swept across national frontiers and impinged on the lives of millions of people inhabiting a large part of the world, within the borders of many different nations.

Long before World War II, these decisions cumulatively impaired the market place — the one modern international institution^{*} around which the peace of the nineteenth century was organized.

The lesson of the last three quarters of a century is that the more the state interferes with the market place, the more it as a sovereign comes into sharp conflict with other states as sovereigns; the more the state substitutes its own decisions for the decisions of the market place, the more certainly these conflicts will lead to war.

In this way nationalism becomes supreme and produces its natural offspring, the totalitarian state. Nations compete with nations. War, the final and ultimate manifestation — one might say the inevitable manifestation — of the totalitarian state, becomes first a threat, and finally a devastating fact.

Restoring the market places

Hence, when the war is over, it should be the central aim of peace-loving peoples and governments (at least in the Western world) to restore wisely and prudently the market places of the world, freed from the insecurity caused by government control or the authority of monopolies. It may be urged that just as canon law replaced Roman law, and the market place replaced both as the core of relatively peaceful world order in the past, so the market place will be replaced by some wholly new element. Whatever this may be, it is hoped that it will cut across national frontiers, restrain sovereignty, and provide the basis of a lasting peace.

In a world that has become so highly industrialized, and in which the division of labor has progressed necessarily to such an intricate state of delicate development, it seems improbable that any proposed substitute for the market place will

prove to be effective as a healer of wounds and a binder of peace. Certainly, on the record of the last seventy-five years, the state is no effective substitute. In fact, it will — so the testimony of the years seems to indicate — be the source of ruinous and devastating tests of military might.

The restoration of the market place and its necessary service, a stable international currency, should carry us far toward peace as our goal. But it will do so only if the United States is prepared to join with others in playing the role of policeman and enforcer of order, and only if we are alert to detect evidence of the resurgence of military power among our present enemies and, detecting it, take the steps necessary to stamp it out before it again brings us clattering down in ruins.

It is in this context that a discussion of the problem of American shipping takes on its real meaning and form.

The shipping position

At the beginning of the war, Great Britain had under her control approximately 17,500,000 gross tons of shipping. She had lost by the end of 1943, according to the British White Paper of November, 1944 ("Statistics Relating to the War Effort of the United Kingdom"), 11,643,000 gross tons. At the end of 1943 she had permanently under British registry approximately 12,500,000 gross tons.

That part of Norway's fleet which escaped from German hands has been reduced by half through the ravages of war. The merchant tonnages of Holland and the other Allied maritime powers have sharply declined as a result of the war. What the nineteenth-century historian J. A. Froude said of England is applicable to Norway, Holland, and other maritime seafaring powers today: —

Take away her merchant fleets; take away the navy that guards them: her empire will come to an end; her colonies will fall off, like leaves from a withered tree; and Britain will become once more an insignificant island in the North Sea, for the future students in Australian and New Zealand universities to discuss the fate of in their debating societies.

The life of these nations has been drawn from the seas. Their people exist in large measure on the commerce they carry across the waters. Their shipping has been one of the principal services they have sold to others. They are seafaring nations, and they operate their ships more cheaply than we operate ours.

The shipping losses that most of them have sustained during the war have not been replaced. Norway was occupied by the Nazis and had no yards in which she could build. The English and

Scotch shipbuilding industry was preoccupied with the task of turning out British ships — mostly naval types — and hence was not available for the construction of Norwegian ships. Our own yards were jammed with vessels under construction. Hence Norway and Holland could not replace their losses, nor could the lesser maritime nations.

The position of Britain is somewhat different. Prior to our entry into the war, Britain had planned a stepped-up merchant ship construction program. After Pearl Harbor it was deemed wise — and so it proved — to arrange a division of labor between Britain and the United States. Each undertook to do what it was best equipped to do with the least strain on our combined resources of men, material, and shipping, in the least amount of time, and with the greatest benefit to both.

Individual national interests disappeared under the pressing emergency and in the face of the great common danger. We acted in union — we were in union. On this side of the water were yards, men, iron ore, rolling mill capacity, and a well-developed welding technique that enabled us to build ships more rapidly than was possible in England or Scotland. On this side also were the cargoes to be moved overseas to Britain and to the far corners of the world on journeys that frequently circled the globe.

It was clearly to our combined interest that we should become the merchant shipbuilder for the two of us. Britain sharply reduced her merchant ship construction program. We assumed the role of builder for us both. How successfully this division of labor served the prosecution of the war is one of the great stories of the period.

President Roosevelt, in a communication dated May 28, 1943, to the British Prime Minister, lucidly stated the case. It was because of this arrangement that Britain did not replace her wartime losses and will emerge from the war with a merchant fleet substantially smaller than that with which she started the war.

We, on the other hand, shall have a fleet perhaps six times larger than it was in December, 1941. We commenced the war with a bare 7,500,000 dead-weight tons of dry cargo vessels. We shall end the war with at least 40,000,000 tons. And of this amount a very large proportion will be of the slow 10-knot tramp Liberty type.

The total dry cargo tonnage of the present Allied nations will be far greater than it was in the fall of 1939. At that time the tonnage under American registry was only 17 per cent of the total. By the end of 1945, approximately 57 per cent will be under the American flag. Thus, as a consequence of war, a

violent revolution has taken place in the shipping community — a revolution not only in the quantity but also in the type of ships, and in their distribution among the Allied maritime nations.

The United States, whose economic life derives little nourishment from the carrying of overseas traffic, will emerge from the war with by all odds the largest tonnage. The Allied maritime nations (whose future in large measure depends on the services they perform on the high seas for themselves as well as for others) will have severely depleted merchant marines.

A subsidized American merchant fleet

It is urged by some that the United States in the future maintain a huge merchant marine. In support of this view many arguments are advanced. We need, it is said, a tremendous tonnage for reasons of national defense. We must have a very large tonnage of cargo vessels to carry our exports and imports.

For many decades, the operations of American ships on the high seas have generally been more costly than those of maritime nations allied with us. If in the future the United States is to have a large merchant marine carrying 50 per cent or more of our foreign trade, that fleet must be supported by large sums from the country's taxpayers. Such support will impose a heavy burden on the national production. If, for example, there is to be an American merchant fleet of 20,000,000 tons, — that is, a fleet only twice the size of our pre-war fleet, — the cost to the country in operating subsidies alone will range between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 each year, depending on the way the subsidy is calculated and the form it takes.

Such a policy, however desirable it may be on the grounds of national defense, — and that is a matter to which we cannot be indifferent, — is entirely inconsistent with the proposition that a world order holding out any reasonable promise of preserving the peace must rest upon the market place as an international institution in which individuals rather than governments compete with their wares and their services. A fleet that is heavily subsidized by public funds, whether for construction or operation, or both, firmly links our government with trade and brings it into conflict with other governments.

Professor Gustav Cassel, the eminent Swedish economist, in an address delivered in London on May 10, 1934, under the auspices of the Cobden Memorial Association, emphasized this point when he said: —

Every protectionist step taken by one country immediately leads to defensive measures or aggres-

sive retaliations from other countries, or at least to some form of subsidies to national interests considered to suffer from unfair foreign competition. This cumulative process has year after year been going on before our eyes on such a scale that everybody must be familiar with it. I need only quote the example of shipping subsidies on which a lot of countries have wasted fantastic sums with the consequence that even this country [Great Britain] runs the danger of being driven into some similar policy, very much against its own fundamental conceptions of sound competition.

A subsidized American fleet might not be too serious had we been historically a nation that derived much of its economic strength, its income, and its foreign exchange from the carriage of freight across the seas. But we have not historically and traditionally been a maritime nation in this sense since the days of the clipper ships. Britain, Norway, Holland, and other friendly countries have, on the other hand, been the traditional ocean transporters of the products of the world.

Hence a policy of subsidizing a huge American merchant marine, built as a product of the war itself, will inevitably be a violent blow to many of the nations associated with us in the greatest crisis of modern history. By itself it must create tensions between governments. It is another manifestation of that extreme type of nationalism that has so plagued us throughout the last quarter of a century. It is a policy which surely will erode the foundations of the future peace.

Other national interests

We have other national interests that make a large subsidized American fleet undesirable and unwise.

Our foreign trade depends on the power of foreign nationals to earn dollars. The shipping services they formerly rendered and can render are a hidden import and one of the sources from which they can build up a store of exchange with which they can buy our produce. The more we limit the services they can perform effectively and cheaply, the less they will be able to buy from us. Consequently our industry and commerce and agriculture will languish, and we shall experience all the attendant evils which such a condition brings in the form of depressed prices, shrinking production, and permanent unemployment.

A stable international currency is one of the bases of world peace. The more we restrict the capacity of the nationals of other countries to earn exchange, the more difficult it becomes to restore both the market place and its necessary service, a world medium of exchange. A policy of subsidizing a huge

merchant marine would have precisely this undesirable effect.

The depreciation of foreign currencies, particularly the depreciation of the pound sterling against the dollar, has had profound consequences on our internal economy. We have but to recall what happened here in our own country when England was forced to abandon gold in September of 1931. Immediately the depression that up to then had been not unlike many other cyclical occurrences of the preceding century became "the Great Depression" — a period unique in modern history.

If prices and values had fallen before the autumn of 1931, they shot downwards thereafter. If unemployment had appeared before, it grew with alarming speed and frightening volume thereafter. If agriculture had been sinking before, it tumbled to the bottom of the well thereafter. The social and economic strains became so great that we resorted to experimental devices to restore values, prices, and employment.

That experimental techniques failed miserably to achieve their purposes is evident in the light of the testimony of events covering seven years — until at last war came and millions of men were withdrawn from industry into the armed services.

Surely this experience should guide us in the future and teach us, not necessarily to avoid mistakes, but at least not to repeat the same mistakes we committed such a short time ago. Surely this experience must punctuate for us the great significance to our own selfish interests of a stable international currency. Our ill-advised, exclusivist tariff policy has in the past interposed too many obstacles in the way of freer trade, greater exchange of goods, and the reconstruction of a stable medium of exchange. To supplement these obstacles by a shipping policy that further restricts trade, further limits the rendering of services, further impairs the chances of restoring monetary order, is the height of folly. It is hostile to our long-term national welfare. It is self-defeating.

By no rule of logic and through no conclusion based on observation of fact can there be the slightest justification for such a policy. For it is a policy which, in addition to costing the country directly some \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 a year, increases the risk of laying on it incalculable and intolerable additional burdens in the form of languishing domestic industry, unprofitable agriculture, and unemployment.

These considerations — considerations of peace, considerations of purely national economic welfare — lead to the conclusion that we should shun the policy of subsidizing a huge merchant marine.

Conflict of purposes

It is argued, however, that we need a large fleet of merchant ships for reasons of national defense. Thus there appears to be, with shipping as with many other issues, a conflict of purpose and of interest. There is the purpose, in so far as the question of shipping bears on it, of restoring an environment in which peace stands a chance of enduring, and the purpose of providing for our defense in the event that war comes again.

These purposes are not necessarily irreconcilable. There are trades in which we have traditionally operated. There are routes over which American ships can run profitably even though some are in protected areas. We carried before the war about 20 per cent of our foreign trade. The tonnage required to serve our coastwise trade and to carry approximately the same percentage of our overseas freight that we carried before the war has been estimated as some 10,000,000 deadweight tons.

This tonnage should be disposed of by the government on favorable terms to American ship operators. And it should be of the kind best adapted to the needs of each operator. Much of it will need no subsidy at all. And if the terms are sufficiently favorable to the operator, it is probable that no annual operating subsidy will be necessary. The monopolistic practices that have been established under the administration of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 and enjoyed by certain overseas operators should be eliminated.

Besides this tonnage, there is of course the amount necessary to serve as a fleet train for our peacetime navy. But this tonnage would not be operating in commercial trades and would be used purely on military duty.

Finally, it would be reasonable to select one or two shipbuilding concerns, not for the purpose of building a large tonnage, but merely to determine how designs can be improved, operations reduced in cost, and construction itself accelerated. Such a plan would further our national defense. The future of peace is uncertain, no matter how firm may be our resolve to prevent war. Our policies are still undetermined. It is not yet clear that as a nation we, together with others, will slowly and wisely divest ourselves of nationalism. Accordingly, we should take out insurance against our own folly and the folly of others.

The balance of our tonnage should be sold on time or distributed on irrevocable leases to other nations for operation by their nationals. The terms should be so attractive that even the Liberty ships can be

put to use. Aside from the monetary considerations of the sale or lease, we should require the purchaser to carry our overseas trade without prejudice to our nationals as to rates, routes, ports, or any other matter affecting the movement of overseas trade. Moreover, the terms should provide — at least in so far as the British are concerned — that in the event of war the tonnage so sold at nominal prices or so leased irrevocably at nominal rentals should be made available to us in the conduct of any war in which we might become engaged.

This policy we should put into effect forthwith. To do so now will at once increase the capacity of our allies to earn exchange and so reduce the volume of post-war credits and Lend-Lease. It will ease the strain on our manpower and reduce, if not eliminate, the costly process of training more seamen who will never under any circumstances be employed as seamen when the war at last comes to an end.

Lest there be any misunderstanding on this point, it should be made unmistakably clear that neither Germany nor Japan should be permitted to have either a merchant marine or a shipbuilding industry. This course would entail a commitment on the part of the maritime nations to carry for them their overseas trade. Such a commitment would enhance the ability of the Allied maritime nations to earn exchange and, besides, would increase the useful services to which our surplus tonnage could be put. Accordingly, the amount of shipping we could dispose of to our allies would be increased by many millions of tons of the Liberty-type vessel and go far toward disposing of any unusable surplus. The matter of dry cargo vessels only has been the subject of this article. But substantially the same principles covering this type of vessel should apply to passenger types and tankers.

The program I have outlined will reconcile what at first appeared to be irreconcilable purposes. It will, so far as shipping is concerned, remove international tensions. It will tend to restore the market place as an international institution and will therefore improve the chances of re-establishing in due course a stable international medium of exchange. And it envisages ample provision for our national defense.

It will be the key to the future. The United States has become the greatest power in the Western world. Power begets responsibility. This program will convincingly show that we are prepared to accept that responsibility and will play our part in fashioning a world in which men may go about their daily peaceful pursuits unhampered by the fear of impending wars.

MAROONED ON THE ROCK

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

LEVELED to shadeless desolation by bombs and bulldozers, the sweltering sand of Tarawa is hallowed ground. Many an embattled place has flared into brief, exclamatory prominence during six years of mobile warfare; but in the memory of the living, Tarawa remains a symbol of unconquerable will, emotionally equivalent to Dunkirk, Corregidor, El Alamein, Stalingrad, Guadalcanal, and Iwo Jima. For those who stop briefly at Tarawa on the way to and from the Southwest Pacific, the arid atoll is a shrine. For those earthbound sailors, Seabees, and aviation mechanics who have been stationed there a year or more, Tarawa has become, simply and unsentimentally, The Rock.

In four desperate days the Marines reduced 500 pillboxes and an estimated 5000 Japanese to a stinking mass of shattered coconut logs and rotting bodies. On the fifth day the Navy men came ashore to establish the advance air base, to bury the dead, and to rebuild the island.

Today many of these men are still laboring on Tarawa. The battle-numbed Marines who took the island remained only long enough to identify and throw sand over those companions whose bodies they could find. Fresh Marines debarked to man the island's defenses, and they in turn were relieved by Army garrison troops. The permanent occupants of Tarawa are the men essential to the functioning of a potent Navy air base; extremely young men for the most part, predominantly Middle Western, who in the few brief months since civilian life had become supply clerks, mechanics, cooks, pharmacist mates, crane operators, and signalmen.

Tarawa was their introduction to war—or rather, to the aftermath of war. They waded through the wreckage of amphibious tractors, Hig-

gins boats, shattered guns, and half-submerged tanks which began at the edge of the reef, 600 yards from shore, and thickened into a nearly insurmountable barrier along the beaches. They found the narrow atoll to be a snarl of shredded palms, entangled with the spewn rubble of ammunition dumps and the twisted remnants of trucks and guns. And everywhere the dead lay, more than 5000 bodies in less than one square mile, and all decomposing rapidly under the tropical sun.

The first two weeks on Tarawa were crucial. The capture of the island, which is far within the circle of Japanese inter-island defenses, was a bold stroke, the success of which depended upon how quickly the new base could be made impregnable. Provisions for physical comfort therefore had a low priority among the men as they worked for their common security. Without interrupting the arrival and departure of planes already using the island as a base, the men drained the airstrip, filled in its bomb craters, and enlarged its runways to accommodate more and larger planes. They dredged the reefs for material to build a pier, of paramount importance if sufficient quantities of food, gasoline, ammunition, and heavy equipment were to be brought ashore. They dug defensive positions for their guns, established radio and telephone communications, set up a hospital, and provided for fresh water and electric power. These first essentials of security were rushed into being by men who six months before had been civilians.

Snipers still lurked in hidden places, emerging at night to forage for food, but the dead Japanese, their swollen bodies teeming with maggots, were more dangerous, because they were the potential sources of fly-borne diseases. Once the safety of the island was assured, however, the dead were buried as rapidly as possible. Scores of Japanese putrefying in humid blockhouses were lifted gingerly onto improvised litters and carried away by men wearing gas masks. From their starting point at the popu-

Among the most costly islands redeemed by American blood is Tarawa. What has happened to the mechanics, the Seabees, and the ground force left behind is told to us by EDGAR L. JONES, a young Dartmouth graduate who served with distinction with the British Eighth Army in North Africa and who is now the *Atlantic* correspondent on the road to Japan.

lated center of the island, the burial parties worked slowly toward the far ends of the narrow, two-mile atoll. Marine garrison troops stood by to dispose of the snipers who were driven from cover by the advancing men, and thus the living and the dead Japanese were removed from Tarawa in a purifying purge lasting a fortnight.

2

BY THE middle of December most of the dead were under ground, and most of the living were under canvas. The airstrip had been expanded until it occupied fully half the available ground space, and thousands of men dwelt in everything from pup tents to Quonset huts around it. More than one hundred planes a day roared forth to strike at Japanese targets; and for every plane in the air, there was a small army of men on the ground to load bombs, repair and refuel motors, and patch flak holes.

Day and night the lagoon was turbulent with the wakes of every type of landing craft shuttling continuously between the tumultuous beaches and the scores of cargo vessels standing patiently in the deep waters. So many tons of supplies were heaped upon the tiny island that a rumor spread that the atoll was beginning to sink. And just at this point the Japanese began their belated bombing attacks.

Why the Japanese waited at least two weeks before striking back at Tarawa was never known. Whatever their reason, they held off their attacks until the Americans were ready for them. Bombing only at night and in small numbers, they confined their retaliation to nuisance raids.

For the weary men who huddled in former Japanese shelters and waited for the bombs to land, the word "nuisance" was entirely inadequate. For them the nights were sleepless and terror-laden. For a long month there was at least one alert each day, and on eighteen occasions bombs were dropped. Christmas Eve of 1943, marked by five separate raids, was the high point in the Japanese campaign. Although no one would have believed it possible to drop a bomb anywhere on the crowded island without doing serious damage, the sum total of Japanese effectiveness amounted to a few planes put out of action and one man killed. The man disregarded the air-raid warning and remained in his tent.

Whereas their first Christmas on Tarawa was just another day, only worse, the men have a lasting memory of the unexpected pleasantness of their first New Year's Day. On January 1, the bakery was set up, and instead of hard biscuits there was white

bread which tasted, after their long abstinence, like angel cake. As if this alone were not enough of a celebration, the merchant ships in the lagoon sent ashore sufficient turkey and ice cream for every man to begin 1944 with a full stomach.

Buoyed by this one meal of fresh meat, the men went back to their C rations for another two months, until the time came when the cargo vessels had space for meat and eggs among their more precious supplies. Throughout this period, officers and men ate together. They sat cross-legged in the sand, keeping one hand free to ward off flies. When it rained, they got wet or went hungry.

At the end of January, scarcely more than two months after the island was captured, the war began to move away from Tarawa. Men and their equipment were moved to their new bases, five and eight hundred miles further along the road to Tokyo. Even the original Seabees were pulled out, their places taken by a smaller maintenance unit. The fighters and bombers were forwarded to the Marshalls, and eventually to the Marianas. By mid-1944, the war was far beyond Tarawa. The island became a ghost base, as hauntingly desolate as those Western American boom towns which flourished briefly and then were forgotten as the ore petered out.

A glance at a map reveals why Tarawa has never been placed on the list of inactive bases. It is a way station on the main airline running from Hawaii to the Solomons and thence to the Philippines. Furthermore, it is close to Nauru and Ocean, two Japanese-held islands which must be kept under daily observation and occasionally bombed. Other islands in the Gilberts have been turned over to their pre-war guardians, the British, but it is not difficult to imagine the ensuing uproar on the floor of Congress if battered Tarawa, the island of a thousand American graves, were turned over to anyone. For these reasons the sun-bleached atoll remains a U.S. Navy Air Base, operated mainly by the same men who came ashore on D-plus-four, long months ago.

War correspondents have been regarded warily by the men on Tarawa ever since a photographer representing a national picture magazine did a thorough job of queering them with their women at home. Unable to find anything photogenic about Betio, the island where all the fighting took place, the photographer went to a near-by island, still technically Tarawa Atoll, where there were not only palm trees and scenic vistas, but also bare-breasted natives, a swimming beach, a tennis court, and a small air-evacuation hospital, complete with American nurses. Out of the resultant seven-page spread of pictures depicting present-day life on Tarawa,

there was only one scene of Betio, where the bulk of the men live and work.

Although the captions made no mention of the fact, the men shown in the photographs as enjoying tennis and swimming parties were the highest-ranking officers on the atoll, and they rarely had time for frolicking. For the junior officers and enlisted men, the so-called life on Tarawa was as remote as Santa Monica Beach or Atlantic City.

As soon as the article appeared, the Fleet Post Office at Tarawa was overloaded with indignant letters from wives accusing their husbands of lying about how rough the life on the island was. Girls declared they no longer intended to sit home alone nights if their men were swimming, playing tennis, and cavorting with nurses and native women. Because of censorship regulations, the men could not explain that the tennis court belonged to an Admiral, that they had never so much as seen an American nurse, that their island had neither trees nor a swimming beach, that the Tarawa in the pictures was not their Tarawa at all.

Headquarters realized that such a gross piece of journalistic misrepresentation could seriously undermine local morale. Mimeographed descriptions of what Tarawa was really like were prepared and issued to the men for their personal use. These were sent home as a mild counteractive measure, but the damage already had been done. The pictures revealed Tarawa to be a tropical paradise, and pictures do not lie.

These men do not want to be depicted as heroes. They want only to have America understand what it is like to be confined on a small island, to feel left behind in the war, never to see a woman, or a corner drugstore, or a dish of fresh vegetables. The fear of mental stagnation, of growing old, of losing out on marriage and their civilian jobs, is now more real than the fear of bombs and bullets. They want to go home, and yet they are nervous about it. Perhaps they have changed too much to fit into their old lives, to take up where they left off with their women; they have dreamed too long, they want too much — or so they tell themselves. Nevertheless, morale on Tarawa is as high as on any one of a hundred islands in the Pacific. If Americans at home could understand the full meaning of present-day life on just this one atoll, they would realize what their men will want when they return.

3

THE atoll of Tarawa, seen from the air, seems too small and insignificant to justify its reputation.

Betio, the last island in the atoll chain and the one universally referred to as Tarawa, appears from 5000 feet to be only a sandspit, certainly not large enough for a plane to land on. Dropping down to 1000 feet, one can see that the sand in the middle of the island is level and hard-packed, that there actually is an airstrip with tents and Quonset huts along its borders. When the plane swings across the island and throttles down for a landing, it becomes evident that the island is not deserted; there is life along the beach which faces toward the aquamarine lagoon and the rest of the atoll. As soon as the plane stops rolling forward, the hot, moist breath of Tarawa envelops its visitors like the sticky panting of a subway exit in mid-July.

Like Arlington Cemetery or Valley Forge, the island of Betio has a hushed atmosphere of sanctity which never can be wholly disregarded, no matter how long a man remains on Tarawa. I have never known a place which so thoroughly grips my emotions, possibly because Tarawa is not the graveyard of ancient heroes, but of young men of my own generation.

If they were buried row on row in a single formal cemetery, their white crosses might have the impersonal appearance of casualty lists in a newspaper. So many of the Marines on Tarawa, however, still lie where they fell: along the beach, beside the road, in the shadow of a tent, within a short distance of every rusting Japanese gun. On the edge of a ragged hole lies the Marine who tossed the hand grenade into the entrance of the ammunition dump which used to be there. Beside a pillbox are the graves of two other Marines who dove in among the Japanese to save their comrades caught in a cross fire. On the approximate site of a Japanese torpedo shop there are the graves of forty Marines, twenty-four of whom are identified, the rest unknown.

Larger, white-crossed cemeteries also are in evidence — one just beyond the foul line of the baseball diamond, another close to the airstrip, and a third by the gymnasium — but the single graves, appearing everywhere, are the most intimate reminders of the human service rendered to the living. No part of Tarawa is without a white cross, a permanent price tag.

The Japanese Marines believed that it would take a million men six months to capture Tarawa. The Second Division of the United States Marines did the job in four days, killing five Japanese for every one of their own dead. They did it the hard way, the only way. An estimated two out of every five who waded ashore the first day never reached the beach. Where caution would have lost the battle, or prolonged it interminably, the Marines' willing-

ness to die for each other enabled them to accomplish a feat which still seems to have been impossible. Two months later the new tactics learned at Tarawa made possible the comparatively bloodless invasion of Kwajalein. Probably for those who died that is an adequate epitaph.

As one officer explained it to me: "There's one thing on this — island we don't joke about, and that's the Marines. Call 'em sacred, if you want to. We followed them ashore expecting sarcastic remarks about our arriving after the dirty work was done; instead, tired as they were, they smiled and said they'd hate to have our job. Those guys were really heroes; we're now living in their cemetery, and that's something you can never forget."

4

Not only does no one on Tarawa today joke about the Marines: the present inhabitants, in my opinion, do not joke about anything. In the four weeks I have been here, I have yet to hear a humorous story. There was nothing funny about the early days on Tarawa; there is nothing funny now. Nowhere else have I encountered such a deadened group of men. Even the Officers' Club is a sober affair. There is drinking, of course, but no raucous hilarity. The laughter is tired. Perhaps these men buried their levity along with the dead, or else they simply have run out of new stories to tell.

Everything possible has been done to make living on Tarawa a pleasant assignment. When the war moved away, taking with it the original battalion of Seabees, the island still was in a primitive state. With the taking of the Marshalls, however, time and equipment were available for the reconditioning of the island. The manpower mainly was supplied by the newly arrived Seabee maintenance unit, famous locally for previously having taken part in the Hollywood production of *The Fighting Seabees*. Six months of hard labor resulted, literally, in the island's being leveled to bedrock and rebuilt.

With the debris scraped away, there was more room for the reduced personnel to spread out. Of shade there was none, since only fifty trees were left standing. Lack of shade, however, was offset partly by the fact that the ocean breezes were no longer obstructed. When blessed with a ten-knot wind, Tarawa was occasionally comfortable. The parched earth and absence of vegetation also resulted in the elimination of all mosquitoes and nearly all the flies. With no standing water left to breed in, the mosquitoes were the first to go, ending the threat of malaria and filariasis.

The flies had multiplied rapidly while corpses were plentiful, food was in the open, smashed coconuts lay everywhere, and the Japanese latrine system, copied from the natives, was still in use. Cases of dysentery and other fly-borne diseases declined soon after the dead were under ground, and were wiped out entirely when the island was cleaned up and indoor facilities were built.

Occasionally someone discovers a scorpion, nicknames it Tojo, and calls all hands to watch it commit harakiri. When the scorpion is encircled by burning gasoline, it curls up its tail and stings itself to death. Of equal interest are the dime-size black and white spiders which can hop twenty-five times their own length. The island champion, before its demise, could be prodded into twenty-inch leaps, always good for a free beer against an open field of challengers. His end was that of many of Tarawa's insects; the Champ was consumed by a gecko with no appreciation for the sporting things in life. Given free run of the island, the geckos are small, harmless lizards with relentless appetites for ants, flies, and spiders, excluding, of course, the black widow spiders.

The geckos in turn are outclassed by Tarawa's cockroaches, hardy descendants of a group of New England cockroaches which jumped ship here fifty years ago. One of Tarawa's cockroaches can cover all but the corners of an ordinary playing card, while six would fill the kitchenette in any average New York apartment. It is claimed locally that any one of them can open a can of Spam with his back legs, but I personally have never seen it done. Early trading ships also left behind brown rats which share their scavenger rights with the land crabs.

The men on Tarawa gladly would trade all the insects on the island for one swarm of bees. Usually taken for granted, a bee is the gardener's primary handyman. The men would like to grow fresh vegetables to supplement their canned diet, but pollination by hand is a long and uncertain process. Some of the men, using hand pollination, have grown melons, radishes, lettuce, and turnips in small quantities.

With water scarce, large-scale farming in the sandy soil would be impossible, even if there were bees on the island. The chief regret is that more flowers cannot be grown around the graves of the Marines. The men have had their families send seeds of the more durable American perennials, and these have been planted around the three main cemeteries. The individual graves scattered about the island have been decorated with white stones and colored coral.

5

TARAWA has become one of the most healthful islands in the Pacific. The heat, however, has an unfavorable effect on some men. At a recent inspection, held before nine o'clock in the morning, five men fainted, one of whom fell flat on his face and knocked out a tooth. Nevertheless, the men in the weather station maintain that the average temperature on Tarawa is only 80 degrees, decreasing slightly at night, and that the humidity is no worse than in New York City on an uncomfortable summer's day. Unconvinced by such scientific data, many unofficial observers have placed thermometers on the ground and reported temperatures as high as 125 and 130 degrees. And as long as the white coral sand reflects 125 degrees' worth of white-hot glare, the men of Tarawa will continue to find little comfort in the realization that the actual temperature of the air is only 80 degrees.

Unless it rains, the evenings are ideally comfortable. It rains frequently and without warning, however, in short, frantic bursts, as though determined to wash Tarawa back into the sea. In five minutes the island becomes a continuous puddle of water, and then it is fair weather again. The men bail out their jeeps, patch the holes in the airstrip, hang their bedding to dry, and wait for the next downpour.

The enlisted men on Tarawa live in large screened-in tents which have double flaps for insulation against the heat of the sun. The tents have wooden floors and are built on stilts, a foot above the ground, to keep out dampness and discourage the crawling life on the island. Messing facilities are in a large Quonset hut, open at the sides, where the food is served cafeteria style. Except for the total absence of fresh vegetables, fruits, and milk, the food is excellent. Fresh meat usually is available for one meal a day, and storage eggs are used alternately with flapjacks for breakfast. Most of the vegetables are of the canned variety, rather than dehydrated, and occasionally a ship brings in real potatoes.

The enlisted men have several day rooms where they can read, listen to the radio, play ping-pong, and, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, drink two bottles of beer apiece. Coca-Cola similarly is rationed, and whiskey is forbidden. A pint of liquor received through the mail in a loaf of bread or disguised as Listerine or hair tonic sells for twenty dollars, while fifty dollars is the minimum which a crew member of a transport plane expects to receive for the quart of low-grade whiskey he has bought in Honolulu for six dollars.

Instead of tents, the officers have fales, sometimes spelled "falles," and always pronounced "follies." Much cooler but less insect-proof than a tent, a fale is a grass shack of native origin. The Seabees built the wooden framework for the fales, and then the Gilbertese natives thatched the sides and low-hanging roofs with the long, spiny leaves of the pandanus tree. The food in the Officers' Mess is the same as that eaten by the enlisted men, except that the officers maintain a two-hundred-dollar mess fund which is used to buy meat and fresh produce from merchant ships stopping at the island.

Most of the enlisted men with whom I have talked do not resent the fact that the officers have extra privileges. To them a softer bed and an added portion of meat do not make the island less confining; they have all necessary physical comforts.

What the men dislike is the boredom, the narrow limitations of the atoll, the absence of any near-by civilization to visit. They know the officers must share with them the same tedious existence; therefore it does not matter too much whether they sleep in a tent or in a fale. Only when an occasional Army or Navy nurse spends a few hours on Tarawa and is spirited away to the Officers' Club do the enlisted men feel particularly underprivileged.

The life is regimented more by environment than by military regulations. The men are not subjected to one tenth of the military discipline imposed upon them in camps at home. Clothes are optional, quarters may be arranged in accordance with individual tastes, and there are few occasions for saluting. The town of Tarawa has a small upper class and even a middle class, if one considers the Chief Petty Officers, who have a club of their own.

The administration is in the hands of the personnel assigned to the NAB (Naval Air Base). The island is their responsibility. They handle all the supplies, cook and serve the meals, perform multitudinous paper work, and operate the refrigerators, warehouses, hospital, laundry, store, and barber shop. From the control tower on the airstrip they regulate the arrival and departure of planes, and at night they handle the searchlights and guide the landing of heavy transports.

These men are sailors who never have been on a ship, except to come to Tarawa via Pearl Harbor. Many of them, especially the officers, chose the Navy because they wanted to keep on the move, see new places, enjoy life on the ocean. They have been nowhere except Tarawa. For the first six months they were busy, exceptionally so. Now they are in the backwash of the war.

The other veteran group on Tarawa is the Combat Air Service Unit, composed of the men who repair

and refuel planes, load bombs, rig parachutes, and take care of special aircraft equipment, such as radios, altimeters, and compasses. While a few of the men are only wartime mechanics, many of the CASU personnel are professional Navy craftsmen, skilled at overhauling planes. During the Marshalls campaign they labored day and night. As fast as the pilots brought in their chewed-up bombers, the CASU crews went to work patching them up. But today, as they point out, they merely are running a filling station for transient aircraft. With their long experience and proved ability, these men hoped for a while that they would be transferred to a new combat area. Now, soured by apathy, they are waiting only for the moment when they can go home.

The present Seabees are the ones who arrived four months after the invasion to rebuild the island. They are older and more experienced than most of the other men on Tarawa; in civilian life they were electricians, plumbers, and construction foremen, and they volunteered for the Navy to do the same type of work. The Seabees made Tarawa livable, and are keeping it that way.

The weathermen still have a job to do. Daily they must chart the high and low pressure areas whether anyone uses the information or not. Upon the weather depends all air travel to and from the war zone, and the weathermen have the satisfaction of knowing that because of them, more will be understood after the war about flying conditions in the Pacific than ever before.

The day laborers on Tarawa are the Micronesian natives, organized by the British into a semi-military labor corps. Known to the Americans as "Gooks" or the "Limey Seabees," they empty the garbage, dig ditches, clean the officers' fales, and help to unload ships. The Gooks are cheerfully indolent and are skilled, within the limits of their meager vocabulary, at giving the expected answers. When asked if the Japanese didn't give them a dirty deal, the Gooks say yes. When asked if the Japanese didn't treat them fairly well, the Gooks say yes.

On Tarawa the Gooks are the island's most ardent supporters of American cowboy pictures. Most of them draw the British equivalent of ten dollars a month, plus food and lodging, while the noncommissioned officers receive slightly more. They double their pay by selling Americans the baskets, pocketbooks, and mats that their wives make.

ment seat for the British Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Crown Colony, which includes islands and atolls scattered over nearly 2000 square miles and inhabited by an estimated 35,000 Gilbertese. With the exception of Japanese-held Ocean and Nauru, which produced one tenth of the world's supply of phosphate before the war, the Gilbert, Ellice, and Phoenix Islands are a British liability. Through royalties received from the phosphate mines and from a small tax on copra exports, the British in peacetime obtained an income of \$310,520 from the entire island group, or \$10,000 less than the cost of running the Colony.

As is always the case when American troops are associated with the British and have no understanding of the intricacies involved in their relationship, many Americans on Tarawa are convinced that they are being exploited by the British. Rumors have become facts, and suspicions the gospel truth. Otherwise intelligent officers and enlisted men have assured me that the British are charging the United States fifty to one hundred thousand dollars a year for the use of Tarawa. It is an accepted fact even in the Officers' Mess that the British demand five dollars for every coconut tree the Americans destroy, and common gossip that the British collect fifty dollars per month per Gook for the work done by the native labor corps, when everyone knows that the British make them work for nothing.

Such malicious statements have no material effect upon the friendship which exists between the Americans and the four British officers on Tarawa, but these rumors and many others like them already have spread from neighbor to neighbor in the United States, been printed as fact in papers and magazines, and become as potent a factor as Nazi propaganda in undermining Anglo-American relationships.

Given the opportunity, the British could satisfy every last man on Tarawa that American generosity is not being exploited. The British do not charge rent for Tarawa, any more than they charge rent for the use of England by the United States Eighth Air Force. They do not receive payment for the services of their labor corps, any more than for their tank corps or infantry divisions. It is the British, not the Americans, who have to restore the property of the natives, rehabilitate their villages, replant their coconut trees. Even the fact that the Resident Commissioner lives in one of Tarawa's choicest fales and bewilders his American guests with a formal array of silverware is easily explained. The British members of the Colonial Service expect to be on Tarawa, or on some similar island, for the rest of their lives. They might just as well live comfortably.

SINCE Ocean Island is still in the hands of the Japanese, a large fale on Tarawa is the present govern-

Such things could be made intelligible to the American people, but the British, with their traditional reticence, have remained silent, and few Americans have stepped forth to take their part.

7

THE nightly movies on Tarawa are a two-hour escape into another world. I had never realized that Hollywood produced so many fourth-rate movies. For every *Kismet* or *Arsenic and Old Lace* there are half a dozen low-grade Westerns, musicals, and comedies. The occasional newsreels are at least six months old.

But no matter how terrible the picture is, all the men go, because for two hours they can forget Tarawa; for two hours they can see a white woman, a change of scenery, a new face. Most of the time they sit quietly, becoming unprintably bitter only when IV-F's masquerading in uniforms make patriotic speeches in the midst of fantastic battle scenes.

In the distant past when Tarawa was an important base, there were USO shows. Bob Hope picked up athlete's foot on Tarawa, while Jerry Colonna had a tooth pulled by the local dental officer. This week the outdoor stage was pulled down, indicating to the men their present status in the war effort. The Red Cross also closed its Tarawa branch some time ago, further reducing the sources of outside entertainment. The radio reception on the island is poor, with Tokyo Rose slightly more audible than Command Performance.

Church is a popular institution, with fully 25 per cent of the island population attending on those Sundays when there is both a Catholic and Protestant service. The library has an excellent selection of books, but the men are tired of reading. For every thirty men on the island, there is only one book a day taken from the Library. According to the librarian, the men read a great deal more when they had more work to do.

Sports offer the greatest outlet for pent-up energy and emotions, despite the prevailing temperature. The eight teams in the soft-ball league have just completed a hotly contested season, with the Seabees emerging as the undisputed island champions. Basketball and badminton are played both outdoors and in a large Quonset hut used as a gymnasium. There are numerous volleyball courts, and one boxing ring. On the ocean side of the island the Seabees dug a swimming pool which is used by a few. Athletic competition recently has been stimulated by the announcement that early in 1945 the champion baseball, basketball, boxing, and volleyball teams

from each of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands will be flown to a central island for the final playoffs. Goaded by the opportunity to visit a new island, the men have turned their sports program into a second battle of Tarawa.

A momentary flicker of life returns to Tarawa when the time comes to bomb Nauru once again. Since there is no justification for invading the island, the Americans keep it neutralized with bombs. I went along on one of these bombing missions and found it as routine as a training flight. The Japanese still manage to put up a barrage, but there is evidence that their ammunition is running low.

Thus life on The Rock goes on its petty way. When a man acts peculiarly or makes absent-minded mistakes, his colleagues say that he is getting rock-happy. As a form of anxiety neurosis in reverse, being rock-happy is the equivalent of the pre-war "slaphappy," or the pre-First-War expression, "balmy." On Alcatraz, which is also known as The Rock by its inmates, the strange-acting individual would be called stir-crazy.

Whatever name it goes under, it is a word for men who have been in one place too long, who have led a sterile, womanless life, who have become too restless to read, whose powers of concentration have weakened, who forget familiar names, put salt in their coffee instead of sugar, and laugh nervously and foolishly at silly things that are not funny. Few men on Tarawa actually have become psychoneurotics, and few will. There is nothing really wrong with any of them, except their American inability to adjust themselves to living in a rut.

In their fales and tents they have legal abstracts, correspondence courses in technical subjects, prescribed textbooks, and serious literature, all representative of their pre-war life as craftsmen, professional men, scholars. They want to keep pace with their former world, but it is too much effort under present conditions. Feeling useless on Tarawa and unnecessary in the war effort, they hate themselves for wasting what daily seems more and more to be the most precious years of their lives.

Today they are deadened, stagnant, and apathetic; many of them have lost their girls, and a few their wives; in their opinion they have been in solitary confinement for more than a year. Yet once they are back in the United States and find a few of the things they have been doing without, once they feel sure that their life on The Rock was not spent in vain, once they are confident that civilians understand that they also served who only stood the heat, the flies, the brackish water showers, the unrefreshing diet, and the shadeless coral sand, then the Tarawansians will return to normal.

FRANCE WITHOUT THE GESTAPO

by MONICA STIRLING

I

A JEEP that was going to Holland gave me a lift. This was my second journey across France within three weeks, and already — so quickly do most of us take the phenomenal for granted — it seemed quite natural to be traveling the *routes nationales* that make motoring in France simple even for back-seat drivers.

At first the country was similar to that I had seen: green and brown and beautiful, with villages whose depopulated state gave them a ghostly look. The flak towers, the occasional German vehicle moldering in a ditch, the jerrycans waiting to be collected, the occasional bridge that could not be crossed — these were the usual evidences of the war.

Presently the road curved down among hills, soft and wooded, all menace concealed. There was a town in the plain ahead, and above its sunlit roofs the lovely towers of the cathedral where Joan of Arc crowned Charles VII. We drove in, past walls on which were painted, in letters a foot high, the names of famous champagnes: Pommery & Greno, Roederer, Mumm.

To walk around Reims was a curious experience. In Paris something of the holy week of liberation remains in the air; and this fact, together with the numerous foreigners, the lorry loads of tired, excited men on a 48-hour pass, the accesses of approval or disgust produced by the *épuration* trials, creates an atmosphere very different from that of 1940. But in Reims change is less evident.

The Germans were less nauseating here than in some parts of France. Less nauseating. Not un-

nauseating. They did not wish to interfere with local sugar-beet production — alcohol can be used as a substitute for gasoline, of which it has about two thirds the power; nor with the champagne industry — champagne can be used as a substitute for conviviality and courage. So the streets are full of people who still have lawful occasions to go about; the handsome, prosperous buildings are undamaged; and the cathedral's injuries are historical rather than topical — they were inflicted, not in 1940, but in 1914. Walking there I had, for the first time since my arrival, an illusion of being in pre-war France — an illusion which lasted only until I noticed the many houses set aside as reception centers for displaced persons and prisoners of war.

From Reims I went to a place concerned with one of the most essential, and superficially least romantic, aspects of this war: a depot in the Advanced Communications Zone where millions of dollars' worth of clothing and field equipment are being saved from the scrap heap. The first warehouse, until recently occupied by the Germans, would have been high as a church had our precision bombing been less accurate. In it hundreds of our own soldiers, French civilians, displaced persons, and prisoners of war were working. In one huge room GI's were not only repairing boots but using captured German leather to make boots for displaced persons and prisoners of war. One of them showed me, with justified pride, a beautiful pair of boots he had almost finished making for a paratrooper who had had part of one foot shot away and so needed shoes not identical in size.

Another large room was reduced to a pathway between piles of soiled clothing, the color of decaying leaves, that stretched from floor to ceiling. German prisoners of war were preparing bags of these garments for the semi-mobile laundry trailers. There are, possibly, more heroic activities than operating laundry trailers. But there are several front-line jobs I should prefer to that of the soldiers cooped up

France is the second home of MONICA STIRLING, an English writer in her middle twenties. Her father was the director of the English theater in Paris, and there she learned her effortless French and made many friends before the war. In the spring of 1940 she returned to her English home and promptly volunteered for work in de Gaulle's headquarters.

Shortly after the liberation, the *Atlantic* sent Miss Stirling to France as an American correspondent, to observe what the French civilians and our men are going through. This is the second in her series of articles; the first, "Our Tent Hospitals in France," appeared in the February *Atlantic*.

in trailers that are hot and dim and as shaken with vibrations as the engine room of a ship.

I have learned a new word: "to cannibalize." It means to strip parts from machines that cannot be repaired and use them for other machines. Over the typewriters in the office of this warehouse was written: "No new part will be used if an old one can be cannibalized." Similar imaginativeness was being displayed in a drafty room labeled "Reclamation, Repair, Assembly," where some French civilians were converting lanterns to the use of white instead of red gas. One needs to have been at the front to appreciate the poetry of the words "Let there be light." Because so often here there is no light — and men exhausted by combat and its attendant strains have to crawl into foxholes or tents without even a stub of candle to make it possible to scribble a letter.

Below ground level was a cavern piled with boxes and parcels neatly tied and labeled. These were personal effects. Some were going to hospitals where wounded men would have their spirits raised by the restoration of the small objects they had kept with them as a testimony that their lives had roots, had not always been committed to the provisional; others were going to travel thousands of miles to bereaved families.

2

THE next depot I visited had been set up early in October, and in it were being sorted, classified, and consolidated into bulk storage warehouses all the captured medical supplies of France and Belgium — about six thousand tons of material from fourteen warehouses. The first main room was large, cold, patched-up, and leprous-walled. The battered tin chests marked with the faded tricolors of 1939–1940, the new German first-aid kits, the wooden boxes marked "Pharmacie Centrale Madagascar" (or "Marseille"), the operating tables and dentists' chairs — this was a scene to make one murmur:

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear."

But the four officers and fifty-two enlisted men of this Medical Depot Company had wasted no time on bitter tears. Already they had sent two thousand tons of medical supplies to displaced persons camps and prisoner of war stockades, thus saving Army medical supplies for our own men.

Next day I saw one of the strangest relics of the German occupation — a set of underground installations covering about a hundred square miles and designed, according to the deported Polish workers who were forced to build them, to serve as Hitler's headquarters for the invasion of England. To my mind the strangest thing about the beautifully camouflaged barracks was not the walls and the roofs of four-foot concrete reinforced with steel rods, not the sunken guard posts protecting the approaches to the buildings, not the double doors of inch-thick steel, the steel-shuttered windows or the bomb- and gas-proof officers' quarters with their electric lights, steam radiators, and wall plugs for telephone and radio — not these, but the alarming manner in which they illustrated the fact that the Nazi faith produces works congenial to adolescence in the phase of being attracted by cruelty. These buildings were a nasty schoolboy's dream made concrete.

Near-by was a Polish village whose inhabitants had been forced to work for the Germans and now choose to work for us. I am not using "choose" euphemistically. These Poles have the right to be housed and fed in a displaced persons camp, but they are eager to fight the Germans and glad of the chance to eat American meals. I doubt if it is possible for even an abnormally imaginative American who has not left home during this war to realize the emotional as well as the nutritive value that PX rations have for the European. It is natural — or it was in 1939 — for a cultivated human being to think that a few cigarettes, a few candies, couldn't matter much. But in 1944 they do. And anyone writing a social history of this period will do well to devote imaginative investigation to the repercussions of the PX ration.

Superficially the most amazing thing about this might-have-been German HQ was the camouflaging. It was a damp, misty day. Railroad tracks and cars were veiled with green net, so that from the hillside they looked like toys just put away because the store was going to close. We saw gun emplacements covered by hollow cottages upon whose walls bricks were painted as cunningly as upon the best-quality stage scenery. Factitious haystacks concealed the entrances to champagne caves reinforced with concrete and veined with lines for ammunition trucks. Described in a spy story or reproduced in Hollywood, this place would not convince. It scarcely convinced me as I listened dazedly to our escort saying, "Of course we're still discovering new hide-outs. Someone treads on a nifty stretch of autumn leaves and goes through the camouflage — and there you are."

Almost as strange as the mingling of engineering efficiency with adolescent mentality displayed by these installations is the fact that, having built a fortress from which it would be impossible to dislodge an army of the size for which it was constructed, the Germans failed to occupy it in time. It took the slave laborers from 1942 to 1944 to get it ready — and a month before the appropriate German troops were due to move in, our First Army arrived. The only Germans who did try to move in around the appointed time were some paratroopers seeking cover.

On the way back we stopped at a very different HQ — the HQ of one of the many Allied groups that are helping to make nationality a source of inspiration instead of insulation. This was a party of Frenchmen, 70 per cent of whom were in the resistance and acting on radio instructions, who are now voluntarily driving British trucks for the American Army. To complicate matters still further, they wear Canadian uniforms. They were one of the most contented and unfatuously optimistic groups of Frenchmen I have met — perhaps because they have the highest operating record in the Oise section and, judging by the attitude of the Civil Affairs Officer who told me of them, have no reason to feel that their work is unappreciated.

The same officer spoke with exemplary vividness of the formidable problem constituted by displaced persons. As he did so I looked around the walls of his office. Among maps labeled La France, France, and Frankreich hung something called a Flow Chart — sprays of color fountaining across dark lines on white paper and indicating the movements of thousands of dazed human beings who, having survived wounds, imprisonment, bereavement, torture, deportation, and forced labor are now being cared for not untenderly by a country still lacking necessities for its own people.

At a supply center, I was given an opportunity to meet one of these displaced persons — a young Russian girl. She had blue-gray eyes, agreeably shaped bones, and fair hair. She was neither big nor tough-looking, but this had not deterred the Germans from deporting her to France and forcing her to do road and harbor labor of the kind for which we employ strong men.

We could not speak to each other directly, but she told me through the interpreter that she was delighted with her change of occupation — she was sitting among a group of Russian girls mending American uniforms — and that she was longing to return to Russia. She had been a schoolteacher in Leningrad; and when the interpreter told her I was happy to make the acquaintance of someone from

that city, she made, with the hand holding the needle, the gesture of a courteous hostess. It was hard to imagine her doing hard labor.

3

DESPITE the evidences of destruction around the bridges, one small town on the Marne appeared, superficially, to be reacquiring a peaceful atmosphere. In the town hall where the invaders had contrived death, the Civil Affairs Officers were coaxing back life. From here we were directed to an ordinary-looking house — solid, evocative of bourgeois standards, with a shallow flight of stone steps giving dignity to its entrance, and laurel bushes around the fretted balconies of the ground floor. Here lived until recently some members of the Gestapo.

One of the mysteries of this war is how human beings not certified as maniacs could sleep and wake and get up and wash and shave and dress and eat three meals and work and in the intervals play cards and write letters and feel as if they were touching hands with normal human processes — how they could do this not for days or weeks or months but for years — while in the cellars beneath their feet was being enacted a fantasy that will never, I am afraid, be adequately described.

The cellars of this house are now a small museum. They have been made into a museum by Frenchmen who were members of the resistance and are now members of the town's civil administration. Many of these men are elderly, none are addicted to retrospective dramatization, but they think it desirable that as many Allied soldiers as possible should see this place. We went down a shallow staircase, across a tiled floor, and through a door that looked as if it might lead to a cloakroom. It led to a cellar.

This cellar was long, narrow, well lit, and clean. Along either wall were fixed, crisscross, pieces of straw-colored wood one to two inches thick and about six to eight inches broad. When the Germans could not get satisfactory answers from the Frenchmen they brought here, they tied them to these pieces of wood. In a glass case hanging on the wall were a leather whip, a wooden stick, a bludgeon, a revolver, and a pair of knuckle-dusters. Halfway up several of the beams were bloodstains. They were not spectacular. Bloodstains fade comparatively quickly. In one corner was a brown wooden post with a narrow tricolor ribbon tied around it halfway up. Several men had been tied to this post before being shot. In these surroundings it looked like an instrument of mercy.

At the further end of the cellar was a little room with an entrance only about four and a half feet high. Everyone entering it had to do so with bent head and back. From the German point of view this had obvious advantages. Around the walls were letters, sometimes accompanied by snapshots, in cheap frames. Many of the Frenchmen detained here were allowed to write farewell letters, and these had been lent by their families. They were heart-breaking in their lack of variety, their heroic banality. Most of them were written in pencil on the cheap squared paper that is found in school exercise books.

One long one, written in red crayon on several sheets of foolscap, had been smuggled out. Its writer described how he had been beaten, how surprised he had been to discover himself able to refrain from giving away what he knew, — he supposed this was because after one had endured a certain degree of agony one can stand anything; it is simply a question of getting to that point, — how the Germans had then tried flattery, telling him that they had seldom seen so brave a man and offering him food and rest and a cigarette, and how after they had given him an impression that the worst was over they had begun again, but this time it was worse. (We learned that after three days and nights of torture the writer was shot.) Like those of every other victim whose testimony was in this cellar, his last written words were of love for his wife, exhortation to his child — and *Vive la France!*

Underneath this cellar was a smaller one, reached by a rickety wooden ladder. Its ceiling was too low to allow a human being of normal size to stand upright there, and it was usually between ten and fifteen inches deep in water. But on this particular day the Marne had risen, making it impossible even to climb around the cellar. Recalcitrant Frenchmen often ended their stay here — it saved the German ammunition.

This was a mild Gestapo HQ. In Struthof in Alsace the Germans are said to have hanged people by the chins, on meat hooks, to see how long it took them to die. But I haven't been to Struthof. So I am writing of what I saw, of a place where it was quite likely that nothing worse would happen to you than being beaten to death.

4

THERE was a boxing match that night. It took place in what had been a circus and was packed with GI's, many of them just back from the front. An Air Corps band was ensconced in the stand high

up at the rim of the domed roof and — whether or not deliberately, I was not able to discover — it played music appropriate to a circus. *Ta-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta* — one could almost see the untidy line of dwarfs tumbling into the ring with uncouth cries and clasped hands uplifted in the ritual circus greeting, the long-maned, brilliantly caparisoned horses cantering behind them. Sturdy soldiers, white and black, had temporarily abandoned uniformity: one soldier appeared in the ring in bright-green shorts decorated with shamrocks, which drew hearty cries of "Put the scissors on him, Mickey!" from many an Irish-American throat.

One could tell the good fighters, as one can actors, by their look of isolation from those around them. But no one roused more enthusiasm than a very young Negro featherweight who, though not yet a technically accomplished fighter, was a magnificent loser. After every knockdown he bounced up again, looking as mystified as Topsy, to be greeted by yells of approval. I do not think I have ever liked an audience better than these grubby, noisy GI's, many of whom had only recently learned something of blood and sweat and nervous strain, but all of whom had the psychic control required to make an overwrought man delight in the voluntary and limited violence of boxing and abhor the unlimited compulsions implicit in that little cellar on the Marne.

On the way back I stopped at Compiègne and while there was given an opportunity to visit the castle, a building whose beauty is particularly moving now because of the tranquillity of its exquisitely formal architecture. The first room had shutters of pale blue-gray wood inside its windows. On one of these a German had scribbled, in pencil. Feeling in my pocket, I found a captured German eraser given me by a GI. It was of good quality and had not been used before. It gave me an immense pleasure to use it now.

Being eager to get an idea of what traveling in France is like now for civilians, I asked if I might go from Compiègne to Paris by train. This journey, before the war, took about forty-five minutes. We left Compiègne at half past four and reached Paris at nearly half past eleven. The train was not luxurious. The seats were upholstered — I think that is the word usually employed — in horsehair that bore an extraordinarily close resemblance to wood, the single shaded bulb in the middle of the ceiling did not give enough light to read by, and there was no heating.

But my journey was not like that of the average French civilian on the train, because my fellow passengers were seven infantry lieutenants, Ameri-

cans as gay and comely as the young officers in advertisements for cigarettes or whiskey.

Whenever the train gave a slight quiver, suggesting that it might one day move, and forward at that, they closed their eyes and held their breath and intoned, "Careful — don't put it off." And they did not allow alarm or despondency to get hold of them on any of the many occasions when the train stopped for no apparent reason and at no station. After one of these halts, we passed a small house with a light in the window and five minutes later stopped, for three quarters of an hour this time. We had considered cheering when the train started again, but thought better of it when the resurgence of the little house with the light in its window showed that we were going in the wrong direction. Altogether we passed it seven times.

We were also becoming very hungry. Someone produced a D ration and we divided it with a knife whose owner observed, several minutes too late, "It might have been quite an idea to sterilize it first — considering." As we sat chewing carefully so as to make it last, Lieutenant Gregory said that his high school teacher would be tickled pink if he could see him feeding the *Atlantic Monthly* D rations.

For us, getting acquainted with one another, singing Negro spirituals, and exchanging war stories — for us in our good uniforms and warm overcoats, this elongated journey was not without the charm of novelty. But we were all aware — and there was nothing nicer about these noisy, delightful American boys than their awareness of the circumstances of the foreigners of whom they had so little experience — that for the crowded, overladen French people in the adjacent carriages this method of travel was without charm. Delays and discomforts that are tolerable, amusing even, when one is going on leave, adequately fed and clothed, are intolerable, funereal even, to inadequately fed and clothed persons struggling to join families they have not seen for years, or to fetch from the country essential food for which they cannot afford the black-market prices in the towns.

When I got back to Paris I found that an American friend had arranged that I should visit Picasso. His studio on the Left Bank, famous and entrancing, illustrates the validity of a childhood conception: it is a Famous Painter's Studio that might have been invented by Walt Disney.

A tiny, twisting, ancient staircase leads up to the front door, and to get to the first of the big studios you have to go through a wide passage piled with books and bric-a-brac. In a small, glass-fronted cabinet I noticed two small, dusty china figures of

a girl and a boy at their First Communion: the girl in white dress and veil, the boy in Eton suit and white armband; both kneeling on chairs and with china prayer books carefully spread open before them. They look extremely odd beside some recent Picassos.

But the upstairs studio where Picasso works — lofty, with an earthenware-colored tiled floor, a big easel, and, beside it, a trestle table laid with painting materials — has one quality that does not usually figure in a child's vision of a studio: cold — extreme, excruciating cold. It struck up from the stone floor, seeped in around the big windows, crawled under the warped doors, and was entirely undaunted by the small stove, whose value seemed to be symbolic. At the end of an hour our feet were numb, our fingers also. And it was in this atmosphere that Picasso not only lived but worked during the German occupation. It required character of a kind not always allied to genius to refuse bribes in the shape of coal. But he did refuse. And he did work. And I thought of this background of cold when looking at the famous pictures of the tomato plant that contain so much light and warmth.

Picasso's only comment on the cold was that evidently one had to dress oneself for it. In his case this meant a rather old-looking pair of gray flannel trousers, a washed-out jersey of pale blue with white stripes, a cardigan of darker blue jersey, a scarf of crumpled parachute silk the color of French mustard, navy blue socks, felt bedroom slippers of brown check — and, as the morning grew colder, a pre-war camel-hair dressing gown and even a scarlet and green knitted beret complete with pompom, the property of his child. He had just muffled himself in this fashion when someone asked him if many of his friends had been shot by the Germans. The expression of mingled craft and benevolence he had worn until then made way for one which looked to me like irony, and he said, "All. All of them." Then he added softly, "Everyone shot by the Germans I consider my friend."

From here I went to the Senate to lunch with a Frenchwoman who has also displayed genius, a genius for good conduct: Madame Lucie Aubrac, who was a teacher of history before the war, a leader of the resistance during the occupation, and is now a member of the Consultative Assembly. During her time in the resistance she three times rescued her husband from the Gestapo, on the last occasion waylaying the car he was in and shooting the German driver. She is a small, thin young woman whose quiet, intellectual personality has been uncorrupted by the violence to which the war committed her, her husband, and her two children.

At present her first practical interest is in a plan to provide homes for French children whose parents were murdered by the Germans. There are thousands of these — left behind, cared for by neighbors, and then, often, left behind again, with no adult really responsible for them. Some have not been to school for four years. Many are very wild — the ideas, the virtues, that are in the air when guerrilla fighting is a country's most honorable profession are not invariably those most beneficial to a growing child. Some of the estates of convicted collaborators are already being used to provide homes for these children, but more money and material than France can at present spare is needed.

5

A FEW days later I set out to visit a group that contains some of the finest American fighters in this theater — the First Tactical Air Force. There was a *courrier* going in the right direction and I was allowed to go along with it.

First I paused at the headquarters of a Medium Bomber Wing, which had been set up in an orphanage occupied by the Germans until a month ago. This orphanage had been run by a religious order and its austere, somber-colored buildings and disproportionately large chapel gave it the dramatic air of a monastery in a novel by Ouida. On the dining-room walls the Germans had painted large, crude pictures. The one nearest us showed a huntsman in a Robin Hood hat sitting on a beer barrel in front of a fire — clearly the product of wishful thinking.

While we lunched, a lieutenant told me something about the work of this group which pioneered the B-26 Marauder. The first B-26 to appear in the European theater took off from the Maison Blanche, near Algiers, in November, 1942. Since then this wing has flown almost 2900 sorties, dropped over 40,000 tons of bombs, taken part in five amphibious operations, — including the invasion of the south of France, — and been four times cited as a Distinguished Unit by the War Department. It is the first Allied unit, air or ground, to have been awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government.

Because of their reputation for precision, B-26's were chosen to bomb military objectives in Florence. While we finished our mugs of coffee the lieutenant showed us photographs of this operation — large, glossy photographs in three strips labeled "Before," "During," "After." I was reminded of the advertisements that show first a depressed bald man, then a speculative man rubbing lotion over his

baldness, and finally a man smug as a toad on account of his thick, Byronic hair. But in this case the process was reversed: first one saw a long, narrow station full of trains, the whole rather like a filled pencil case; then a long, narrow cloud of smoke; and finally a long, narrow station empty of all but debris — and not a building around the station harmed.

The lieutenant's pride in his group was immense. Once or twice he murmured dutifully that of course *all* the boys were doing a grand job and perhaps this outfit had had a lot of attention already. But it was no good. He could not convince even himself. For which justifiable parochialism I liked him very much. As we left to go to the airfield, he opened a door and showed me a room in which there was nothing but a large trestle table laden with PX rations, packages from home, and Christmas decorations. The orphans and their teachers were still living in the neighborhood, so the airmen had been saving rations and presents to give a Christmas party that would, for many of the children, be the first one they could remember.

The buildings around the airfields were in a funereal state — partly on account of our heavies and Mosquitoes, which visited them when they were a German training base, and partly because the Germans did a certain amount of demolition before leaving. The War Room was dusty, cold, and not yet adequately patched up. But its walls were covered with detailed maps protected by cellophane, and so was the top of the one piece of furniture, a large table over which an airman was bending, with what looked like a child's geometry set in his hand.

In a big and freezing room adjacent to the War Room, battered mud-colored tin stools were lined up before a blackboard. In this travesty of a school, airmen received their briefings. In the Operations Room — two cell-like rooms that communicated with each other by a jagged hole in the wall and had bars over the outsides of the windows — there were desks and teleprinters, a big map across which hung the short-snorter of a navigator now missing, a set of framed pastels showing different types of aeroplanes, a row of new books, — including Katherine Anne Porter's *Leaning Tower* and John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano*, — a pin-up girl, and a steel engraving of Roquefavour aqueduct. No one present had ever seen this edifice, but the group had had to blow up so many bridges that a spirit of irony made them think it an appropriate present for their commanding officer.

As the weather was not good for flying, the field abounded in large, beautiful aeroplanes. Most of

them had names painted on them: "Little Rita," "Idiot's Delight," "Lucky Lady," "Sweet Virginia Lee." And at the far end I saw the famous "New York Central II," which had recently completed its hundredth mission. I climbed up into the pilot's seat and sat for a moment fingering the elaborate machinery that is the technical expression of all that remains to the twentieth century of humanism: because of the men who designed this machine, the factory workers who built it, the railroad workers who donated it, and the young men who fly it; because of these Americans, foreigners on the other side of the world, foreigners in little ancient countries to which the American tradition is deeply indebted will have their agonies shortened. Most of us have heard more often than we have apprehended it the dictum that we are members one of another. These planes, which carry hope as well as death, provide an X-ray of its meaning.

From here we went past little villages, set around whitewashed churches and small hills, to the fields in which some of the crews had their living quarters. After splashing across a lane that closely resembled a gravy boat, we found ourselves outside a small wooden hut. It had "Mabel's House" printed over the door, a wreath of holly tied to the knocker, and a little Christmas tree in the lighted window. Inside we were welcomed by a pilot and a bombardier who had been writing letters beside a gasoline stove with a chimney they described as strictly GI.

Their home was neatly and ingeniously arranged: four bunks with a little wooden ladder to the top ones; a pole with hangers for clothes across one corner; chairs, card tables; and a real china washbasin, complete with taps. (This last, they explained, not without complacency, was something they had recently liberated.) The little tree in the window was decorated with matchboxes in colored wrappings, cut-outs from magazines, and an occasional packet of gum or Lifesavers. It was illuminated by tiny flashlight bulbs painted over in bright colors and wired — a fine job of engineering.

6

IT WAS long after dark when we reached the HQ of one of the French groups that make up the First Tactical Air Force. As we turned up the lane, the lights of the Command Car shone on a metal notice saying: "École. Attention aux Enfants." We had reached the barracks. American uniforms were still in evidence, but there were plenty of signs that they were not being worn by Americans: decorations and Crosses of Lorraine older than the field jackets

to which they were pinned, berets instead of garrison caps, dark cloaks. Around the entrance were jeeps labeled, not "Oklahoma Kid" or "Dinah," but "Suzy" or "Sans-Gêne."

The mess was in the upper room of a small private house. It was dark and chilly and the food was bad — and it was entirely wonderful because the men who rose from behind the shabby tables to greet us were French aviators with their headquarters, at last, in their own country. Among these officers was a Commandant Raynal, a handsome, energetic man who greeted our French liaison officer with cries of "Fancy meeting you here, *mon vieux*" — followed by an inquiry as to whether the lieutenant had, like himself, been parachuted. Frenchmen today often ask each other this question in the tones we employ for "Were you able to get a taxi?"

The lieutenant had been parachuted. The commandant had come from Tunis, and the lieutenant from London. Hearing that I had been in London, Commandant Raynal asked me if I knew his sister. I discovered that I did. She had been an early adherent to the Free French. We looked at each other and with visible self-control refrained from producing the truthful-sounding lie that the world is a small place.

Looking around at these men who had come home from places so wide apart, I thought of what took place in Paris on the evening of Thursday, August 24. An immense crowd was waiting outside the Hôtel de Ville. Suddenly there rolled through the dusk three tanks decorated with Allied flags. A soldier got out of the first one. He put both feet firmly on the ground, managed to say that he was a Frenchman, and burst into tears. His name was Captain Dronne and it had taken him forty-eight months to fight his way home, through Mersa Matruh, Tobruk, Bengasi, Bir Hacheim, the Chad, London, and Cherbourg. And each of these men around me had had similar experiences. I did not wonder that they were excited because French-flown Spitfires had today brought down Kraut planes — their first kill from a home base since 1940.

The mentality of these men was the classic mentality of the courageous fighter. It differed in manner but not in matter from that of the best American and British fighters. Because they had known little forced inactivity, they could discuss political issues with a lively sarcasm entirely free from the acidity that means fear. They were less concerned with abstract problems than with practical ones, particularly that of transport, which is at the bottom of all the others making this first

winter of liberation a very hard one for France. All this because they had known little forced inactivity. We need to remember this fact whenever we hear of, or come in contact with, French civilians demoralized by lack of the material essential to action.

7

BACK at American HQ the mess was gay with Allied flags, paper streamers, wreaths of holly, and giant bunches of mistletoe for Christmas Eve. At the end of the meal, Corporal Alexander Jordan of Minnesota led in forty members of the U. S. Army Negro Chorus which excited so much admiration when it sang at the Albert Hall, London, in 1943.

They began their Christmas Eve concert with "We been workin' on the airfield all the livelong day" — which was a fact. One of the officers told me how impressed he had been when he heard this Engineer Aviation Regiment sing in London; and of the contrast between their spick-and-span appearance then and the next occasion when he saw them, in France, up to their noses in mud and with wire-meshing tools and pickaxes in their hands — but still singing. These fine Negro artists have already built three airfields in France. When I asked for more details, the major asked how long it would be before what I wrote went to press, and when I said, "Probably not for a month or two," he groaned with mock despair and said, "Then it's no use giving you any figures. We'll be reconstructing Templehof by that time."

The lovely voices went on through "Go tell it on de mountain, dat Jesus Christ is born," "Silent night," "Joshua fit the battle ob Jericho," "O little town of Bethlehem." We all joined in the chorus of "Jingle, Bells!": —

"Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!"

At this last line a few of the more cynical among us remembered certain rides in open jeeps and made grimaces at each other.

Eventually it was time to set out for Midnight Mass. We did not talk much on the journey and I think we were all moved when we clambered out of our jeeps and cars and stood, about forty Americans, gathered round an American and a French flag on which we were going to ask a blessing, staring at the little church of Domremy, where, over five hundred years ago, Joan of Arc made her First Communion.

The interior of the church must have been recently whitewashed, for it was as appetizing as a meringue, and this, together with the Christmas decorations and many small statues of the intransigent young saint, gave it a poignantly doll's-house appearance. With the exception of a nun putting the final touches to the crèche, we were the first arrivals. Presently more nuns came in and sat in neat formation on our right. Then came villagers, and then a crowd of children solemn with excitement due not only to the festival but to being allowed to sit up late. They tried to look modestly down their noses, but few of them succeeded; several of them were visibly torn between the desire to stare at the foreign uniforms and at the crèche.

The crèche was very pretty. Within a framework of brown papier-mâché rocks was a waxen Holy Family of late nineteenth-century design; around them stood domesticated animals — unusually domesticated in the case of a lamb with elegant curls and a dog collar around its plump neck; and behind them someone with a feeling for geography had stretched a backcloth on which were painted palm trees and box-like white houses against a bright blue sky. The figure of the infant Jesus was covered by an embroidered cloth.

At last the priest, venerable, bearded, and richly clad, came in, followed by a choir of which the smallest members, boys of about six, looked like dolls with their scarlet robes, lace surplices, and brightly staring eyes. Not all the singing was done by the choir. Every now and again the village children sang alone, their voices very shrill, not always in tune, and altogether exquisite. Nothing was more moving than the moment when the priest lifted the embroidered cloth from the figure of the Infant, lit the star at the top of the Christmas tree upon the altar, and the children's voices proclaimed exultantly: "Le Petit Jésus est venu."

The address was short, pertinent, and very touching because the old priest clearly thought that if he spoke not only distinctly but louder than was necessary in a church of that size he would make the Americans understand him. His voice shook when he asked us to pray for the prisoners, the deported, and those who on this Christmas Eve were fighting not far away from us.

Among the crowd that went up to receive Communion were some American nurses and Wacs. Many of the villagers looked from the statue of the French girl in her armor to the American girls in their green twill trousers and nodded to each other as if they derived pleasure from the fact that girl soldiers could not have been more appropriately situated than in this church.

POEMS

by CONSTANCE CARRIER

INDIAN SUMMER

NEW ENGLAND is a savage still at heart,
hiding in every empty cellar-hole,
in ambush at the edge of every field,
lurking behind each granite-ridden knoll.

The gaudy violence of an autumn day
prevails against white house and whiter steeple:
the scarlet leaves, like feathered arrows flying,
blow in the wind above an alien people.

This is a land unconquered and aloof,
secret and harsh and ribbed with stubborn stone.
As watchful as an Indian warrior waiting,
it keeps an ancient silence of its own.

TRESPASSER

No, there is nothing here —
darkness, dead air, and dust —
nothing you would be seeking.
But enter then, if you must;
push at the stubborn door
on its sagging hinge;
under your hesitant step
feel the floor boards waken and cringe.
Take heed of the shadows, though —
long undisturbed,
they resent you, they lie in wait,
they are only briefly curbed
by this sudden onslaught of sun,
this stirring of musty air.

*Defy them, then, if you will:
defy them, then, if you dare.*

Walk through the watching hall,
go up the angular stair,
and slowly, perhaps, or soon,
you will lose yourself somewhere.
These dark remembering rooms
are heavy with the past:
they will stop the breath in your throat,
they will suck you down at last;
most poisonous, most deadly,
will be this shaken dust
when the closing shadows circle —

defy them now, for you must!

Out from the rigid throat
that the shadows strangle
cry your defiance — and they
will attack from another angle.
Silence, broken by sound,
will become your slave,
and the scurrying shadows will cower
back in their corner cave.
They will hail you as master,
and, tremulous, full of awe,
exalt your domination,
proclaim your murmur law —
till you stand triumphant, mortal,
the warm blood flooding the vein,
and all the obsequious echoes
race to your cry again,
fawn at your thundering footstep
insolent on the stair,
and honor with soundless trumpets
your living presence there.

*Defy them, defy them still!
They work the devil's will —*

They are no true measure,
no fit rod,
only distortions, to show you
falsely, as coward or god.
Run! Oh, escape their cunning,
let their enchantments fail —
measure your mortal stature
against a mortal scale.
Turn again to the sunlight,
breathe of a living air,
and walk among your fellows
faring as mortals fare.
Let the shadows sleep, and the house
rot and rust. . . .
There was nothing there but darkness —
darkness, dead air, and dust.

ZEALOT

STIFF-NECKED, infatuate, and unbefriended,
the mind
stands horror-struck to find
the heart so easily, so early, mended.

Poor mind, false in your faithfulness,
drill sense
into a loyal pretense
that nothing of this love is changed or less.

Walk the old paths, and fasten on forsaken
old ways. . . .
No. All your jealous praise
leaves the heart cold, and you by fury shaken.

Oh, with what art will you seduce the artless?
Willful in grief,
confess at last belief
that the true heart must, to be true, be heartless.

TWENTYNINE PALMS

Scorpions, Ants, and Jack Rabbits

by MURIEL VAN TUYL TRIGG

1

EACH morning of our first summer in the desert we were up with the sun. Soon after the midnight air had brought relief, the hot dawn pushed a ball of fire up the other side of the mountains and with a mighty thrust started it across a sky which held it for fourteen or fifteen long hours. And when the sun hit our outdoor beds we couldn't get up fast enough to scramble into the house, where we hurriedly closed all doors and windows against the onslaught.

After breakfast Wallace and little Wally would put on their sun helmets and dark glasses, which with shorts comprised their work clothes, and soon I would peer out and see them lifting backbreaking pails of adobe mud and carrying sixty-pound bricks from the piles where they had been curing to their ultimate position in the rising walls. That sight shamed me into silence when even sheets got too hot to lie on and when I had periods of wanting to scream that I never wanted to see a desert again.

One day I just couldn't stand it. With bitterness and envy I thought of the tenant in my home in Pasadena, using electricity to run my fan, my refrigerator — and, whenever she felt like it, turning sprinklers on my green lawns and shade trees! Well, I thought, take a shower, but then what will you do when you wish to freshen up for supper? You know that one shower a day per person is all you can afford of the precious water which Wallace has to haul from three miles away.

I turned on the shower and jumped back scalded. Hot water from the cold water line! That brought

me to my senses. Of course the water coming from our tin storage tank through the pipe close to the surface of the hot sand was hotter than my flesh could take. I should *have* to wait till evening. It was too hot to read, and even too hot just to sit when every contact of the body produced itching rash.

That morning I had found a scorpion between the sheets when I made up our bed. Whether he crawled in when we went in to breakfast or whether we had slept three in a bed we shall never know, but I do know that seeing him started the static day with a nerve prick. By night I was taut as a high-tension wire and it took only a small *Dipodomys deserti* to touch me off. We had been training these little animals to come into the kitchen for food. That evening, having no way of knowing of human trials and weaknesses, one confidently approached me and, miffed by my unprecedented lack of interest, tried to attract my attention by nipping my bare toes.

My screams rose on the heat waves up to the guest house, where my husband had just put away his tools. Wallace reached my kitchen on the run and, sizing up the situation at once, grabbed me by the seat of my playsuit and turned me over his knee and spanked me. I was so incensed by the indignity that I forgot all about the heat and my hysteria. Fury turned to farce as Wallace said, "Oh, honey, I hated to do that, but there are only two ways to treat hysteria: throw water on the victim or shock her, and I couldn't waste the water."

2

BEAMS twenty feet long and six by eight inches thick present a real difficulty to three people who have to lift them into position on the top of ten-foot walls, especially when one of them is a five-foot,

At the low point of the depression, MURIEL VAN TUYL TRIGG, then in her thirty-fifth year, and her husband Wallace, who was forty-four, pulled out of Pasadena, where Mr. Trigg had been practicing as a landscape engineer, and headed for the open spaces of the California desert. At the tiny oasis of Twentynine Palms, battling against the heat, the sandstorms, and the manifold problems of inexperience, this couple built for themselves an adobe refuge which is now the envy of their city friends.

This is the second of three installments.

hundred-pound woman and one is a boy of twelve. I was on one side of the wall; Wallace, the beam, and Wally were on the other side. Over the wall ran a rope, one end of which was looped around my waist and the other around one end of the beam. As Wallace lifted that end of the beam I would brace my feet against the wall and Wally would push something under the beam to block it up. All I could think of, as little by little we raised first one end and then the other, was a clown who had once held me spellbound as he piled up chairs, tables, boxes, and barrels and climbed high in the air on his tottering tower.

After this experience of raising the beams, I anticipated no trouble in helping Wallace with the ceilings — but as usual my optimism was based on ignorance. We were to have a pine ceiling of foot-wide boards fitted together with tongue and groove. But within an hour of the time we started, I understood why my husband had sputtered about having a fifteen-by-twenty bedroom. Boards one foot wide and fifteen feet long are hard to handle, and we would get the tongue of one end fitted into the groove of the next only to have it slip out at the other. Until the entire span was firmly fitted and clamped to hold it in position, Wally and I, balancing on sawhorses, held each board up with our arm muscles aching. When we were given the high sign Wally and I would brace the boards with our heads and Wallace would start hammering.

How he could keep on hammering three nails to a board, every eighteen inches, above his head, for eight hours a day, is still beyond my comprehension. I soon had a pounding headache, to say nothing of the grudge I developed toward every countersunk nail when I learned that I was to stuff each nail hole with sawdust and glue. Before I could start oiling the ceiling with hot linseed oil to preserve the wood and still expose the natural grain, I stuffed 3056 nail holes, so that they are not noticeable unless you are looking for them. I am going to use insulating fiber boards, which come in four-by-eight sheets and can be painted on the ground, for my next house.

I honestly thought that, having conquered the nail holes, I should find it a pleasure to paint the ceiling with hot oil and a broad brush. I had temporarily forgotten the law of gravity. My first brush stroke on ceiling number one convinced me that something would have to be done.

Even when holding the pail close to the ceiling and slapping on oil as fast as I could, I still had almost as much running down my hand and arm and puddling in my smock elbow as I had on the ceiling. I finally removed my smock, hung a light pail

on my right arm, the one with which I held the brush, and let her drip. At the end of each board, I triumphantly returned the saved oil to the paint can.

3

BY PUNCTUAL eve the stars are lit, and just as punctually our amusing little desert animals come up onto the porch for easy food. The jack rabbits appear at the back door and the *Dipodomys* at the front, divided by their preference for vegetable stalks, leaves, and parings served at seven on the kitchen stoop and the seeds and grain thrown on the floor of the front loggia where we and our guests gather to enjoy the floor show. Though it is not compulsory, the Dips always dance for their supper, to the delight of all who witness their antics.

The *Dipodomys deserti* (often miscalled a kangaroo rat) resembles a rat only in size. He hops on long hind feet like a kangaroo, but goes about his business so fast that to the casual observer he appears to run on all fours. The front feet, however, are as tiny and useless for running as the bound feet of Chinese women. They serve only to brush food into the cheek pouches, for Dips belong to the squirrel family and carry and store their food. Their tails are rat tails, however, but they have a brush of hair on the tip. Their fur is soft, and when the wind ruffles it, it reminds me of sealskin.

The Dips are as thorough as a vacuum cleaner, getting every tiny grain from the floor, and when we make them climb up onto our hands for food, they straighten and stiffen their tails, using them as a tightrope walker does his pole for balance. When they fight they jump straight up into the air and bump their heads together. Occasional bloodshed gives evidence of toothwork at the same time. In the moonlight they look like tiny elves dancing up and down.

I well remember one evening when it was full moon and they had been having a very special treat of watermelon seed. We had been reading a letter aloud (by moonlight, believe it or not) when we were suddenly interrupted by their inactivity. There was a tapping on the ground as though one of them had stamped a warning, and every little Dip stood motionless. Then just as surprising was their complete disappearance. They either went too fast for our human eye to witness, or else they *are* elves and just invisible. We remained perfectly still, suspecting something was approaching, and almost at once a dainty little fox (one of the kind called swifts) came up onto the porch where we sat. With the grace of a miniature deer he stepped up to a

piece of watermelon we had placed on the flagging; and having quenched his thirst, he leaped daintily away into the shadow.

Wallace was to witness another interesting scene on this same porch before the moon had set. We had moved all our beds onto the porch that night, and after our little friends failed to return, we decided to go to bed and play our game of seeing who could count the most shooting stars or the most lightning flashes over the mountains.

I didn't stay awake to hear who won, but I couldn't have been asleep long when I was most unceremoniously wakened by our large cat, Mr. Mew, jumping accurately on my abdomen. He had found an unusually juicy mouse and was eager to show me his affection by sharing it with me. With my arms pinned under the bedding held down by his weight, I was powerless to forestall his advance up my chest until he was dangling the wretched thing right over my face. With a supreme effort I endeavored to sit up, and the cat dropped the mouse down inside my nightgown. The rest was pretty fast, but not fast enough to elude the human eye. They *say* it took me just two leaps to reach the top of the table at the other end of our twenty-foot porch, where I pirouetted with my gown held high in the air before my astonished audience.

Speaking of mice, we had a good laugh one night when we were trying to catch one of the wary beasts. It was a field mouse which must have come in when a door was left ajar, and was temporarily making his home in one of the "heatilator" holes in our fireplace. It seemed expedient to oust him before starting a fire. Wallace had set a trap where he couldn't miss it as he came from his hide-out. We spent one whole evening watching him *jump* the trap as neatly as any hurdler. Then I set a saucer of poisoned grain on the hearth in an adjoining room and thought that was that; but the next evening I found a much diminished saucer of poisoned grain and a still very active mouse going out of his way, each time we changed the trap position, to jump the darned thing.

Back and forth, back and forth. We watched spellbound. Surely by the law of averages he would miss his jump *sometime* and land on the trap if not in it. Finally Wallace could stand it no longer and hid behind the door of the next room to see where the little teaser was going on his many trips in and out. He was going up to the saucer of poisoned grain and carrying a mouthful at a time back to his home in the heatilator. We couldn't have him dying at some future date in a place where we couldn't get at him, and we couldn't lure him into our trap, so Wallace resorted to chasing him with the broom. I, with

my feet tucked securely under me, applauded from the gallery.

I do not mind so much the instant killing of whatever must be killed, but I never want to go through another day such as the one when I was alone on the hill and a steel trap set for a trade rat who had been stealing our soap went off and crushed, but didn't kill, a chipmunk. All day I followed my suffering friend as he flopped with his trap toward his hole down by the road, trying to get up courage to shoot him, but knowing that with my inaccurate aim and chicken-heartedness I should probably add to his misery instead of relieving him. If I had only been able to convey to him that I wanted to help, and if he hadn't struggled so furiously and flopped away from me, I might have released the spring from his neck. I met my family that evening with a shovel, but though we dug deep into his runway, we couldn't find the poor creature. That cowardliness on my part has been on my conscience to this day.

There are comedies as well as tragedies in the animal kingdom, and we are daily amused by the chips with their constantly quivering tails and endless trilling as they scoot all over the place, climbing high in the greasewood and standing up like little soldiers surveying the field from their watchtowers. I didn't know, until I had this opportunity of studying the habits of my tiny desert friends, that chips trail the smells along the ground with their noses just like dogs. The little cheats let the sober, industrious Dips store food all night and then they make daylight raids on their stores. I cheered one day when I saw an old grandpa Dip, who apparently was having insomnia, catch them at it, and what a chase he gave them!

One day when Wallace was taking his noon siesta, he lay idly swatting flies and watching an ant dismember the fat flies and then lug his burden of meat until his path took him in front of a rock on which was sitting a lizard. The lizard would reach out with uncanny swiftness, pick up ant and fly, and then, after churning them around in his mouth, spit out the ant — who would keep coming back for more flies. A half-dozen times the ant delivered food to the lizard. Were they friends or was the ant a slave?

4

DESERT animals and insects are gregarious, living in colonies, traveling in swarms and even armies. I have seen "swarms" of insects in cities as well as on the desert, but I was to have my initiation to "armies" when the homesteaders twenty miles east

began warning that "armies of worms" were advancing. It took this particular army just three weeks to travel twenty miles and Sherman's March left no more complete devastation than these creatures in their mile-wide path. I looked with unbelieving eyes at the uncountable ranks of the largest and most repulsive caterpillars I have ever seen.

They were a Kelly green with large red spots on their fat sides and were as garish as the cheapest traveling circus. They were so thick that we could not walk in a sober line without crushing the horrible things underfoot. They were so full of our precious desert flowers they had stripped that they actually waddled from side to side. This movement, combined with their humping forward motion, produced the effect of a restless green sea, and as I watched them I experienced the unexpected sensation of seasickness on the desert.

An invasion of a different variety came one night when I was alone on the hill. I had been enjoying the dropping sun from our protected loggia, for I do not like to get too far from the protection of doors and screens when I am left alone with no car or phone and with my nearest neighbor a mile away. Sky colors had blended and faded and the stars were coming out, when an unfamiliar noise sounded my mental alert. It seemed to come from inside the house and, puzzled, I went in to investigate. As I groped deeper into the darkness of the living room, I began brushing something which buzzed about my head. Many "things" were now tangling in my hair and getting in my eyes and ears.

I dreaded turning on the gaslight almost as much as I dreaded the uncertainties of darkness. The match flickered and went out, but not before I had singed several of the enemy. They were flying ants, large ones, invading everywhere — and I mean everywhere. My walls were alive with crawling ants, my window screens were black, quivering panels, the air was a hum of wings, and my floors were creeping.

I walked out and surrendered the house. After two painfully long hours the siege was over and I went in to clear away the dead. I am not exaggerating: I swept up (for they die soon after they swarm) one coal scuttle two-thirds full of dead ants. The next time similar annoying invaders entered our house, Wallace calmly entered into their midst and searched until he found where they got in, then informed the family we would stuff the throats of

our fireplaces when they were not in use. I was reminded of a statement he chidingly made another time when I had evidenced vacuity in an emergency: "No, darling, you aren't dumb, but sometimes you display the sign 'Some Rooms Unfurnished.'"

I remember the first day I put out grapefruit peel when five jack rabbits showed up simultaneously at the kitchen door, where it was my habit to throw out vegetable and fruit parings for them along with wilted lettuce, carrot tops, and the like. The first rabbit who sniffed the grapefruit skin looked up with the air of rich discovery and at once picked up the whole half and tried to carry it off. Immediately the suspicions of the other four were aroused and they left their familiar fare to follow her.

If you have never seen jack rabbits fight, you have missed an amusing farce. They lay back their very long ears and jump at each other. If that doesn't intimidate one of the participants, they assume beligerent attitudes and stand perfectly still, usually until I can no longer control my mirth, and startle them with my laughter. Then there's nothing to do but put up a front in my presence. So they stand up on their hind legs and box like champions.

In the instance of the grapefruit, the first rabbit, knowing she would stand no show against four, deliberately put down her prize and placed her two front paws on it, fastening it to the ground. As her chasers would approach (and they seem to have adopted the policy that an excellent strategy is to start a fight by nipping your opponent in the tail) she would pivot around the peel, still keeping her two front paws firmly on it, and give a far from ladylike kick in the face of her attacker.

Finally the four, somewhat abashed when they were held at bay by one small female, withdrew and sat in a surrounding circle, still as statues, watching with greedy and envious eyes their coveted treat getting smaller and smaller. Of course you can understand why I hastily changed my menu and, substituting grapefruit salad for the one planned, scooped out the sections from two grapefruit, throwing the four rinds to my dejected friends.

The tale should end here, but it doesn't. The first lady, having finished her dessert ahead of the others, proceeded to box one after the other until the last one assaulted picked up his half in despair and ran. The last I saw of them, she, with ears low, was close on the tail of poor Jack, who was handicapped by the large burden hanging from his mouth.

(To be concluded)

» Crime waves have followed every great war. Are our American courts any better prepared to protect the community against the gangsters who flourished in 1919 and may flourish again?

“CASE DISMISSED”

The Unreasonable Leniency of American Justice

by VIRGIL W. PETERSON

1

IN 1924, about five years after World War I, an almost unbelievable armed invasion by gangsters occurred in Cicero, Illinois. This city of 70,000 inhabitants fell to the control of Al Capone and his mobsters. Two years later a rival gang invaded Capone's stronghold: eight cars full of hoodlums, armed with shotguns and machine guns, rode through the main business street of Cicero and riddled buildings with bullets and shotgun slugs. Innocent people were wounded. A Chicago newspaper editorial blazoned, “This Is War!”

Soon thereafter the police department of Chicago, second-largest city of the United States, virtually surrendered to the Capone gang. Businesses and industries of all kinds began paying tribute directly or indirectly to racketeers and gangsters. One of the largest industrial cleaners and dyers of Chicago found it necessary to take Al Capone into partnership for protection. His places had been bombed time and again. Senator George W. Norris suggested to President Calvin Coolidge that the Marines be withdrawn from Nicaragua and sent to Chicago to restore law and order.

All this happened to one community within a decade following the last war, and comparable conditions prevailed in many other cities. Prohibition was not the cause: it merely aggravated fundamental weaknesses that existed then and are found now in many of our large urban centers.

Although crime waves have followed almost every war, and although we have had sufficient warnings that after the present world-wide conflict we can expect unprecedented lawlessness, few communities have heeded the warnings. In many cities the law enforcement agencies, upon which our security

depends, are helpless to function efficiently. Appointments, promotions, transfers, and even disciplinary action all too often depend upon the influence of ward politicians. Many times the ward committeemen or aldermen control the vote and perpetuate their power through alliances with criminals. As long as such conditions are tolerated, our society will receive inadequate protection.

But there is another aspect of law enforcement which has received too little attention. Even strong enforcement agencies cannot fulfill their responsibility to the public unless they have the backing of the courts. There must be a change in judicial attitudes toward the rights of criminals. There must be a clear-cut and more realistic interpretation of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, which was never intended as a refuge for the guilty.

Two year ago, in Chicago, a criminal with a record of prior conviction for armed robbery was again found guilty of the same crime. Several members of a family were held prisoners at gunpoint for two hours while their home was ransacked. Edward Damiani, the convict, was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year to life. As happens on innumerable occasions, after his conviction and while an appeal was pending, his bond was reduced by the court from \$15,000 to \$10,000.

Damiani was released June 24, 1943. Only nine days later, on July 3, he committed an armed holdup of a currency exchange in Chicago. Over two thousand dollars was stolen. In addition to guns, he and his associates were armed with a cylinder containing poison gas. The cashier, Agnes Olsen, fifty-two years old, did not comply with the demands of the robbers speedily enough to suit them. Poison gas was released and she died. Innocent people present were terrorized and robbed and an innocent woman was murdered.

It is time to give some thought to the rights of the Agnes Olsens as well as the Damianis. Damiani had

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his alleged rights of liberty and freedom preserved. But the preservation of Damiani's alleged rights cost the life of an innocent victim. Surely law-abiding people must be protected too.

2

THE strained reasoning by which courts have sometimes freed lawbreakers would be humorous if the results were not so tragic to society. Several years ago officers charged with the duty of enforcing the game laws received information that on a certain passenger train in Cook County, Illinois, there were men who were illegally in possession of hen pheasants. Acting on this definite information, the officers boarded the train. They saw some pheasant feathers protruding from the pockets of a passenger, Sigmund De Luca. It would appear that the information previously received by the officers was reasonably substantiated. The officers searched De Luca. They found he was in possession of four hen pheasants in violation of the law. De Luca confessed to the officers that he had killed the birds.

Here was a perfect case establishing a violation of the game law — perfect to everyone, that is, except the Illinois Supreme Court. In reversing the conviction, the court held that when the officers saw the pheasant feathers sticking out of De Luca's pockets, they could not tell whether they were the feathers of hen pheasants or cock pheasants. Consequently, the officers had no *reasonable* ground for believing De Luca was implicated in a crime. The search was, therefore, unreasonable and illegal. All evidence of guilt found as a result of the search was held inadmissible in court.

This case is unimportant. But such decisions pave the way for the immunity enjoyed by the hoodlums, thugs, and gangsters who endanger the security of the citizens in many communities. The pheasant hen case can easily serve as a precedent to turn murderers loose.

Recently in Chicago a man admitted in Federal Court that over a period of ten years he had embezzled more than \$40,000 from the bank in which he had been employed. His salary was \$37 a week. In placing the embezzler on probation the judge condoned the stealing. He put the blame on the bank for paying low wages.

Again, the case in itself is of no great moment. The judge's remarks would be unimportant if they did not typify a peculiar philosophy that has gradually pervaded our thinking on crime. Having progressed from the situation in colonial times, where criminals had few rights, we are approaching

the equally untenable position that the criminals are entitled to a good measure of predatory privileges.

Although social protection is the principal function of our penal laws, the trend in the administration of criminal justice has been to place more and more emphasis upon the rights of the individual criminal. The idea of protecting society has many times been relegated to a position of secondary importance. This is paradoxical when we observe that the trend in business, and even in the professions, is to restrain individual rights in order to promote the welfare of all. But consistency does not appear to be an American virtue.

We have prided ourselves, with justification, on the strides we have made in the application of science in the field of criminology. We have behavior clinics, diagnostic depots, psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, biologists, and social workers who give expert aid, advice, and treatment to the individual after he is convicted of a crime against society. But the scientific efforts of these experts are expended on behalf of only a small minority of the criminals. Those who go free and who menace society to the greatest extent seldom reach the experts for treatment.

No scientific treatment of the individual is possible without the diagnosis — determination of the guilt or innocence of the person accused of a criminal offense — but it is here that we are the most unscientific. Through legal technicalities that frequently benefit only the law violator, we have been setting up all kinds of artificial obstacles and barriers that prevent a proper diagnosis. The professional criminal preys on society at will. He knows that if he is arrested, the odds are that he will never go to trial, let alone be convicted.

Rules of evidence have become confused with constitutional rights. The ordinary meaning of the word "reasonable" when applied to searches and seizures has frequently been misinterpreted as "unreasonable" and the evidence secured has been thrown out of court. Even when a suspect makes a voluntary confession, a court may decide that he was under "mental coercion" and the confession cannot be admitted in court against him. In either event the diagnosis may call him innocent when he should be called guilty. Consequently, a person who is badly in need of treatment, if society is to be afforded adequate protection, will receive no treatment or supervision at all.

Our health laws, like our penal laws, were also enacted primarily for social protection. But we should not dream of permitting unnecessary obstacles, such as those which are so commonplace in defeating criminal justice, to interfere with a proper

diagnosis by health officials. Let us suppose that a physician of the Chicago Health Department receives an anonymous report that at a particular address there lives a person infected with leprosy — a highly contagious disease. In answer to the call, he proceeds to the address and knocks at the door. Receiving no answer, but believing that he hears someone in the place, he tries the door. It is unlocked. He enters. There he finds a man with all the symptoms of leprosy. After an examination he orders him quarantined and removed from society.

No person in his right mind would protest that, because of the illegal entry by the physician, society should not be protected by the quarantine and medical treatment of the infected man. It would be ludicrous to say that the leper's rights had been violated and he should therefore be returned home.

But if a police officer received an anonymous report that suspicious, heavily armed individuals were living in that same house in Chicago, the results would be entirely different. If he should enter the place without permission, it would be said that the officer violated the constitutional rights of the law violators. Suppose the officer does enter the place and finds an arsenal. He also finds conclusive evidence to establish that the occupants of the house committed a particular armed robbery a few days previously, at which time several innocent persons were killed. The obvious fact that these persons constitute a menace to the citizens of the community would be considered immaterial. The evidence, in Illinois and in many other jurisdictions, would be suppressed because of an “unreasonable search and seizure” on the part of the police officer. In some courts, the judge might even deliver a patriotic speech about a man's home being his castle and severely admonish the officer for wanton disregard of the criminal's constitutional rights.

3

You say that is absurd? In Chicago several years ago one of the most notorious of the gangsters was Two-Gun Louis Alterie. After the gang slaying of his pal, Dion O'Banion, Alterie had been frequenting various places, flourishing guns and challenging the killers of O'Banion to shoot it out with him. The police arrested him in a night spot, with his gun cocked, ready for action. When he was brought into court, the judge castigated the officers for “wasting their time” in making arrests of that nature. Disregarding the well-known reputation of this gangster, the judge stated that citizens had to carry guns to protect their homes from robbers.

There have been numerous instances in which professional criminals have leased business premises to be used for the sole purpose of violating the law. Everyone is welcome in the place if he goes there to break the law. Special buses and other means of transportation are afforded to visit the place if the purpose is to infract the law. It is open to the public, with a sole exception: the law enforcement officer, the only person who has a legitimate errand in the place. If he attempts to enter, the door is slammed in his face.

From a logical standpoint it would appear that if the rights of anyone were violated it would be those of the police officer. He was wrongfully discriminated against by the establishment! But if the officer shoves aside the doorman and enters the place, it is said that he made an illegal entry. The constitutional rights of the lawbreaker are said to have been violated. Even though the officer obtains conclusive evidence of guilt, it cannot in many jurisdictions be admitted in court against those who respect neither the laws of the state nor the Constitution of the United States.

Such decisions benefit only the professional criminal and habitual law violator. They demoralize the honest and efficient officer of the law and assist the crooked officer. If a dishonest officer is forced to take action against the illegal establishment he is protecting, he can always testify that he had to use force to enter. His record of arrests will present a good defense to a charge of neglect of duty. Because the evidence is always thrown out of court, the hoodlum accepts the inconvenience and expense of having a stooge appear in court occasionally as a part of his operating costs. This arrangement is satisfactory to all concerned — unless the rights of the law-abiding citizenry are worthy of consideration.

Several weeks ago two officers were patrolling the streets of Chicago. They observed an automobile loaded with merchandise. The conduct of the occupants of the car aroused their suspicions. They stopped the car and questioned the occupants. It developed that these men had just perpetrated a burglary. The car was loaded with several hundred dollars' worth of stolen goods. Charges of burglary were lodged against the occupants of the car. When the case was heard in court, a motion to suppress the evidence was sustained on the ground that the arrest, search, and seizure were illegal. The two burglars who had committed the burglary — one of them had a prior record — were set free. The judge who discharged the two burglars (with the result that they may continue to prey on other innocent, law-abiding citizens) was not responsible for this ridiculous protection of the criminals' alleged rights

at the expense of society. He was merely following the decisions that have been handed down by higher courts.

Neither the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States nor the provisions of the state constitutions prohibit all arrests, searches, and seizures without a warrant. Only *unreasonable searches and seizures* are prohibited. Nevertheless, the courts have been constantly placing limitations on the definition of "reasonable." This tendency works to the benefit of the criminal only. It makes it possible for the professional law violator to operate openly and brazenly with a minimum of interference from the law enforcement agencies and with little fear of adverse rulings from the courts.

4

It is highly important that we protect the constitutional *rights* of criminals. But it appears that we sometimes forget that the Constitution was meant to protect the rights of law-abiding citizens as well. Certainly it cannot be contended that a professional criminal has a constitutional right to violate the law. To permit such a person to continue his depredations on society merely because the evidence which conclusively established his guilt was allegedly the product of a theoretically unreasonable search and seizure is nonsensical. It is judging the rights of society from the point of view of the individual — the individual criminal.

During Capone's regime, at times Chicago was practically in a state of anarchy. Gang murders were commonplace events. Hundreds of murders were attributed to Capone and his henchmen. Yet Capone was completely immune. The deputy commissioner of police of Chicago, explaining his helplessness in the situation, said, "I've arrested Capone a half-dozen times, and each time found guns on him. The same goes for a hundred other gangsters around town. But what happens? The minute you get them before a municipal court judge, the defense attorney makes a motion to suppress the evidence. The policeman is cross-examined, and if he admits he didn't have a warrant for the man's arrest on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, the judge declares the arrest illegal and the hoodlum is discharged."

We sometimes hear indignant protests that such illogical jurisprudence is necessary to protect individual rights. We feel impelled to inquire, as did Judge John F. Perkins of the Boston Juvenile Court, "Which individual? . . . The individual who breaks the law in reckless disregard of other

people's safety, or the individual who is behaving himself as he should and is entitled to protection?" Those who have no respect for the Constitution or the rights of others immediately run to the Constitution, and to the laws they break, as soon as they are brought to account for their criminal activities.

Other unrealistic standards are applied in making it possible for the criminal to avoid the legal consequences of his acts. Competent physical evidence definitely establishing that the defendant committed a serious crime may be supplemented with a detailed admission of guilt. After the physical evidence has been suppressed on technical grounds, the confession may be rejected because of the alleged presence of mental coercion. The culprit may still be released, without restriction or supervision, to prey on the innocent again.

There are elements of coercion in almost all confessions. The criminal may be confronted with such a preponderance of evidence that he may consider further denials of participation in a crime as useless. If the investigating officer has spent a few hours pointing out to the criminal the futility of denying his guilt in the face of the evidence against him, the courts may hold that the criminal was subjected to "mental coercion" and refuse to admit the statement in evidence.

Although a confession freely given affords highly credible testimony, the truth of which may be easily verified, some courts have leaned over backwards in rejecting confessions on the ground of real or imaginary mental coercion. A few judges have indicated that all confessions should be viewed with suspicion and summarily rejected as evidence. Such an attitude ignores reality. Any law enforcement officer of experience has handled hundreds of cases in which confessions have been free and voluntary. On many occasions the culprit will fully confess upon the arrival of the arresting officer. He apparently desires to ease his overburdened conscience by fully admitting his guilt. Yet only a few hours later he may completely deny the voluntary nature of his confession and become imbued with a burning desire to avoid the clutches of the law.

It is ironical that frequently the self-serving statement of a criminal that his confession was not voluntarily made will be given much more credence than any contrary assertion by the law enforcement officer. In a recent dissenting United States Supreme Court opinion, Mr. Justice Jackson spoke out against this unwarranted and anomalous, yet commonplace, tendency. He said, "We know that police standards often leave much to be desired, but we are not ready to believe that the democratic

process brings to office men generally less believable than the average of those accused of crime.”

In this same case the United States Supreme Court reversed the conviction of a confessed murderer. It was held that even if the defendant did make a confession, it was not voluntary. The holding of the defendant incommunicado during many hours of interrogation without sleep or rest was inherently coercive and violated the “due process” clause of the Constitution. To this opinion Mr. Justice Jackson replied that custody and examination for one hour are inherently coercive and so is arrest itself or detention. He maintained that, despite the inherent coerciveness, “the confession, when made, was deliberate, free and voluntary in the sense in which that term is used in criminal law.”

5

IN 1943 the United States Supreme Court, in *McNabb v. United States*, rendered a decision which, in effect, held that voluntary confessions of a crime made while the accused was in custody prior to arraignment before a magistrate were inadmissible. It was held that the officers failed to arraign the defendant immediately before a magistrate in conformity with the statute that required prompt arraignment. A few months later the convictions of six individuals found guilty of treason in a Chicago Federal Court were reversed on the basis of the McNabb decision. In this opinion the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit said: “With all due deference to the Supreme Court and especially to Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter, the author of those opinions, we are constrained to state that we entertain grave doubts that this recently promulgated rule of evidence will result in any improvement to the administration of justice.

“As pointed out by Mr. Justice Reed in his dissent to the McNabb opinion ‘a frank and free confession of crime by the culprit affords testimony of the highest credibility and of a character which may be verified easily.’ In our judgment this new rule will inure to the benefit of the guilty rather than the innocent, and will seriously impair the work of law enforcement officers. The Supreme Court, however, has clearly spoken and we must accept its pronouncement.”

Following the McNabb decision, efforts were made to incorporate the substance of that decision into proposed rules of criminal procedure. Federal judges, United States district attorneys, and other Federal law enforcement officials protested, and at

the American Bar Association convention in 1943 the proposed rule was rejected. A bill is now pending in Congress to remove the effect of the McNabb decision.

In Illinois, however, at the 1943 session of the General Assembly, a bill was introduced and passed that would have excluded from evidence any purported voluntary confession unless the defendant admitted to a judge, justice of the peace, or magistrate, within twenty-four hours from the time the statement or admission was made, that it was given voluntarily. This is another indication of the modern trend to go to extreme lengths to create artificial and unrealistic barriers to prevent a proper diagnosis. Governor Dwight Green of Illinois vetoed the bill after it had passed both houses. Had he not done so, a preposterous situation would have prevailed as the law of Illinois. A person guilty of a crime could have made a complete confession without any interrogation whatever. Yet if, a few hours or even minutes later, upon arraignment, he refused to admit his confession was voluntary, it could never be used in court against him.

There is no more logic in making the admission of a confession depend solely upon the self-serving statement of a defendant than there would be in a requirement to admit any confession in evidence solely on the representation of its voluntary nature by a prosecutor or law enforcement officer. Any attempt to enact the latter provision into law would be denounced as an undemocratic process and tyrannical. The objections would be fully justified.

Our legislators and courts must remember that overemphasis of the rights of criminals, with the resultant disregard for the safety of society as a whole, can with equal justification be criticized as undemocratic and tyrannical. It is claimed that the tendency of courts and legislators to exclude competent and relevant evidence on technical grounds is the inevitable result of lawlessness on the part of the police. Such reasoning is without justification. Two wrongs do not make a right. Whenever the police engage in lawless activity, appropriate action can and should be taken against them. But to turn enemies of society loose to prey on the innocent as a means of punishing the police is a perverted notion of justice.

It might be possible to understand the attitude which has given birth to this grotesque system of criminal jurisprudence if those who have professed so much concern over the alleged rights of antisocial persons and over wrongdoing by the police evidenced equal anxiety over the abuses engaged in by the professional defenders of the law violator. There is a significant silence against commonplace

practices designed to defeat justice that are engaged in on behalf of the criminal day after day in our courts.

Apparently any device or subterfuge used to free a person accused of a crime is considered part and parcel of the criminal's natural rights. Witnesses against the accused are intimidated or mysteriously disappear. Dilatory tactics are pursued until the witnesses are worn out, disgusted, and made hostile. These practices are customary. A prominent sociologist, Dr. William E. Cole, recently wrote: "So common are delays in our courts that it is almost a folk expression among criminal lawyers to remark that 'one good delay in hand is worth two perjured witnesses in prospect.'" Defense counsel frequently look upon concocted alibis and phony alibi witnesses as part of their stock in trade. Extraneous issues intended to confuse the jury are not uncommon.

Witnesses for the state who give testimony damaging to the accused are sometimes subjected to tactics on the part of defense counsel that the same lawyer would denounce as "third degree" if employed in the pre-trial interrogation of the defendant. If the identical methods were permitted on the part of the prosecutor in the cross-examination of the man on trial, they would be considered prejudicial and constitute reversible error. Recently a police officer found it necessary to interrupt the ruthless and unfair cross-examination to which he was being subjected by the defense counsel with this plea to the court: "Your Honor, if I am being placed on trial I would like to employ a lawyer to defend me."

Opening statements for the defense are frequently made that are intended to prejudice the jury against the state without making any subsequent effort whatever to prove them. Emotional appeals having no bearing on the guilt or innocence of the defendant are among the many tricks employed to turn dangerous criminals loose on the streets. If any of the numerous devices succeeds in defeating justice, the state is through. It has no right of appeal. With the defendant, conditions are entirely

different. The conviction is just the first phase of the proceeding.

There must be a distinction between the rights of an accused person and license. The rights of a defendant include a fair trial with a presumption of innocence until guilt is established beyond a reasonable doubt. An accused person does not have a right to manufactured alibis, nor does he have a right to have the people's witnesses intimidated or bribed. He has a right to a fair and impartial jury. He does not have a right to a jury fixed in his behalf. The defendant has a right to prevent the prosecutor or witnesses from making statements that are prejudicial against him. He does not have a right to have prejudicial statements made in his behalf. The defendant has the right to have the truth brought out at a trial. He has the right to the admission in evidence of all competent testimony which tends to establish his innocence. He does not have a right to the exclusion of relevant and competent evidence that establishes his guilt. And he does not have a right to have all witnesses who testify against him harassed, humiliated, and confused.

The Constitution prohibits unreasonable searches and seizures. The accused has a right to have the word "unreasonable" interpreted in its ordinary meaning. He is not entitled to have a reasonable search declared unreasonable through legal theorizing that is absurd when considered in the light of reality. The criminal has a right to protection from third-degree tactics and inhumane treatment when he is in custody, and he cannot be forced to incriminate himself. He does not have a right to the exclusion from evidence, on some technical ground that is totally unrealistic, of a confession made freely and frankly.

The person on trial is entitled to a fair administration of criminal justice. But that does not mean the one-sided system of criminal jurisprudence which we are gradually approaching. And with almost all authorities predicting an unprecedented crime wave following the war, we had better take inventory as to how well we are equipped to meet it.

IN QUIET, WAITING

Easter Faith

by NORA WALN

We do not ask Thee to keep us safe but to help us be loyal.

— *A Prayer from the French Quakers*

I

BY JORDANS door as we went in to Meeting for Worship on First Day morning the flowers were out of sight. Not a leaf or a bud showed where crocus and daffodil were hid, safe from the frost that sheathed the dooryard grass and lay thick on the graves of Isaac Penington and his wife Mary, William Penn whom they befriended when he was turned from home, and other Quakers living in this neighborhood nearly three hundred years ago.

But to me spring seemed not far off because Margaret Frawley was beside me giving me joy in her own self, bringing close my homeland for which I have been almost unbearably homesick, and shortening the distance to my French friends among whom I lived two happy years. Margaret is a member of the American Friends Service Committee who came from Philadelphia to consult with British Quakers before going into France.

We did not talk with one another or with others as we went in to Meeting. Our Quaker Discipline in *Christian Practice*, as approved and adopted by The Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain, is lived at Jordans. It counsels: "We earnestly advise all who attend our Meetings to lift their hearts to God immediately on taking their seats. The avoidance of distracting conversation beforehand is a great help to this end, and the walk to Meeting may often prove a true preparation."

None can understand the practices of Quakers without knowledge of our discipline. This varies somewhat in various Meetings, yet is essentially the same; for Quakers the world over are united by a common purpose. In the present day our discipline reminds us: —

"The practices of the early Friends were based

An American-born Quaker who was graduated from Swarthmore, became an adopted daughter of China, and has lived with her English husband through the blitz and the long uphill struggle in England, NORA WALN, braced by the spirit of Jordans Meeting, sends us these hopeful words for Easter.

upon no code of laws, no rule of life, imposed from without. All that was of value in them flowed from the spiritual experience, individual and corporate, of immediate human converse with God; of contact through faith with the divine resources of love and power, of filial coöperation in the divine purposes."

"The Society of Friends has concerned itself with problem after problem — worship, government, business, slavery, education, treatment of the insane, war, criminal reform, the social order — in the light of guidance obtained in quiet waiting."

"Religion cannot be separated from life, the source of power is to be found within, the attention must be turned inwards in stillness, and we must make the conscious effort to come into touch with the Father of our Spirits, if our souls are to be enlightened, our love kindled, and our wills braced to fulfill the purposes of God."

Jordans is ours to aid us in achieving this enlightening, kindling, and bracing. The Meetinghouse was built that we might gather here to obey that message which the young Ezekiel, walking by the river Chebar, heard God say: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak with thee."

We have Jordans through Mary Penington. She and her husband were the first Quakers in this neighborhood. During their lifetime the number grew to over seventy. Without counting the cost, the Peningtons gave their fortune and themselves to the cause of liberty of conscience. Quakers of their generation put their strength into the fight for this law because they were certain that human beings must not stay merged in a mass-group but have to stand forth accepting individual responsibility to God. The freedom for which they fought was not freedom to do as one pleases. It was liberty for men, women, and children to obey God without the interference of their fellow citizens, for they were convinced that only those able to stand alone with God are able to live intelligently as friend and kin to all on earth.

The days of persecution for holding a Quaker Meeting did not end in England until after Isaac Penington's death. While forbidden, our Meetings for Worship were held in Quaker homes, the place never secret, the doors always unlatched. Attenders knew that at any time their assembly might be forcibly broken up — as such assemblies can be in some other nations today — by constables with warrants summoning those present to appear before a justice of the peace and be subjected to confiscation of property, including their homesteads, which meant the turning out of their families and imprisonment for an indefinite period.

Not infrequently, when taken, the seventeenth-century Quakers of England were dragged across the floor and knocked about, for this was an uncivil era; and, as the Quakers had come out of all the contending religious groups, — Protestant and Catholic, — who pressed their theories with violence, no man or woman or child struck could hit back and remain in the membership. Isaac Penington was arrested, had property confiscated, and was imprisoned, sometimes for more than a year, six times over; yet he never yielded. His last imprisonment was for twenty-one months in Reading Gaol. Not being of strong constitution, he suffered severely from the unwholesome and overcrowded condition of the jails.

Mary, Isaac's wife, survived him by three years, living into the time when liberty of conscience was agreed upon among English people. It was so that we who live after her might have a Meetinghouse in which to be still, hear God, and learn to serve Him, here in this pleasant Buckinghamshire valley where lanes from Chalfont St. Peter and Chalfont St. Giles join, that Mary Penington willed a starting sum of money to her son John, asking him to bring it about. Other Quakers of the neighborhood helped, and the plain brick building with tiled roof and latticed windows in which we worship was built, as the deed records, at their common charge, the property to be held in trust by Friends — "not for private use, profit or advantage."

Jordans is a country Meetinghouse, set amid fields and woods. Over the Elders' benches, which face the body of the Meeting, is a high window touched by the evergreen branches of a tall holly tree; and down one side of our meeting room are other windows well above the benches where we sit to worship, so that those inclined to wander are kept from the distraction of looking into the yard or the lane beyond. Unless sitting opposite the open door, one who comes in and would look out can see no more than a view of distant beech and oak and the brow of a gently sloping hill. In clement weather a window is left open, and through it in their season come

the bleat of lambs, the song of blackbirds, the sound of the green woodpecker's diligent hammering, and occasionally the fall of footsteps in the lane, distinct and clear through the hum and roar of warplanes passing overhead. All who enter Jordans are presumed to be here to join in silent worship, waiting with bowed heads until the Holy Spirit moves any among them to pray or preach, or parting still in the silence after the Elders have felt it to have become a living Meeting.

2

JORDANS MEETING is held in accord with advice which Alexander Parker, of Lees-in-Bolland, Yorkshire, sent in a letter dated 1660 to an inquirer who had asked him how to hold a gathering after the manner of the people called Quakers, where the presence of God might be expected: —

"The first that enters into the place of your Meeting, turn in thy mind and wait upon God singly, as if none were present but the Lord, and here thou art strong. Then the next that come in, let them in simplicity of heart sit down and turn in to the same light and wait in the spirit, and so all the rest coming in, in the fear of the Lord, sit down in pure stillness and silence of all flesh, and wait in the light. Those who are brought to a pure still waiting upon God in the Spirit, are come nearer to God than words are; for God is a spirit, and in the spirit is He worshipped. In such a Meeting there will be an unwillingness to part asunder, being ready to say to yourselves, it is good to be here, this is the end of all words and writings — to bring people to the eternal living word."

Other advices are: "True worship is intensely active. In it we offer ourselves to God, body, mind, and soul for the doing of His will. We have a gift to bring Him as well as a grace to receive." "True worship may be experienced at any time, in any place — alone in the hills or in the busy daily life — we may turn to God and find Him, for in Him we live and move and have our being. But the individual experience is not sufficient, and in a Meeting held under the influence of the Spirit there is a giving and receiving between its members, one helping another with or without words."

There may be vocal offerings in a Quaker Meeting, but our discipline reminds us that Friends "highly prize silent waiting upon the Lord in humble dependence on Him. We esteem it to be a precious part of spiritual worship, and trust that no vocal offerings will ever exclude it from its true time and place. Let not the silence then be spent in indolence or vacant musing, but in eager reaching out to God, in an obedient spirit, sensitive to the slightest Divine

manifestations. Silence is not an end in itself, but a means to a higher experience. It is an opportunity not only for prayerful meditation, but for the realization of the Divine forgiveness, the renewal of our wills and the upbuilding of our inward being in communion with the Divine Love."

People from several places come to wait on God at Jordans, taking seats quietly among the English Quakers. Often an Eton master is here on the Sabbath Day. Russian and Swede, Czech and Jamaican, are not strangers in this room. The door is ever unlatched. All are welcome of every race and creed, for the Friends who first met in this neighborhood and those who maintain the Meeting for Worship now are one in holding the opinion that human beings born to life on earth are all kin to God and one another, and can be a Society of Friends living well, in mutual benefit, if they will but seek and heed God's advice. Occasionally a foreign Ambassador sits in this Meeting with bowed head, and at times a Cabinet Minister has come.

The Elders give a kindly greeting to men in uniform. This is William Penn's home Meeting, and it is not forgotten that he wore armor at twenty-two — armor he changed only when he found another armor more effective; and he still remained a soldier, fighting ardently all his life to better conditions for those to come to earth after him.

Jordans is a small Meetinghouse, and when the room is overfull, as happens some days, then there are Friends who rise and lead the overflow to wait on God in the near-by barn built, according to local legend, of timbers from the good ship *Mayflower* which carried the Pilgrims to New England. There is a deep quietness at Jordans. And there is a sweetness given this Meeting by the elderly Friends and the children who regularly attend.

But even in a Meeting as perfect as this, I do not find it easy in these days to enter into communion with God and those around me. A place among Quakers is my birthright, and my spiritual home is in a Quaker Meeting for Worship. When I was a child, and for many years thereafter, this worship was natural to me. I never felt devoid of the inner radiance, warm and living, which Friends identify as contact with God. I walked this earth unafraid. I did not then question God's reality. I was sure I felt Him touch my hand wherever I went. In Meeting I had but to bow my head and wait a little to feel oriented to those with whom I sat, and I believed myself to be united with God and with them in a communion wherein one seems to pass the bounds of individual self and enter into something more radiant than is known in spiritual separateness. God did not ever seem far away in those days, and I felt a

kinship with everyone I met — such kinship as the Christian faith of my forebears teaches.

The simplicity of heart I had is not mine in the present time. Even in Jordans it is hard to quiet my thoughts, to turn in my mind and wait upon God in pure stillness. I try, but in the silence I am off aboard the plane above us, one with its crew; in imagination I go the way they are briefed to go; I am with them through the dangers they must encounter; and I am in the place where their bombs fall, one with the people I know and love who have their homes in those towns and cities.

I wrench myself back to Meeting for Worship, and soon my thoughts carry me to visit, one by one, bombed mothers and children in England, familiar and dear to me, since I administer a Kappa Kappa Gamma fund given for their care. Rebuking this wandering, I shake my mental self and bring my will to bear on my unruly mind, truly trying to join in the eager reaching out to God, in an obedient spirit; yet I am all too often soon away again, perhaps in memory back to a hospital for wounded seamen where I was on Thursday. God does not so easily seem near now. I, born a Christian, know today what it is to ask, "Help Thou my unbelief."

3

As Margaret Frawley sat beside me, I looked at her serenely beautiful face, and I saw sunshine break through the gray, frosty air, lighting up the outer world beyond my friend, and throw the shadow of the Cross into our room. This happens at Jordans in the fall of the year. I have seen it at the approach of five winters, done by light coming in through one of the high windows.

It seems to me fitting that this should be so. Our Quaker places of worship are plain houses with no heaven-aspiring steeples, no religious call of bells, no altar or communion table, no ritual of words and music to lead and guide us. We have but a clean scrubbed floor, hard wooden benches, and the hope of God's presence in our midst. When the summer is gone, the shadow of a window frame reminds us at Jordans of the Cross.

Seeing the symbol of the Cross this day, I suddenly saw into the Gospel story of Peter as I had not done before — this happening to me when I felt the aliveness, the mystic union, the happy trustfulness that Quakers seek in Meeting. I saw the fair fields of Peter's homeland, where harvests grew if men planted well; the olive groves and vineyards; the flat houses where people lived with no covering between them and the sky; the hills; the busy towns; the Sea

of Galilee; the boat from which he fished — a boat with low freeboard and shallow draft. And I saw Peter, impulsive, warmhearted, enthusiastic, as the gentle of nature are when life is kind; not poor, healthy, able to make a living at work he liked and knew to be useful; quick to song and joke, yet withal anxious because others were poverty-stricken, sick and crippled, or troubled by political and religious difficulties.

He could respond to the call of the carpenter of Nazareth and become the disciple of this teacher, following him to the limits of Galilee and through Judea into Jerusalem, leaving off his work to do it, going along gladly and contentedly while the young prophet healed the suffering, gave comfort to the sorely troubled, showed love for little children and compassion for those who had sinned. Peter could be a scholar to this rabbi who taught in homely parables, handling with courage themes none but the scribes had dared to touch. He could listen with delighted wonder to a lawgiver who gave a fresh interpretation to the familiar religious laws, an expounder speaking as one with authority, possessed of the spirit to correct bravely the official lawgivers.

And when the people commented as to who Jesus was, some calling the carpenter "John the Baptist risen" and others "Elijah of Malachi come again," and Jesus stopped and asked his disciples, "Who do you say I am?" then Peter could be the first to answer. He could so love the Jesus whom he knew until then that he could see the divine in him and, recognizing him without hesitation, say forthright: "Thou art the Christ."

But discipleship soon carried Peter into what he failed to understand. He became confused. Near by Caesarea Philippi, Jesus took the path He must follow to teach us on earth that God's purposes among us must be worked by us; and as He taught this, Peter's surety gave way to bewilderment, and he was afraid. The truth glimmered and was lost, showed and escaped him; his vision was not strong enough to see with clarity as Christ showed how God's power can be lost to us by our human unwillingness. God on earth come to defeat, Peter found unreasonable. It must have been that Peter thought that this Jesus he had left his work to follow was not the Christ after all. He, a simple fisherman, had made a mistake; the Messiah was yet to come. He followed on to the trial; he listened; and he denied discipleship in what baffled him, feeling that the Christ would certainly have overcome those that thwarted Him, and stayed on earth to use His miraculous powers for healing, feeding, and redeeming.

Peter returned to his work, leaving Jerusalem and

Judea where people scoffed at the accent of a Galilean, going back to his own walk in life, taking up again tasks he could do, practical, useful work which provided needed food. But encounter with Christ causes the crisis of self-judgment in all who touch Him. The Peter who returned to fishing in the sea he loved must have been uneasy in mind, deeply disturbed, and open of heart. God in His mercy healed Peter, gave him new strength, and vision so clear that he could see Christ beyond the Cross, and faith such as he had not known that mortal man could possess.

The faith of man in God, wherever met, now fills me with awe. Once I took it for granted, accepting faith in God as I did fresh air to breathe and clean water to drink. Then I did not know what it is to stifle for air in falling rubble and mortar bombed to dust, to be parched with thirst in burning heat. I had to need air, to want water, to know aridness of soul to learn that faith is not always easily had; and before the Jordans Elders shook hands, signifying that Meeting would break up, I sent a prayer of gratitude to the French Quakers. All these troubled years they have sent messages across any barriers men have set up, brave summonses to doubting Christians in every nation: "Maintain — believe — hope."

My own faith has not been so brave; at times it has dimmed, almost blinked out. Always when I am near to despair, looking at the flowers helps me. Making sensible use, generation by generation, of all the wisdom flowers come to possess, in quietness they grow. Year by year they bloom. Winter storm, snow, sleet, and frost do not destroy their confidence. Rooted deep, they hold fast the hard season through. By Jordans door, each spring that I have been here, have bloomed the aconite, the anemone, the crocus, snowdrop, and daffodil. Nothing has stayed them.

The aconite has pushed up through frozen soil. The frail-looking anemone thrust stones out of its way. Both have been bent in the struggle. Their stems emerged in an arch because their buds were still held prisoner below. Sturdily the plants pulled free, straightened up, and opened out their flowers. The crocus pierced hard turf. The snowdrop came out of darkness guided and sustained by an instinct toward light at which I can but marvel.

The valiant daffodil, slender and tall, has come up into the bitter winds of March, lifting golden blossoms to the sun, fearlessly. To grow into God's Light it may be that human beings need be no stronger than a flower. Perhaps this is a part of what Christ meant when He taught that we should consider the lilies of the fields, and how they grow.



THE OWL AND THE BENS

by W. O. MITCHELL

THE owl and the Ben and the Young Ben each got his freedom at approximately the same time — the Young Ben at four o'clock one fall afternoon, the owl that evening, and the Ben three days later. The teacher, who knew the owl, the Ben, and the Young Ben, was perhaps the only soul in the prairie town who appreciated the value that freedom had for each of the three.

He was a tall, thin, and remarkably ugly young man, the teacher, with a singularly crooked will that prompted him to think a great deal about things that could not make him money or bring him fame. But he understood children, among whom he included the Ben.

Certainly if irresponsibility was an attribute of childhood, the Ben, surrounded always by a sour-sweet aroma of brew tanged with a gallop of manure and spiced with natural leaf tobacco, was a child. A spare, gray bird of a man, he had a flaming stare that made one wince. His eyes burned deep in rims as red as fanned coals. A gray stubble covered his creased face. Always at odds with some rule, law, or convention, — shooting pheasant, antelope, or partridge out of season and without a license; or running his still, — the Ben had as much moral conscience as the wind that lifts over the edge of the prairie world to sing mortality to every living thing.

Seldom sober, the Ben knew only two stages of drunkenness: the dramatic and the unconscious. The first was loud with an obscenity expressed

best in song; the second was final and left him sprawled in a drift of snow in the deep of winter, or over a downtown curb where he was at the mercy of botflies in summer. From these positions he was usually rescued by Jake Harris, the town constable, garbage man, and fireman, or by the Young Ben.

With the Young Ben the teacher had difficulty at first in deciding whether or not he was a child. Looking down into that solemn face with its wide, gray eyes staring up to him, and its cheeks nutmegged with freckles, he was aware of no spark of childhood there. He was forced to agree with the boy's father that the Young Ben had been "borned growed-up." This was a theory that the Ben had expounded many times, over beer, brew, or on one occasion, according to the school janitor, a bottle of Cobb's Blistering Remedy for Horses, which the Ben had mistaken for Lister's Household Lemon Essence.

"Thuh Old Lady comes tuh me," the Ben would explain, "an' she sez, 'Ben, yuh better go git Doc. I ain't feelin' none too good,' she sez. 'The pains is a-comin' on real frequent now.' So I went out tuh ketch Dolly, an' her not havin' the harness ontuh her sence thuh fall buhfore, I chased her clear down tuh thuh other enda thuh goddam pasture witha panna oats behind my back. After 'bout a hour I come back tuh thuh shack tuh git my hat. There wuz thuh Old Lady a-settin' on a apple-box a-peelin' some puhtatuhs into thuh slop pail.

"Where's my goddam hat?" I sez, an' she sez, 'Yuh don't need her.' 'Why?' I sez, an' she sez, 'The kid's already bin borned.' 'Whut is it?' I sez. 'A boy,' she sez, 'an' han' me that there pot

A Canadian, aged thirty, W. O. MITCHELL now makes his bow in the *Atlantic* with a rawboned, authentic story of an Alberta town.

offa thuh table.' I asked her where wuz he at, an' she sez, 'After he finished of separatin' thuh cream, he went out tuh chop me up some kendlin' fer thuh stove.' Thuh kid wuz borned growed-up."

Until forced to attend school, the Young Ben never entered the town, though he would accompany his father to its edge where the prairie swelled gently. There, overlooking the town, he would sit watching till his father's return, his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees. At other times he had been observed, as Mr. Karpack, the blacksmith put it, "a-runnin' acrost the bald-headed prairie with no more clo's on than tuh wad a .410 shotgun." If approached he would startle like a wild thing.

After he came to school the Young Ben had changed little; at no time during the years that followed did he play any games. He could run with the speed of a ring-necked pheasant, but he could not be bothered to take part in organized, team games. He could not understand rules; discipline had no meaning for him; nothing he ever did depended on other people; he was as naked of a sense of right and wrong as a coyote howling in the stillness of a clear fall night.

2

THE teacher did his best with the Young Ben; he whipped him regularly with the regulation length of breeching harness given him by Mr. Thorborn, chairman of the school board and owner of the livery stable behind the Baptist church. And while the Young Ben lifted one hand after the other to the sting of the strap, the teacher sweated over the ritual, knowing that he did it only in deference to the public opinion of the town, which felt that the Young Ben was a bad actor like his father and should be sent to "an institution."

In the course of trying to understand the Young Ben, the teacher came to know much about the boy's father. Some of his information was firsthand, but the greater part of it had been picked from the magpie mind of the school janitor and came to him in bits gleaned during recesses while he smoked in the janitor's retreat just off the boys' lavatory. The teacher took what seemed dependable in the light of the janitor's known weakness for exaggeration; much of it he labeled legend that had grown up around the Ben.

It was in the twilight of the furnace room, with its gray dust and its spun, gray intricacies of spider webbing, that he found out how the Ben got money for beer and tobacco, for grain and kerosene for his

still. He learned that the Ben did no work and had done none for several years, though formerly he condescended to dig an occasional grave.

One night after the Ben had drunk the remuneration for the digging of a grave the day before, several men of the town stationed themselves in the brush halfway down the dirt trail that led to Haggerty's coulee and the Ben's shack. They covered themselves with sheets from the hotel, and as the Ben came staggering and singing down the moonlit road, they presented themselves to him. They knew that the Ben was superstitious, and that he only agreed to dig a grave when the most ravaging of thirsts forced him to it; but his reaction was unexpected. In drunken pugnacity he raised his nail kegs of fists and cried out hoarsely and alarmingly:

"C'mon, alla yuh — I berried yuh buhfore, an' I'm a-gonna berry yuh agin!"

The Ben's bravado was not deep-seated; he never dug another grave after that, giving rheumatism in his back as his reason. This made it harder for the teacher to believe the janitor's description of the Ben's periodic visits to Sherry's mill. At such times, he said, it was the Ben's custom to lift a fifty-pound sack of feed to his head, walk to the beer parlor of the Royal Hotel, sit down, drink his beer, stand up, and walk the quarter of a mile to his shack, all the time carrying the sack on his head as lightly as though it were a matchbox.

Denied his income from gravedigging, the Ben turned then to eggs. When Mrs. Ben was out, the Ben would sneak down to the hen house and steal two or three eggs, never more, for he dared not let her know that eggs were disappearing. The hens as well as the ten cows — the creatures that with the Bens inhabited Haggerty's coulee — belonged to the Ben's wife. With her eggs he was able to get ten to twenty cents at the General Store. And at the Royal Hotel all that the Ben needed was to buy the first beer; his yarns bought those that followed.

Unfortunately for the Ben, egg financing came to an end. It was unfortunate because, indirectly, the shutting off of the supply by Mrs. Ben resulted some time later in the discovery of his still. The Ben was forced to accept the position of janitor in the Baptist church; this in turn led to an incident which created in the heart of the Reverend Powelly an undying, Old Testament thirst for revenge.

An unbroken chain of cause and effect led from the eggs to the Ben's conviction for running a still, though perhaps the term "still" was too dignified for the great granite pot to which the Ben had wired on a length of copper coil. In the early days the Ben had been content to follow the usual technique of covering the still with brush at a comfort-

able distance from his shack; later he dug a cave for it and covered it carefully with squares of prairie sod.

Then the Ben became a member of the Baptist congregation, a prerequisite to becoming janitor. He started his one-month career inauspiciously after having made a loquacious but not too detailed account of his sins. He was then, unexpectedly, confronted by the hand of the Reverend Powelly, held out in the ritual of welcoming him into the fold. Strangely reluctant, the Ben shook hands. Many are called, but few of those chosen come to the selecting with wads of partly chewed Old Stag tobacco secreted in the palms of their right hands. The minister deposited the cud in a pot of Lilies of Jerusalem beside the pulpit. A charitable man, he forgave the Ben, judging the act to be the result of hurried thinking in an embarrassing situation.

Perhaps it was his distrust of Mrs. Ben, who threatened to tell Jake Harris about his moonshining if he took any more eggs, that caused him to hide his still in the basement of the church. It was an ideal place; no one but the Ben ever entered the coal room where the still and its kerosene burner rested on a dark shelf of earth just inside the church building; the telltale fumes of the still were quickly absorbed by the manure pile thrown up from Mr. Thorborn's livery barn behind the church. Without fear of detection the Ben could visit his still, fill the burner with kerosene, the coil bed with ice, the pot with mash, and himself with brew.

One month after the Ben's conversion, the Sunday the Reverend Powelly had chosen for his delicately balanced sermon on the Parable of the Lost Penny, a sermon pointed at the Ben, — as had also been that of the Sunday before (The Lost Sheep), and the one before that (The Prodigal's Return), — the still blew up. Ignited by the yellow, moth-wing flame of the burner, which the Ben had left turned too high, it exploded between the announcing of the Ladies' Auxiliary Chicken Dinner, to be held the following Tuesday, and the passing of the collection plate. It detonated with a thud that was felt physically, rather than heard, by every member of the congregation. In the absolute silence that settled over the congregation, there could be heard, from below, the clanging of metal objects dropping one after the other. The Ben hurried from the church.

Thinking that whatever was the matter, it would be ably attended to by the Ben, the Reverend Powelly began his sermon two pages on in his notes. The church was heated by hot-air vents along its sides, all of them leading to the basement. Out of these, soon after the explosion, there stole a yeasty breath that drifted through the congregation and blossomed un-

mistakably into sweet, oppressive fumes of ferment.

Below, meanwhile, the Ben feverishly collected the parts of his still from far corners and frantically shoveled out a cave in the coal in which to hide the evidence. That night he retrieved the copper coil and parts of the stove. Jake Harris, summoned tardily on Monday morning, found nothing.

3

ALL this time, the Young Ben was finding school an intolerable incarceration made bearable by many short flights of freedom. Taking two years to a grade, he made leisurely progress; by the time he was fourteen he sat uneasily in a back seat, lifting his thin shoulders a good foot above the Grade Four pupils around him. Just once in all the Young Ben's time in school did the teacher surprise an expression on his face; it was the look that lies in the eye of a caught thing.

As well as he could, the teacher sought to ease the Young Ben's days by assigning him at intervals numerous tasks which might relieve the tension. If he wanted a window opened or closed, he let the Young Ben do it; he asked the Young Ben to fill the water jug from the school well, to post a letter for him, take a message to the janitor, ring the bell. In spite of this the Young Ben indulged in regular hooky.

It was in calling about the Young Ben's attendance that the teacher first saw the owl. It was kept in a coop of chicken netting tucked in one corner of the much interrupted fence that canted around the Ben's yard. The Ben had caught the owl; knowing that owls always alight before flying to the ground, he had set a gopher trap on the top of a dead poplar, then scattered raw meat over the ground below. He had climbed the poplar himself and had almost lost a finger and an eye in getting the owl down. He had not trapped it as a pet for his son; it was simply that he had felt like catching an owl; he had; now it was his owl to put in a chicken-wire coop.

Before he actually saw it, the teacher heard the owl. He heard first, as he climbed through the barbed strands of the fence, a sharp, snapping sound like the clear punctuation of dry, dead underbrush cracking and popping. As he straightened he heard a wild, harsh hissing, a fierce sibilance savaging deep in the owl's gray throat. He looked up and into two eyes of amazing brilliance, eyes that blinked deliberately with the coming down of their untidy gray lids, the lids of an old man. The teacher saw that the pupils of those eyes were dead black with nothing in them to tell that they lived.

Transfixed by the cold glow of the two wide eyes flaming on either side of the down-curving beak, the teacher stood for minutes, the insistent, persistent husking incessantly in his ears. And suddenly he was aware of the gray wing-shoulders weaving tirelessly from side to side. A soul-burning compulsion stirred within him, an ineffable urge to tear away the netting.

With a feeling of relief he let his gaze drop to the owl's white, feather-panted legs, to the black twig-toes that grew into talons gripping the Saskatoon sapling perch in their curved clutch. He turned away, the hissing real in his ears, the lemon eyes, like the lingering afterimages of extinguished lights, glowing in his mind; he felt his body, against his will, sway with a hint of empathy. He knew that the owl could never be tamed to the chicken coop and to the limp bodies of gophers and field mice brought by the Young Ben.

In the Ben shack he found Mrs. Ben uninterested in the Young Ben's attendance record, and the boy's father completely drunk over the kitchen table. As he picked his way back through the welter of mud in the yard, he avoided the chicken coop.

4

THAT was the year the Reverend Powelly's bitterness bore fruit. Jake Harris, the town constable, after five years of conscientious search, found the Ben's still. His perseverance had been nourished by numerous personal encounters with the minister, by impassioned exhortations to the police department at each annual ratepayers' meeting, and, as time went on without the Ben's being brought to justice, by sermons criticizing the garbage department (Community Cleanliness Next to Community Godliness), bristling with illustrative reference to the fire department (Flames of Hell Are Ready for the Unready Fireman).

In the end it was the horse, Dolly, who betrayed the Ben — Dolly and the Young Ben, who led her into the barn while Jake was paying one of his innumerable hopeful visits. Just inside the door, before Jake's startled eyes, she stumbled; her foreleg disappeared up to the hock. As Jake strained with the Bens to release her, the fruity gentleness of rising bread dough teased at his nostrils; Dolly's hoof came suddenly free, and the usual solid smell of manure within the barn became unbelievably heady and exotic. Hidden under the manure, a rotten board had given way.

The Ben came up for trial two days later. "Judge" Mortimer held court in the town hall, a great build-

ing partitioned horizontally through its middle, like an upended crate, the lower half containing the town secretary's office and the stable of the two roan fire and garbage wagon horses. Here, seated at a fumed oak desk, — amid the pervading sweetness of alfalfa, green feed, and hay, soothed with the warm smell of horses' bodies, and with just a tinct of ammonia, — the "Judge" dispensed justice.

The day of the trial, the Ben stood before the "Judge," his hands trembling from a two-day drouth, one clear, amber bead of tobacco juice dewing the silver stubble at the corner of his mouth. He hoarsely pleaded not guilty, then kissed the Gideon Bible borrowed from the Royal Hotel for the occasion. Jake Harris told of finding the still; the Ben changed his plea to guilty; the "Judge" pushed his metal-rimmed glasses halfway down his nose, blew out the ragged fringes of his mustache, and looked down into the well of the desk.

From below came the blurred thudding of hoofs; through the open window, the quick, skipping lift of a meadow lark's song. The Ben, Jake, and the town secretary waited. The "Judge" began pawing through the papers on his desk, looking for his Criminal Code book. He uncovered a spring mail-order catalogue and realized then that he had brought it by mistake. He opened it; he read: —

"Semi-step-in Model of fine quality Rayon satin — for snug fit. \$2.98."

He blew out his mustache and with a careless flick of his hand flipped over a quarter inch of catalogue. "Team harness — Black Steerhide. Popular and useful 5-ring-style breeching. De-luxe. Sh. wt. 68 lbs. \$92.95."

He looked up at the Ben, leaned forward, and said: "Ninety dollars an' costs." He settled back.

"Er whut?" the town secretary prompted him.

"Huh? Oh — uh — er ninety days." He drew in his chin, looked down at the catalogue, looked up again, extended his chin. He spat with a distinct plop into the spittoon beside the desk.

The Ben took the jail term: Mrs. Ben had no intention of selling any of her cows. During the three months that followed, the Young Ben cared for the owl and his father; he brought the owl gophers and field mice, and to the Ben tobacco and news or just himself. Someone had to feed the owl, and the Ben had threatened to "thin his hide" when he got out if he didn't come regularly and stand by the barred window at the side of the town hall.

The Ben found his imprisonment hard to bear, and that was a strange thing. Never before in his life had he been so physically comfortable. His meals, brought to him each morning and noon by the Young Ben, came from the Chinaman's; they tran-

scended anything to which the Ben had ever been accustomed. He slept between sheets and on a flounced Winnipeg couch that stood in one corner of the twelve-foot-square room that served as his cell. But these luxuries served only to sharpen the restraint that the Ben endured with difficulty for three months. Frequently people passing the town hall noticed his face close to the barred window, his gray hair wild, his startling eyes deeper than ever in their flaming sockets.

At first there were outbursts of fury, during one of which he purpled the Young Ben's face with a flung wedge of Saskatoon pie. These ceased finally; or rather the pent energy of the man sought outlet in a continuous overflowing of movement that would not let him alone for one second of his waking hours. Harried from within himself, he moved like all caged things, his feet stitching over and over again the same pattern across the bare cement floor: from the bed to the chair, from the chair to the table with its china pitcher and red-rimmed basin, from the table to the bed again, to the chair, to the table, again and again and again.

5

IT WAS three days before the end of the Ben's term that the pencil-sharpening incident occurred. The teacher had a standing rule that no pencils were to be sharpened during school hours. It was a rule that, while it did not take into consideration the fallibility of pencils and the break in monotony their sharpening afforded, did quench the pencil-sharpening hysterias that had frequently swept that part of the room he was not teaching.

But on this afternoon the sharpener lifted its grind of sound. It was the Young Ben, standing there by the open window, his eyes lost in the expanse of prairie stretching from the edge of the schoolyard to the distant line of the sky, where the town's five grain elevators lifted their sloping shoulders.

The teacher dropped the intricacies of percentage; the low hum of the classroom faltered; the dotting sound of pencils stopped; there was absolute schoolroom quiet. Outside, a crow flying low over the schoolyard took that moment to repeat his deliberate call, each echoing caw diluting itself with more and more prairie stillness, withdrawing, fading, fainting from sound-tint to sound-tint to silence.

"Ben!"

The boy turned, startled.

"You're sharpening your pencil!"

The teacher looked down at the chewed end of

the pencil guiltily protruding. "Take it out, Ben!"

He did, then looked at the teacher, uneasily shifting his weight from one bare foot to the other.

"Take your seat."

When the four o'clock bell rang, the teacher called the Young Ben to his desk. "How old are you, Ben?"

"Fourteen."

"When's your next birthday?"

"Next spring — April twenty-third."

The teacher opened his register. He picked up his red correction pencil from his desk and he drew a red line through the Young Ben's name. He said, "Ben — I think I'd better let you go."

The Young Ben looked at the teacher. He looked over at the pencil sharpener. He left the room.

Outside, with the slivered warmth of the board walk dry to his bare feet, he headed for the town hall. A wind off the prairie was lapping in the leaves of the schoolyard poplars that lined the walk; it brought to him the wild Indian smell of smoke from burning straw stacks, from fall leaves smoldering in back yards. Away from him the tan prairie stretched to the sky, and the sky lifted above him, where a lonely goshawk hung.

He turned off the walk to the dirt road that led to the town hall.

The papery sound of his footsteps through the dead, stalked grass stopped by the basement jail window. He waited. The Ben's head appeared, with its gray hair standing out in two tufts from his temples; then his hands with their chicken-foot knuckles and their spade nails gripped the bars. His eyes stared out at the Young Ben from raw rims red as meat, eyes that by their fixity had stopped being anything but things by themselves. The Young Ben could hear his father's breathing, harsh with a shrill edge to its rough rhythm.

He told his father that he had dropped school. He stood there in the slanting rays of the fall sun and rubbed the back of one leg with the bare instep of the other. The Ben's head and its two eyes moved slightly from side to side with impatience, as though to move the bars from his line of vision. He said nothing.

Finally the Young Ben said that he'd better be getting home; there were chores; the cows had to be brought in and milked; feed had to be thrown down; the owl had to be fed.

Low along the prairie sky the dying sunshine lingered, faintly blushing the length of one lone, gray cloud there. The Ben said: —

"Let that there goddam owl go."

SAVING THE SOIL

by ARTHUR MOORE

I

ON ONE of the field trips of the Friends of the Land, at the end of a hot June day in Missouri, a courtly gentleman in a fisherman's floppy hat invited me to have a glass of beer. "Good for the digestion," he explained.

All day he had been the first out of his automobile at every stop of the caravan, the first to crawl through a fence, the first to shake his head over the sparse hillside pastures, and the last to get back into the automobile. Over our beer I learned that he was an industrialist from Ohio who did not own a farm, had never lived on a farm, did not intend to buy a farm, had no relatives on a farm, and was not clear himself why he had come to the St. Louis convention.

"I heard them in Columbus when they were there, and liked the talk" was the best explanation he could offer.

This industrialist and the whole Friends of the Land movement are symbolic of a feeling for the soil which is stirring America. "He is the greatest patriot who stops the most gullies," said Patrick Henry, and after one hundred and fifty years America suddenly heard the words.

The country had been overplanted and overgrazed. The wind was picking up topsoil in Oklahoma and was staining the clouds red with it over New York. Water was clawing gullies into sloping fields of the Middle West and the South. That was the way of America — careless, wasteful, ignorant, blind. Then suddenly a great many Americans were determined to save the land. The combination of a depression, a drought, and intelligent

politics opened American ears to the story of our wasting soil.

The Friends of the Land devote themselves to this cause. Their second president was an Ohio surgeon who first became interested in the land by looking down on it from his airplane. When he found himself repeatedly flying on a wing tip in rapt contemplation of the earth, he hired a pilot. Their most active vice-president is Louis Bromfield, who is as right about the land as he was wrong in his articles predicting hunger in 1944. Their meetings are a combination of late hours at a bar and early hours at near-by farms. They listen with equal attention to scientific reports on soil chemistry and to tub-thumping oratory in praise of the land, the grass which restores it, and the agriculture which sustains it.

They have their own quarterly, *The Land*, which Russell Lord somehow keeps vibrant with their poetic and religious zeal. In it the tractor is likely to be berated as the enemy of the earthworm, and men who drain ponds reviled as unworthy of human companionship. These ardent spirits include scholars, writers, doctors, government officials, engineers, foresters, farm managers, farm owners, and even a few farmers. They help give the land crusade its intellectual validity, just as such organizations as the National Catholic Rural Life Conference give it religious validity.

More than a decade ago in *The Farm*, Louis Bromfield had Old Jamie say in bitter prophecy, "Some day there will come a reckoning and the country will discover that farmers are more necessary than traveling salesmen, that no nation can exist or have any solidity which ignores the land. But it will cost the country. There'll be hell to pay before they find it out."

There are many signs that the awakening has come. Protection of the land certainly belongs on any list of fundamental conclusions about farming for an industrial society. I do not propose to argue

Editor of one of the most influential farm papers in the country, the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois, and on intimate terms with the farmers of the richest corn country in the Middle West, ARTHUR MOORE, at the *Atlantic's* insistence, has written a vital and absorbing book, *Farmers and the Rest of Us*, which is shortly to be published. From it we have drawn three chapters which illustrate the difficulty the American farmer has in finding a secure place in our industrial economy. Here is testimony from one who knows.

the necessity of anything now so generally recognized and so ardently advanced, but merely to show what is necessary to keep the present movement from trickling away in talk. The danger is that we shall adopt the language of soil conservation as we adopted the language of Jefferson's agrarian philosophy, speaking in comfortable generalities about saving the land while all the time the land is being misused. Right now there is a hopeful balance between intellectualizing and action.

2

FEW farmers in America have ever said, "We must save this soil so that the nation can remain industrially strong." It is good that conservation did not have to wait on this simple truth, still so remote from everyday thinking. Conservation was given its start in the fields by farmers looking ahead to the next year and by a few cities looking ahead to the next decade.

Forest Lemon was a sound sleeper as long as he was a tenant on a hill farm in Woodford County, just across the McLean County line. Then he bought a farm. A few weeks later he walked into a near-by Civilian Conservation Corps camp. "I can't sleep for thinking about that rolling land washing away," he told the technicians in charge. "Can you make it so I won't be worrying all the time?"

CCC crews set up soil-saving practices over his entire 1000 acres. Today only 175 acres of it is in corn, a crop which invites erosion. The rest is tied down to the slopes and hills by thick, carefully tended pasture for his blooded livestock. Forest Lemon is a prosperous "white-fence farmer" now, but before the place began to pay he borrowed money to create a pond — the mark of a conservationist on the land.

A line drawn on the map from Lemon's farm will cut across McLean County and end at the city of Decatur, two counties to the south. Decatur is a city of 60,000 on the Sangamon. A quarter of a century ago it built a dam, creating a lake just a few blocks from the business district. Industries, among them soybean processing, grew up because of this water.

To supply the processors, soybeans were planted in greater and greater numbers along the slopes draining to the upper Sangamon. The soybean is a plant with a good name as a soil builder; but cultivated in the traditional straight rows up and down hillsides and harvested for the beans, it is a soil destroyer. More and more soil washed into Lake

Decatur. Now a quarter of a century old, it is about a quarter filled with silt.

A few years ago one of the soybean processors, noting the decreasing water supply, began to look in other cities for a site. To save its industry, Decatur appropriated \$25,000 a year and began to work back along the Sangamon to stop erosion at the source. This work reached into the nine eastern townships of McLean County. They were organized into a soil conservation district in accordance with state and Federal laws.

The Federal government entered soil conservation work actively in 1930 when Congress established ten experiment stations across the country to study ways of halting erosion. In 1935 the Soil Conservation Service was established as part of the Department of Agriculture. Its purpose is to supply technical advice to farmers who form themselves into conservation districts. When the nine townships in the eastern part of the county formed their district, Clint Morgan, a soil technician, moved into a basement room in the Bloomington post office.

From the hill farms such as Forest Lemon's on one edge of the county and from the townships along the Sangamon on the other edge, the prairie farmers in between learned that anti-erosion practices will increase yields. At one time they had imagined themselves free of such problems because their land lies seemingly flat for mile upon mile and rolls gently where it rolls at all. But they learned. "Wouldn't a district taking in the whole county be a good thing?" they began to ask.

A state law, passed to conform to Federal regulations, says a district can be enlarged after 50 per cent of the landowners ask for a public hearing. The needed signatures were obtained by 225 farmers working in committees, and the meeting was held in the Farm Bureau building.

"It sounded like an old-time revival," reported Frank Bill, the farm editor of our paper, the *Daily Pantagraph*.

"The only bad thing about this erosion control is that it didn't start twenty-five years ago," said Elmer Fulton.

"Tenant farmers want it; on some farms they are more alarmed than the owners," said G. A. Wagner.

"We want to conserve the soil for those who will follow us," said Menno Keim.

So all McLean County is now a soil conservation district. Two more technicians were added to the staff, and an additional soil surveyor was brought in to map the county for erosion control.

If you can get along with barbed wire, follow this soil surveyor, R. J. Arkley, across a section of McLean County land. He clips to a convenient

drawing board an air photo of the section he will walk across. With a level he reads the degree of slope by the roadside. He crawls through the first fence and sinks an auger into the soil.

"It will show you the whole story," he promises. The auger brings up rich black dirt almost 24 inches deep where we stand at the foot of a gentle slope. Twenty feet up the rise there is only 8 inches of good soil left. At the top of the mound the original topsoil is entirely gone. Here the subsoil shows yellow and the stalks from last year's corn are thin and stunted.

"When this topsoil is gone, the best land in the world is gone"—and Arkley marks the danger signal on the map. His job is to note the general type of soil, the degree of erosion, the amount of slope, and the waterways. The maps will tell what must be done in each of the nation's thousands of soil conservation districts if loss of topsoil from washing is to be checked.

When Arkley has finished, the face of McLean County will be known as it has never before been known. The soil surveyors, working across the rocky hills of Vermont, the Piedmont's red acres, the delta lands, the plains, the valleys of California, will tell America, in a few years, more about the condition of the land than it has known in all its previous history.

About two million of America's six million farmers are now in conservation districts; 60 million acres, about a tenth of the country's plowed land, have been worked over by the Soil Conservation Service. Another two million farmers would mean that all of the country's really productive land could be protected against erosion if farmers desired it.

3

IF FARMERS desired it. Our national soil map will be completed a few years after the war. But what if we take the soil map when it is finished and hang it on a wall to show what clever people we are, while we ignore its use? The people of China have had a map for 4200 years. Terracing, contouring, protective drainage—these were known to the ancient Chinese. Yet the farmers of China have allowed the soil of their country to go on washing to the ocean—in fact, erosion gave a name to the sea which receives China's mightiest river: the Yellow Sea.

The Chinese are not the only people who have suffered from a dying agriculture while the knowledge necessary to revive it was at their finger tips. We have known a great deal about erosion control ourselves, and even more about the maintenance of

fertility. Figures showing that it pays to restore and maintain fertility are stacked high in every Extension Office in the country, but the power of the land to produce has gone steadily down.

If we do finally restore fertility and check erosion, if the Mississippi does not become our Yellow River and the Gulf of Mexico does not become our Yellow Sea, it will be, quite simply, because of American farmers. The country is willing to supply farmers the technical knowledge if they want to use it.

But there are farmers like the man and his sister who live each summer in a filthy, rat-ridden, bare-floored house with rags stuffed into broken windows. They are as dirty and as unkempt as the house. I went to their farm several years ago with a friend who was delivering a \$2000 automobile. We drove away in one looking almost as new.

"They buy a new one every two years," my friend said. "Not much of a house, is it? They'll be driving to Florida as soon as their corn is sold. They spend each winter there, so why do they need a good house here? They've got wonderful land. Hope it holds up."

He was thinking of the automobiles he would sell so long as the land continued to produce good crops. I did not say anything. We drove along in silence until he added by way of defense for such good customers, "They take a bath before they start south."

There was not a cow or a hog or even a chicken on the place. The brother and sister sell their corn for cash and are killing the power of the land to produce. It is black and flat; but rich as it is, it will not last much longer. The way they live shows that even good land will produce rural slums where there is no desire for anything better. They must actually hate the land. There is something remorseless, a quality almost of cruelty, in their mechanical mining of this 400 acres each growing season.

Such destructive farming is as rare as the psychopathic condition which surely causes it. Twenty-year agricultural depressions, inflated mortgages, land speculation, and the envy of the town are less obvious, but they have worked as surely against the land. They have caused farmers to lose faith in their way of life—the first step toward wasteful farming.

I am thinking of two brothers. There were six boys in the family and each was left a 240-acre farm when their father died. Four left the land, either selling or renting their farms. Of the two who remained, one married; he is the father of four children and serves on the school board; he helped bring an electric line to the community, and has increased the productivity of the soil from 40 bushels an acre to

70 bushels. But, as success is measured in commercial terms, he is not the successful brother.

The successful brother has lived alone for thirty years in a bare, unpainted house. He has put all the money he could get into more land and now owns a dozen farms. But each farm has been depleted of fertility in order to buy others. He is a success. But on the land he is a destroyer.

Dissatisfaction with farm life also results in harmful farming. Many who are farming should be in machine shops or draughtsmen's offices. In other cases the trouble springs from what the neighbors call laziness. Almost all the rural communities have their lazy farmer, the man who is always late getting his land plowed, late getting the crops planted, late getting them harvested, late in stopping a gully, late in patching a fence. His activities are watched with tolerant amusement by the whole community.

I don't know what laziness is. With some enviable persons it is only a case of wanting less than others. Sometimes it is poor health. And sometimes, among farmers, I suspect it is a feeling that they are on a treadmill of defeat — that no matter how hard they work, farming in a country like ours will remain a second-class way to make a living. Believing farming already defeated, why should they strive to preserve it? This feeling — and the envy that results — is the price the nation pays for the lag between country living and easier living in the town.

4

THE agricultural depression between World War I and World War II exacted a terrible price from the land and from farmers who wanted to protect it. There is an intelligent, hard-working, community-minded farmer living near Bloomington who for twenty-five years has been a leader in every movement to improve agriculture. Ever since I have known him I have thought of him as one of those men who have blessed agriculture with an uncommon sense of responsibility and leadership. He told me the story of what this sense of responsibility and leadership cost him.

In 1919 he was living in town and farming about 650 acres. He was offered \$280,000 cash for his land. The war boom had not burst, and land was still in demand at inflation prices. He told a banker of the offer.

"Take it," urged the banker. "Buy Liberty Bonds with the money; they'll be back to par and you can clip coupons the rest of your life."

But the farmer had ideas of his own. He had decided to move out to the country, remodel an old

house on the farm, landscape the grounds, and make it his home for the rest of his life. He felt there was work for him in the country in addition to managing the farm. The agitation for all-year roads was gaining momentum and he wanted to do what he could for the good of the rural community. So he moved to the country and did not sell.

In a few months the long downward slide began.

"We lost almost everything," he told me. "We were strong and could fight back. But we almost went down. We lost a third of the land. It came near to breaking both my wife and myself — I don't mean money, I mean health. Now, after twenty-four years, we are safe, but it took a war. If I had known what was ahead of me, I would have taken that offer in 1919. How many farmers will take similar offers after this war, fearing another long depression?"

He is still working for the rural community, now devising plans for a more efficient drainage system. But he paid too high a price for his decision to move to the country and make it his home as well as his means of livelihood. The nation cannot expect other men to pay it. The average man is not strong enough to survive depressions and still contribute to a better life on the land.

The successful farmers I have mentioned are exceptional in this same way. They have risen above depressions and the distractions of commercial farming to create satisfactory lives for themselves on the soil. I did not select them for this reason. They merely came to mind to illustrate some immediate point. But the farmers who seem to me to represent something sound and hopeful in the corn belt are men who find rural life good. Finding life good, they find it natural to try to preserve it with soil practices which look beyond their own time into the future.

Sometimes they are big farmers. Some of the largest holdings in central Illinois lead in maintaining the soil's productivity. But there are others, with every advantage of wealth and opportunity, which have been operated to the country's loss, with fertility going out in a steady stream and little or nothing being restored.

Sometimes the soil preservers are little farmers. There is a man south of Bloomington who has never farmed more than 80 acres. He farms these with such care that he stops his corn planter to adjust the amount of seed from rod to rod across his fields. He knows what the land will do and treats it to get maximum production and still maintain its usefulness. He has put three children through the University of Illinois, has a modern home, and has built soundly for the next generation. His only son will be a farmer when he comes back from the war.

But there are other small farms where poverty alone makes it impossible to put back the soil's fertility. William A. Albrecht of the University of Missouri has estimated that on typical corn-belt soil the annual outgo of fertility is equal to \$8.15 an acre. On a typical 200-acre farm, this amounts to \$1630 a year. The cost of putting the essential minerals back into the soil is part of the price an industrial people must pay for sustenance and health. But there are few farms that made enough money between wars to maintain the soil in top condition, even where the farmer desired to do so.

If we are to make use of our soil map to establish a permanent agriculture, we need more than technical knowledge. The knowledge must be put to work, and the driving force must be the common desire of farmers. The desire may come by way of sleepless nights for a hill farmer; or increased yields for prairie farmers; or a mystical feeling for the earth's goodness; or a patriotic concern for following generations. Whatever the source, the desire to maintain the soil must become a living conviction in the minds of four million American farmers before the soil surveyors can do more than draw maps.

If we were a poor, backward people, our first concern would have to be for technique and money. But for the very reason that we do have such boundless faith in science and display such readiness to put it to work, we must take care that we do not think the task is ended when the money is appropriated and the experts are hired.

The Friends of the Land cannot save the soil. The men with augers cannot save it. A nation which is becoming wise enough to see the importance of soil conservation should also see the importance of starting at the beginning. People are the beginning.

Charles E. Kellogg was thinking both as a soil technician and as a soil philosopher when he wrote in the Department of Agriculture *Year Book* for 1940: "The final exhaustion of the land follows, not precedes, the exhaustion of the people. In a final effort, exploited people pass their suffering to the land."

5

TO PUT this same truth another way: where the farm people are not exploited, where they have both material comforts and moral integrity, where they live proudly and at ease without looking with envy on a more attractive life in town, there soil conservation may be achieved.

I wrote an editorial along this line and received a letter a few days later from Gene McBride, a soil

surveyor with the Conservation Service, who once delivered the *Pantagraph* in neighboring LeRoy. McBride was making soil maps along the Gulf Coast of Alabama. He described the "miles and miles of tidal marsh and swampy country" made up of the best soil washed down from the farms upstream. But the marshes and swamps have no value for farming.

"Within one square mile of the land I am now surveying," McBride wrote, "there are eleven gullies. Into any one of them you could drop a small house. Six of these gullies cover 40 acres of land — and families are trying to farm and make a living between the gullies.

"I walked into a little country church one day. Many are in such bad repair that the doors will not close. I thumbed through the attendance record on the pulpit. The highest weekly attendance was 27 people, the highest collection 75 cents. I wonder how many McLean County churches operate on 75 cents a week? I wonder if any will operate on that sum two or three hundred years from now?

"Many of the families in these areas live in houses that McLean County farmers would not use for chickens or hogs. The people look tired and most of them have poor, decayed teeth. Half the stores and business houses are empty in some of the little country towns. [This was written in the midst of war prosperity!]

"Most people might say, 'This will never happen in McLean County.' I certainly hope it never gets that far. However, soil erosion is like a cancer. The longer it goes unchecked the harder it is to stop. When I think of McLean County I think of good soils, good homes, good churches, good schools, and happy and healthy people. These things seem much more important to me now that I have seen parts of the country that do not have them any more."

Land that has lost its productivity keeps its people poor. So the country church with its sagging door and its 75 cents a week is a result of erosion and poor land use. But that is only the surface story. More important is this: the soil did not wash from the fertile Alabama fields into the tidal marshes while an alert, energetic, and solvent class of farmers tried determinedly to hold it. If the soil had been guarded by farmers of this description, it could have been held. For we have the knowledge to hold topsoil and to maintain fertility. But the economic and the social climate made good farming a matter of secondary importance. Other things came first. The ideals of the farming people eroded first. The land merely followed to the infertile marshes.

A poor country school is as sure a sign of erosion as a 40-foot gully down a sloping field. The land

around it may be still good. But the school is a rivulet which will grow into a gully. It will detract from the desire of the people on the land to maintain it. It is useless to ask men to treat land as a heritage for the next generation when the farm children of this generation suffer from substandard education. Therefore, just as the Farm Bureau of McLean County took a lead in forming the soil conservation district, it is also taking the lead in improving rural schools. One is as much a soil conservation program as the other.

Understaffed, unattractive churches; lack of community enterprise; isolation because of poor roads; lack of kitchen conveniences and modern plumbing — these are causes of erosion because they create dissatisfaction with farm life. Substitute active churches, community centers, all-year roads, and home comforts — and farmers would have a rural life which by the material standards of twentieth-century society would be worth cherishing and protecting. If we as a nation are to have a permanent agriculture, we must start by fostering a life on the land which will make soil protection a natural and desirable goal for farmers.

There are many ways in which public policy affects soil conditions aside from what we do through conservation districts. Suppose the present policy of trying to strengthen owner-operators and reduce tenancy were suddenly reversed. If tenancy were to increase, we should find that on thousands of farms all our hope for the soil would be undone. The destructive row crops such as corn and soybeans run from 12 to 20 per cent higher on rented corn-belt farms than on owner-operated farms. A farsighted soil policy would encourage more farmer-owners by offering cheap, long-term credit. It would also check the harmful effects of tenancy by laws guaranteeing renters a return on any improvements they make and protecting them against willful eviction.

There is the matter of food prices. Labor, with its growing political power, should beware of leading an urban consumer movement to fix prices according to what food cost in some particular year or decade

of the past. The first consideration in price should be the standard of rural living. Perhaps it will be cheaper in the long run to pay more for our food than we have paid in the past. It is certain that political punishments or economic sanctions against the food producers will harm the soil.

Subsidies are a case in point. Let us lay aside the deep economics, forgetting the arguments about whether subsidies decrease inflation or increase it. Look at subsidies in relation to the soil. If subsidies in lieu of prices destroy the farmers' confidence in agriculture as a way of life, — appearing to put it in bondage to the whims of the rest of the people, — then subsidies can be as harmful as corn planted in straight rows down a 15-degree slope.

In soil conservation the people are first and the soil is second. As a nation we are forever thinking of our social and economic problems in terms of patchwork after the harm has been done. Our way is to build a dam after the gully has been cut or to establish public diet assistance after the land has been destroyed. The time to stop more gullies and more rural slums is now, and the way to look at agriculture is in terms of the people who live by it. We need the technicians, but first we need farmers who want the technicians to come onto the land and show them what to do.

"Some day," said Bromfield's Old Jamie, "there will come a reckoning and the country will discover that farmers are more necessary than traveling salesmen." Traveling salesmen or machinists — for the farmer "giveth liberty to all vocations, arts and trades to follow their several functions with peace and industrie," as Gervase Markham put it many years ago.

There will be hell to pay before the country finds this out, Old Jamie warned. If we have paid with our own particular form of hell, and have learned, it will show not only in the maps we draw but in the kind of life there is on the land.

To preserve the land, farmers — not town dwellers with romantic and sentimental illusions, but farmers themselves — must believe life on the land to be worth preserving.

A LETTER TO MY SON

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

I

MY DEAR BOY: —

One thing at any rate we share in common — an uncommon laziness. We both of us, I know, hate writing letters — especially long letters. You will, therefore, when you receive this, and count its pages, at once comprehend how much energy it required for me to take the decision and make the effort to overcome in this single instance that mutual diffidence upon which, I fully realize, a sound father-and-son relationship must rest. But some apology from me is surely due to you for the condition of the world in which you find yourself — more especially because, before you were born, I foresaw the probability that the present conflict would ensue.

And, above all, I feel that you should know what I *really* think upon a number of matters, for, when we meet, the joy of discussing family affairs, and what we have each of us been seeing and doing, is likely to banish talk of more serious things, even if our relationship did not make us dubious of approaching too near to them. It is true, of course, that being a generation older I can give you little direct help in your career, but, since we are both artists — and here I may pause to congratulate myself, for I expected a butcher, a house-agent, a general, as a son, but never another writer — I can, nevertheless, tell you, out of a long, tedious, and at the same time enlivening experience, how to save yourself trouble in pursuit of your goal. Because it is vital to both of us that we should realize that the war is only the Great Interruption, and that your career *must* continue.

The last war — the First War to End Wars — broke out when I was twenty-one; the present war — the Sequel — when you were twenty. Formerly there were only the ordeals of the private and public

The author of many books — none richer or more versatile than his autobiography, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* — SIR OSBERT SITWELL is an English poet who first served his term in the Grenadier Guards from 1912 through 1919. His satire and his aspirations are clearly revealed in these words addressed to the young men of talent now in uniform.

school to be endured — concentration camps that were certainly vile enough (there I have seen bullying — and in one instance upon a Jew — which would have taxed the ingenuity of German storm-troopers). But the men of your generation have never for a moment been free; and unless you conquer in the battle for the hours, there will be no liberty left. The embryonic writer of after-the-war will have, not only the schoolmaster and the captain of the games, as you say, for his enemies, but the drill sergeant, the gym instructor, the leader of the fire squad, the civil defense expert, the inspirer of the youth movement, and afterwards, when he grows up, the official of the Labor Exchange and the shop steward, as well as the politician and the critic.

Such an existence is death to the artist; because, to be able to work at his best, it is necessary for him to have an endless vista of hours and days, within the space of which he can write or paint without any interruption except those which are casual or that he makes for himself. But the modern development of “healthy citizenship,” as it is called, under which every man is obliged to take a hand to repel the attacks from land, sea, and air brought upon him by his incompetence as a voter, sterilizes all talent. To be able to exist, you will have to give up twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four. Men are no longer wanted, but only numbers; a man today — and if you are not careful, tomorrow as well — is only valuable to the extent that he can supply man-hours — or ant-hours — of labor to the politicians, and at the end a death with which to crown their policy.

As an inducement to this kind of life and a reward for leading it, the voter, the little man, is flattered morning and evening by the press, and fawned upon by his slave-masters. He is told he is World Champion No. 1, that no one can compare with him. In each country he believes himself to be absolute lord. Moreover the mental food fed to him renders him

unduly excitable in the realm of gross ideas, while, too, the people of every nation are profoundly xenophobic. These last facts, unless they can be modified through education (of which development there is no sign), make popular government in the present sense of that term impossible; but they also enable any government, however bad and incompetent, in every country, to achieve an easy and invariable popularity by abuse of foreign countries, or, in more rational cases, by a governessy upbraiding of them.

Hitler, for example, may not have truly represented his people in everything; but he does — and did — truly represent them when he denounced foreign nations. Alas, the feeling of innate racial superiority which inhabits the mind of the common man in every country, and is to be examined in its most blatant form in Nazi doctrines, equally must in every country be encouraged, in order to persuade him to consent willingly to the eventual loss of life and fortune. Yet “Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself” remains the only foundation stone of sound, peaceful relations with foreign countries.

Thus are men persuaded to yield money, career, freedom, health, life itself, to the boundless folly or iniquitous ambition of the demagogues, autocrats, and politicians — men who in England, during the last twenty years, have scarcely produced a leader. Churchill was the last, but by origin, as by ability, he was out of the ordinary run, half aristocrat, half American, and in no way derived from the middle classes who govern both here and in France, and who, by their lack of intuition and energy, except in the realm of finance, have proved so great a blight upon their countries.

It is only fair, however, to admit that where, as in Italy and Germany, the middle classes *have* yielded and the lower classes have taken over, the leaders who have arisen are, if less purely incompetent, far madder, more unbridled, violent with the violence of the turbulent mob from which they spring. Yet they are merely a reflection of those whose energies they sap and whose lives they ruin.

What can *our* politicians say in their own and our defense? They can say that here, as opposed to the enemy countries, all that has been done to render war probable was done by mistake, and not on purpose — but to an unprejudiced mind, does not this make their responsibility worse? The strangulation of your life, the chief calamity that involves every man and woman, befalls you because war is total. But remember, it is only total because the politicians have allowed it to be so. Indeed, whereas in former ages of barbarism the whole populations of whole countries were uprooted and enslaved *after*

a war by a victorious foe, now every government uproots and enslaves its own people *during* a war. Only thus can a country survive in total war. This is total war. It is therefore the chief job of your generation to see that the kind of men who deceived themselves and us, and led us into total war, shall never again be returned to Parliament.

2

If, in states vowed to death and to fights without a finish, the lot of every man is, of course, hard, that of the artist is especially abominable. Here, unless some special status is allowed him, it will mean, in fact, that he becomes a helot. Had Mozart been a modern Englishman — or, for that, a modern Austrian — he would have spent the last four years training to fight, fighting, or engaged in forced labor; and since he died at thirty-six, this would have constituted a large slice of his art life. Conceive the loss to the world had conscription been in force! Imagine, too, how greatly a modern government would relish wasting several years of Shelley's brief span by making him a fireman, or enjoy sending Keats, with his weak lungs, upon a gas course.

Yet our governors are humane; they prefer muzzling an artist to his downright destruction. “Give the creature a safe job; make him write what *we* like.” Can you imagine Shelley or Blake at a desk in the Ministry of Information, or Byron flitting in and out of the studios of the BBC? You are, alas, destined to live in an age in which no painter will be supplied with paints without a permit from the Director of the National Gallery, no writer with paper save by grace of the Paper Controller. For, in a democracy, the artist, first smeared with his own honey, is then staked down upon the ant heap. In the end, however, the artist and the thinker win. Even starvation cannot prevail against them: it has been tried before. Nevertheless, for your own sake, think the matter out, sum up your position.

It is wise not to underrate the difficulties, the cruel difficulties, before you. It will be harder for you than ever it was for your father. The true artist has always had to fight, but it is, and will be, a more ferocious struggle for you, and the artists of your generation, than ever before. The workingman, this time, will be better looked after — he will be flattered by the press and bribed with Beveridge schemes — because he possesses a plurality of votes. But who will care for you or your fate? Who will trouble to defend the cause of the young writer, painter, sculptor, musician? And what inspiration will you be offered when theater, ballet, concert hall

lie in ruins and, owing to the break in training, there are no great executant artists for several decades?

Above all, do not underestimate the amount and intensity of the genuine ill-will that people will feel for you; not the workingman, for though not highly educated he has a mild respect for the arts and no preconceived notions; not the few remaining patricians; but the vast army between them, the fat middle classes and the little men. And here I must first make special mention of the civil servant as enemy. Throughout your career your liveliness will provoke his particular attention, and so you will suffer the continued passive obstruction that his resistant softness opposes to the will of the artist, towards whom he bears an inborn loathing. He envies the artist's liberty of disposition and path of enjoyment, although officially he rates the gummy persistence of the limpet above all other virtues, above the wind-swift speeding of the greyhound or any species of conscious thought.

At best, you will be ground down between the small but powerful authoritarian minority of art directors, museum racketeers, the chic, giggling modistes who write on art and literature, publishers, journalists, and dons (who will, to do them justice, try to help you, if you will write as they tell you), and the enormous remainder, who would not mind — who would indeed be pleased — if they saw you starve.

For we English are unique in that, albeit an art-producing nation, we are not an art-loving one. In the past the arts depended on a small number of very rich patrons. The enclave they formed has never been re-established. The very name "art lover" stinks. The small army of art lovers that still exists, trailing round the smashed and empty galleries, belongs to the Victorian Age. When it moves, the rattle of camphor balls sounds like a rain of bullets in the echoing scagliola halls of houses thrown open to members of the art-loving congregations. Decrepit it may be, but it still retains its power to injure. It cares only for old masters, and you will be surprised at the vigor and satisfaction with which it will always trample on the new.

3

THE privileges you hold today, then, as an artist, are those of Ishmael: the hand of every man is against you. Remember, therefore, that outcasts must never be afraid, and that to a writer courage should, before physical courage, signify moral courage — during wars a quality often at a discount, whatever the packs of journalists may bleat to the

contrary. As an artist, the only crimes you can commit are to fail to support and uphold your peers, to agree in your heart with the herd, and, above all, to be *afraid* of ideas, *afraid* of beauty. You must never take heed for the morrow, never be afraid of the morning, for you have no more to lose than you brought with you.

Yet cultivate guile; be not, as I have been, too outspoken. Invent several manners and try them on those who like them. Consider everything upon its merits, for you need not give your own conclusions until tempers are cooler — and heads, I may add, clearer. When I was a boy of your age, in the Brigade of Guards before the last war, we young officers were taught never to argue with a drunken man. See him the next day, and interrogate him then. Similarly I counsel *you* never to argue; join in, and after the hysteria has vanished, remember to administer splashes of cold water over a long period against a recurrence. (For there will be a morning after.) But, in whatever fashion you may act, do not appear "cynical"; Swift and Pope and Shaw were "cynical," and it lessened their authority.

On the contrary, join in, as I say; accept the situation and rejoice. We live in an age of world-wide hysteria — and not without reason — when not to believe as many atrocity stories as your neighbor believes, puts you not only in danger of hell-fire, but, if he has his way, exposes you to the rigors of persecution. You would rank as a heretic, as one who refuses to place credence in the Thirty-nine Articles, or who, by declining to take part in a witch hunt, numbers himself openly among the witches.

No, adopt the homeopathic system, but prescribe large doses. Be inventive. Use your creative gift. Pretend to believe and then go one better. Enjoy yourself. Sicken them with the blatant nonsense you pour out. Tell them you know their stories are true, and repeat everything you have ever heard in the same line, however improbable. Pile it on, until *they* begin to argue against *you*. *Insist* on believing everything with a firmer belief than they do; go a hundred times better. Whenever the crowd mentions Italians, shout "Wops!" "Dagos!" "Ice-creamers!" It may prove difficult for you, since you lived in Italy as a child, but you must persist. Tell them that Raphael, Michelangelo and Leonardo, Titian and Veronese, were all really Englishmen with American mothers; and declare that Noel Coward is worth all Dante. (Point out that Dante never wrote the music for his "lyrics.")

But, at the end of all this, when a reaction has set in, you must let them know this much of the truth: that you abhor brutality, from wherever it comes,

and whether shown to Jew or Christian, and that you know, and have long known, the Germans to be a brutal race; that you had been brought up to believe it, even at the time people were praising them, saying they preferred them to the French, and that "they are just like us." (What a curious, recurrent, dangerous hallucination is that!) Otherwise, unless you emphasize this idea, you will leave them in the right to the point that their hysteria may have arisen from a hatred of oppression.

When you have satiated and disgusted them with your atrocity stories, agree with them that *perhaps* they *are* right not to believe everything they are told. And add, quickly, before leaving them, that perhaps the ability *not* to be taken in by superstitions, not to bow the knee to Mumbo-Jumbo, whether in West Africa or South Kensington, whether outside a kraal or a town hall decorated with flags, may be, after all, the test of a civilized man. Remember, for your own comfort, that you are only exaggerating for the sake of moderation; because you must ever pursue the golden mean, the most difficult of all ideals for the artist, with the clashes inherent in his temperament and his need for expression, to follow.

And after the war, for it will end one day, — when a silly woman once asked Chekov, apropos of some contemporary fracas, "How do *you* think the war will end?" he replied, after some thought, "In peace, I should say," — after the war, then, when we may relapse to easy ways, it will become your duty once more to remind people of the brutality of the German race. For, no doubt, we shall revert to type. The hysteria will pass, for we are not, like the Germans, a feminine, emotional race, but a tolerant, masculine-minded people, who can only be worked up by outrageous events and the wickedness of the press.

4

YOU must do more, however, than recall the nature of the Germans, in case we forget it: for that would be a purely negative contribution. You must harness your vivid sense of fantasy to the cause of reality. Be practical — practical in the way the Chinese were when they used to recruit their prostitutes from among the blind. You realize, I know, that a certain proportion of Germans are born into the world with an especial love of fighting, and you must see that they get it, before they can inflict their will, first upon the stupid and slavish majority of their own countrymen, and then upon the world.

Ask yourself what can be done to obtain the correct solution: namely, to kill off this ruffianly mi-

nority at regular intervals, and before it attains power, and if possible to satisfy its deep urge to kill and be killed in such a manner as to enable it gradually to feel a certain self-respect. Thus, though you cannot cure snakes of their bite, you can deprive them of their venom and, by manufacturing a serum from it, use it for the good of humanity, as a cure for certain diseases.

Now the solution that I propose, and recommend to you most seriously, is derived from the instinctive and traditional treatment of the same problem in other epochs, and I believe it would prove successful and at the same time solve another and even more acute difficulty. During the eighteenth century, the British people had little trouble from the Germans, because they hired German troops to fight their battles, and so procured the death of the most naturally ferocious of the German race. (Indeed, because these were slaughtered in this fashion, the leftover German, with his beer and pipe and dirty mustache, became the very emblem of peace.) Unfortunately in the nineteenth century the idea spread that it was immoral to obtain the death in battle on your behalf of any but your own people — and soon, in consequence, Germany was unleashing her hordes of trained killers upon France.

The League of Nations failed because it possessed no armed force to back up its authority. Well, then, restore the League and recruit the army necessary for the enforcement of its laws from among the German people. Those who love fighting will volunteer, and, by being made to serve an ideal, and at the same time a useful purpose, the tone of them will gradually be raised; they will feel that the future of civilization depends on them, and will respond. The fact of being dressed in a uniform will quiet many of them. And, of course, we must see to it that they are, in the interests of the whole world, decimated every few years in border clashes and in fracas in Thibet and Central Africa. This is the sole solution that will de-totalize war: for within a generation all the Germans who would most *like* war will have been given a taste of it, have become its victims without involving the rest of their race and the rest of the five continents.

The worst of conscription is that, unlike the system adumbrated above, it involves and kills off those who hate war as much as those who love it. For this reason, and also because I think that, in spite of the efforts of envenomed fanatics who find in these tragic years their happy hour, we shall return to the purely English methods of life that we have through the centuries evolved, I find it difficult to believe that we shall continue to enforce conscription forever after the war. Directly a war —

for which we are always unprepared — descends upon us, the nation demands compulsion as a measure of sacrifice, equivalent to lethal dust and ashes; we do not examine whether it is judicious. Yet conscription should never be more than a matter of convenience or its reverse; it should never be a question of religious principle or a measure of self-immolation.

And it is doubtful whether military conscription has ever suited this country, with its tremendous naval tradition and its industrial power; it is doubtful, indeed, how far it has helped any country, for it only enables the old, pre-the-last-war militarism to continue until the next outbreak. In France, it was in force up till 1870; after that Germany adopted it for the whole Reich, and was defeated in 1914. Then France and England forbade Germany to have a conscripted army, and the French was the largest and, by old standards, “the best in the world” — as *all* our politicians reiterated. The result was that, after the German Army had been reconstituted by Hitler, the French were defeated.

The two greatest and most successful military organizations of modern times, Russian and German, have been built up *since* the last war, and after a clean sweep. A triumphant nation should always celebrate peace by the destruction of the War Office — then, at the right time, and if our politicians *must* continue to make us these presents of wars, a suitable organization and army could take shape.

The Englishman, when of sound mind, recognizes the truth of these facts by instinct, more fully than would a Continental; he recognizes the wickedness and, above all, the folly of megalomaniac conceptions. He wants no youth movements, no Balillas and black-handed gangs of tub-thumping tots and thugs in miniature, no great organizations to cripple and pervert the minds of the young. And if, during real peace, an English government proposes to continue conscription, then the English people, unless they have altered their character, will tell it to go.

5

YOU asked me, when I last saw you, what were my politics, and I find it a question difficult, even now, to answer. I belong to the balance of the body politic, and have at one moment felt, and acted, in one mood; at another, in another. I believe in trying to achieve the fullest liberty for the individual within the bounds of human and political conscience.

With the late D. H. Lawrence, it is my opinion that, where finance and economics are concerned, it is man's chief misfortune that at present those

who are most active and eager in these fields, — that is, in the pursuit of money or in planning to take it away, — and whose ideas are therefore the most likely to prevail, unless we can marshal the disinterested, are the most unpleasant, the most material-minded, of all men — either the most greedy, the most anxious to exploit their fellows, or the most dry, kill-joy doctrinaires.

In any case, money is a convenience we have ourselves created for our own use, not a god or a religion. And it should remain so — that is to say, money is made to be spent. But so long as the money world is ruled by the beaked and bloated tribes of the great capitalists, whose fortunes must be considered as a kind of elephantiasis, or threatened by the dour, sour looks of our old enemies, the Puritans, what can you expect?

I should not like to see — though no doubt I shall — hereditary wealth abolished. Today men seem afraid to defend it. American ideas of ant labor prevail. But, in all truth, the only kind of wealth worth having is the kind you do not earn: it is unassociated with the mean and slavish virtue of thrift. You have time to learn how to spend your money, and time in which to spend it. Obversely, I should like to see the possession and privileges of inherited wealth extended universally.

To abolish hereditary possessions today, instead of insisting on them for everyone, would be equivalent to the action of the Elizabethans, had they decreed the abolition of glass in all windows, because it was only to be found in the houses of the rich, and had thereby prevented its use from becoming general. Samuel Butler maintained, in *The Way of All Flesh* and in his *Note-books*, that one day it would be as anomalous to be born without an annual income attached to you of three or four hundred, to come to you when you had reached the age of twenty-five or so years, as it is today to be born without arms or legs. Evolution should provide each of us with a fortune, as with a face. I think he was right.

I was told lately, by an American who had been in Paris at the time the Germans entered that city, that German officers could be seen sitting in the fashionable teashops, gnawing huge lumps of butter, or sometimes with twenty or thirty cakes piled on the plate in front of them; this was, of course, the ugly result of underfeeding. A gross fortune is, similarly, the result — and as indecent a result — of poverty, the most degrading of human afflictions. But the stupidity and financial fecklessness of successive governments in Britain have at least accomplished this much, that we can say that any man who today sets out to make a great fortune must be either a great fool or a great philanthropist — and,

if he succeeds, a great knave; for he pays 19s. 6d. in the pound as income tax, and at least two thirds of his possessions must go to the state when he dies.

For though governments in the past feared to overtax the people they ruled, or pretended to represent, they have now made what must be to them a most joyful discovery; that, so long as overtaxing arises through sheer muddle, lack of foresight, and incompetence, and not through intention, they can squander the national income up to any limit (and this is of benefit to them — at least indirectly — by increasing their importance). If, that is to say, they take your money, not because they believe in doing so, not because they are advocates of socialism, but because, on the contrary, having continually opposed it, they yet have floundered, of their own accord, into a position so tragic and untenable that socialism becomes their sole chance of rescue, nothing else remains to be done except to cling to an expedient in which they have no faith. But you and I would surely, even though we are not socialists, prefer to live in a state that was socialist by principle rather than by virtue of the amazing ineptitude of its politicians.

Yet it is not, perhaps, for a writer to complain. If an artist, it is scarcely probable that he will make a great fortune in a capitalist state, though it is true that he occupies, at any rate financially, a special place in it. For one thing, the proceeds of a book, which may have taken him five years to write, are liable to income tax and supertax — though a great portion of the money should surely be regarded as capital; for another, it has long been recognized that a writer's particular form of property, the copyright of the books he has created, is on a different footing from all other property, is not inalienable, and should, in fact, be snatched from his family or heirs as soon as this can be accomplished without an appearance of indecent haste.

So much for the writer's financial status. What the artist should do for his own sake, I think, is not to advocate that money be taken away from its present owners, but to support a policy which will undermine its attraction for the material-minded by diminishing the value they can set upon it. Rationing, for example, already accomplishes this. It soon becomes plain that there is little object in making too much money, if there is little or nothing to buy with it. Confine the rich to the pastures of a restricted Fortnum & Mason's. Advocate heavy permanent taxes on jewelry and old masters and decorative objects, and then you will be able to say to the rich, in the continual effort you make to educate those of them who need it, "Look! Modern pictures and books remain; their value *may* increase,

while that of investments is bound to sink." Plug that over, every time.

6

MONEY, though, is not so important to you as liberty; I recur to that. You must carry out a continual campaign against civil servants, dons, masters of hounds, schoolmasters, professional football players, and all friends of national sclerosis everywhere. Use once again your sense of fantasy and of fun. Hit them where they least expect it.

If, for example, it should prove — which I do not believe — that the character of the English people has changed, should it develop that the young are to be enslaved, and the artists subjected to continual domination by pinheads, then charge the foe. If you find that it has been planned for the intelligent, the intellectual, above all, the creative and those who live for things of the spirit, to spend a large portion of their lives after the war in undergoing, one after another, courses in gas and bomb-throwing, then loudly, and on every occasion, you must demand in the name of Sacred English Fair Play that the philistines who hate art and literature and love to handle and throw bombs and to fire guns and, generally, to be as noisy and destructive as possible, and to live with a continual BBC program from opening to close, should, as compensation, be obliged to suffer six-weeks-long compulsory courses in Dutch painting or Persian textiles, and to pass endurance tests in the Art Element in Chinese Calligraphy and in English Romantic Poetry.

Torn from their peacetime occupations of golf, darts, and reading the papers, they must be made, during these courses, to live under, for them, the most uncomfortable circumstances possible; they must be forced to sleep on planks, eighty in a hut (unless they show a liking for dormitory life, when they should be placed in the solitary confinement of a comfortable bedroom). No radio should be allowed in any hut or mess. At mealtimes, they must listen in silence to Beethoven quartets, and after dinner attend orchestral concerts of Mahler and Stravinsky. The examinations in Byzantine jewelry and Turkish tiles should be conducted to the appropriate music of the countries concerned. During the Netherlands School of Painting course, they should be taken by train, starting from London at midnight, to that flat part of East Anglia which somewhat resembles Holland in configuration, and there be made to lie for hours in a damp ditch, so as to observe the sun rise over the river from the correct angle. During the daytime they should be made to adopt the proper physical attitudes of

Teniers boors, one foot in the air, an arm extended, and later to dance in the same jolly and abandoned style.

The unsuccessful candidates for promotion, the recalcitrant and stubborn, could be ordered to take further courses in French Symbolist Poetry, as well as English Romantic, and be examined minutely on the works of Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Rimbaud. Those who showed any symptom of being refractory could even be commanded to attend a lecture on the latest art movement by Group-Dupe Herbert Read. But you should be humane as well as stern, and first aid should be ready on all occasions for the mind as well as the body.

I implore you to take what I say seriously, even

when I put it in a form to amuse you. You are a cavalier by type, and not a roundhead, and you will need all the fun you can make for yourself and others, as well as all the fighting spirit you can muster, if you are, as I hope, to carry on a long one-man campaign against stupidity and priggishness wherever you see it. Never allow yourself to be discouraged, however hopeless at any one moment the struggle may appear.

I must end now, for my letter is long, and at present you have not much time for reading; but there still remain several subjects on which I must talk to you in my next letter. Take care of yourself.

Your affectionate father,

OSBERT SITWELL

GOAT FOR AZAZEL

By COLLISTER HUTCHISON

AND Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for Jehovah, and the other lot for Azazel. And Aaron shall present the goat upon which the lot fell for Jehovah, and offer him for a sin-offering. But the goat, on which the lot fell for Azazel, shall be set alive before Jehovah, to make atonement for him, to send him away for Azazel into the wilderness. — LEVITICUS xvi, 8-10.

Now it is your turn, yours by incessantly recurring lot,
 To lie on an altar under the sky, apparently
 Or perhaps only more apparently dead, while I perish slowly.
 No near heaven with the load that I bear on my head!
 But you, too, other offering, brother victim, you also
 Have had your wildernesses between dust and dust.
 Waters, I believe, waters undoubtedly would define
 Life as a constant beating on inconstant shores.
 And stones, surely stones, bear the signature
 Of ancient violence and mute submission.
 Ah, fellow substance,
 There is no desert lonelier than the wastes within an atom,
 No cliff more perilously tall
 Than the one down which stars make perpetual firefall.
 And the cord,
 The scarlet knotted in my horns for blood to brighten,
 Bewildering bond of tangled faith and fear —
 Oh earth,
 Have I not seen, have I not trembled,
 Watching you ponderously turn toward hazardous day and lonely night,
 Trembled to see upon your branchy forehead burn
 The old, familiar sign, the red, oblique communication
 Vibrating to an ordered violence, remote and unmalicious
 Vicar of yet another agonist back of the precipice out of sight?

BUYING A PALACE

A Mexican Episode

by MACKINLEY HELM

I

THE Jauregui sisters spoke to each other only in pairs — Marta to Ema, Carmen to Trinidad, Tula to Luz, and vice versa. Although they all lived under one roof, in a palace just off the plaza, they contrived their domestic arrangements with such ingenuity that they rarely met in the corridors and were therefore not much exposed to occasions of speech. They kept three underpaid maids, fed from three separate kitchens, and went to Mass daily in three different churches.

For a year or two after the death of don Pablo, their father, the Jauregui ladies were subject to a good deal of gossip, by reason of their peculiar behavior; but for ten years or so, public interest had languished — and was revived only once, it appears, before I made their acquaintance.

One day, five years back, the street in front of the palace was piled high with brick and cement, and Juan, the principal mason, let it out that he had been called in to build three water closets. Not long after, one of the Padres preached a sermon on brotherly love and looked straight over the heads of Ema and Marta. But the cobbled street soon was swept of its gray and pink dust, the Padre was advised by the Cura to expound more impersonal themes, and the town forgot about the wrangle.

I suppose I might have lived a long time in San Rafael Aldama without myself encountering the Jauregui oddities if I had not, within the space of some months, while I was looking at colonial houses, peered through a transiently opened door into a ruinous patio high up on the hill overlooking the town. I saw a row of untoppled Moorish columns, caught a glimpse of Baroque medallions on crooked lintels, and observed a succession of unroofed cham-

bers of noble proportions. Lingered as long as I dared, I perceived, through an arched opening across the patio, the decayed remainder of orchards and terraces — and, in the midst of a thicket of wild berry bushes, the sparkle of water dripping into a wide stone basin: living water in that dry Mexican land.

I resolved to buy that place, if I could, and make my home there. Number 5, in the Street of San Benito, it fronted an ancient convent of Benedictine nuns, and the steep and narrow lane it gave upon promised privacy and quiet. In my mind's eye, I had soon restored the house and tidied the grounds; but on my way down into the town, to make inquiries of the tax collector, I reflected on my painful discovery that taking possession of a property in San Rafael was not so easy.

I remembered the Peralta palace I had tried to buy earlier that year. Patriots had been born in it before the War of Independence. Rich *hacendados* had decorated it with the wealth that flowed from their ranches in the days when Porfirio Díaz ruled like a king. French musicians from Mexico City had played in its courtyard while an Emperor dined in the *sala*.

I had taken an offer of the Peralta palace in all seriousness, and spent many a sleepless night rebuilding it — laying out gardens, opening new windows, closing old doors, distributing pipes and drains, installing elevators to reach the vast height of the first story, where I proposed to live with my books and pictures in cheerful rooms lighted and warmed by the nearly perpetual sun of San Rafael.

But nothing came of weeks of negotiation; for after I had agreed to be robbed by the pair of gentle seamstresses who owned and occupied the palace — the mother and the spinster daughter who crept myopically through kilometers of empty halls and sewed fine seams in the ruins of the Emperor's chamber — there arose a problem which I could not solve

Author and art critic, MACKINLEY HELM will be remembered by *Atlantic* readers for his sensitive collaboration with Roland Hayes in the writing of the memorable biography, *Angel Mo' and Her Son: Roland Hayes*. Mr. and Mrs. Helm spend their winters in Mexico, and there they actually lived through the story which follows.

with a checkbook. Indeed, it was a problem which the first sight of my checkbook had posed.

The Peralta ladies, with the money almost in hand, could not make up their minds what to do with it. They could not, they said, fasten so many thousands of pesos to their underclothing, and where else could they put it and feel at ease in their minds? It had been a long time since they had laid their hands on such a quantity of money, and their eyes were misty when, after a long struggle between desire and regret, they bowed me out.

2

THEN there was that house of doña Victoria, a sweet house with pink walls to the street, a Virgin over the door, a portico cooled by a small pool of water, a patio with a lively fountain, and three handsome rooms with a view over the town. It wasn't a palace, but it had, as they say, what it takes.

Several years earlier, on my first visit to San Rafael Aldama, I had sat and smoked with the old crone in her birdhouse.

"You have a nice house, doña Victoria," I said.

"Do you like it?" she asked. She crumbled a piece of dry bread in her lap and set up a clatter among scores of tropical birds.

"And a very nice view!" I shouted.

The wrinkled old dame burst out laughing. "You gringos have such diverting caprices," she screamed.

A large green parrot called Cente threw his head back and bellowed, "Gringos, gringos, gringos!" and roared with obscene laughter.

My ears were bursting when doña Victoria emitted a series of curious whistles through the stubs of her broken teeth and the birds flew quietly back to their perches. When her voice could be sufficiently heard, doña Victoria spoke.

"What would you give for the view?" she asked.

I inquired what she thought it was worth. She blinked. It was not often that she left the deep shadows of the closed *sala* where she said her beads in the thin blue light from a shrine to the Mexican Virgin. The walls of the house were thick, she mused, and pure stone. They had stood two hundred years, in her father's time, and his father's before him. God willing, they were good for two hundred more. . . . There was another gringo, not so long ago, she said, who thought maybe thirty-five hundred pesos —

Now it was my turn to whistle. In those days, before the war had turned the Mexican soil into gold, the whole of Barranca Street, houses, orchards,

and gardens, was worth less than thirty-five hundred pesos. But I dreamed about that house for a couple of years, and when I went back to San Rafael, thinking perhaps to live there, I called around and handed in a tin of tobacco. Doña Victoria received me in her dim parlor, and after an exchange of political phrases, I sailed into my subject.

"Doña Victoria," I said, "I should like to buy your house now. But I shall need the orchard below and the cottage next door. If I can buy them at a fair price, I will pay you your thirty-five hundred pesos. I have the caprice."

Doña Victoria sat so quietly in the darkness that I thought she could not have heard me. I began to repeat what I'd said.

"I understand, señor, I understand," she replied in a soft, drowsy voice. "But I was thinking that it was a long time ago you were here. Only last summer a gringo was saying I ought to get four thousand pesos —" The sum came out like the death of a sigh.

"All right," I said. "Four thousand pesos. God knows it will be on your conscience, but I will pay you four thousand pesos."

Doña Victoria closed her eyes.

"But," I said, "you must help me find the owners of the cottage next door and the orchard below."

Three months passed before I went again to see doña Victoria. Scores of people, by direct means and devious, had helped me about the cottage next door and the orchard below: Lawyer Ugarte, who gave me lectures on Mexican history; doña Carlota, who vaguely remembered the name of the man who had left the orchard to his dead wife's maid; don Luis de Landa, whose cousin in Mexico City had a friend who knew where the maid was then working; my friend don Jacinto, the Marqués del Valle de San Juan de la Cruz, who asked the priest to find out who really owned the cottage next door. When all these and a host of others, for tips or for friendship, had as good as put both orchard and cottage into my pocket, I stepped around into the street called Barranca.

The door of the house stood wide open and I entered without knocking. The quiet haven I had fancied had become a market place. Dogs barked in the portico, birds screamed in the birdhouse, men and boys shouted through the patio. In every nook and corner of the premises a loom stood, or a spinning wheel. Shuttles groaned and pounded while weavers cursed and called for more cotton.

I found doña Victoria puffing at a cigarette in a corner of her crowded parlor. Behind the wrinkles of her impassive countenance, I thought I detected the shadow of a leer.

"I got to thinking one day," she explained, "that if I sold my house, I should have to leave it. I couldn't bear that, not until I go out in my coffin. And so I have rented my rooms to the weavers. I don't see very well and I don't hear very well, and so I take comfort in my rents and our holy religion. I'm sorry, but you see how it is."

3

So now, as I opened the door of the tax office in the municipal palace, I felt none too hopeful that the new project would have a happier ending.

Number 5, San Benito, was not listed with the city assessor. It was therefore of no particular value in the eyes of the law—for every *terreno* worth five hundred pesos was taxed. Here was a good omen. I might, with luck, pick the place up for five thousand.

"I can tell you privately who owns it," said the clerk, his thumb and forefinger twitching. I reached into my pocket. "It belongs to the Jauregui sisters. They live just a block up Post Office Street."

Of course I knew the Jauregui palace. Next after the pink Gothic church, the carved doorways of the Casa Allende, and the birthplace of Captain Johnny Aldama, the San Rafael guidebook sends tourists to look at Casa Jauregui. I knew its elegant colonial façade, with its costly meters of bas-relief sculptures, and once I had glanced into the garden behind, a square block of tangled vines in the heart of the city. I decided to approach the sisters directly—the assistance of lawyers and of friends would have meant many tomorrows—and went straight to their door, which I pounded briskly.

Nobody answered. I pounded again, none too mannerly, and still, when the echoes died down, I was met only with silence.

I walked across to the post office and complained to don Gabriel, who laughed in my face; and that was the first that I knew of the Jauregui quarrel.

That afternoon at lunch I rebuked doña Carlota, the Marquesa de Mora, at her boardinghouse table, for not having told me the story of the Jauregui sisters. The Marquesa shrugged her shoulders.

"It has been going on so long now," she said, spreading a *tortilla* with chili.

"That is why it is so fascinating," I replied. "Ten years in the same house, and they don't speak to each other?"

Don Pablo, the Marquesa explained, had lost so much land, so much money, that he hadn't bothered to make out a will to dispose of the rest. The daughters had quarreled about who should have what,

while don Pablo's houses, unsold and unrented, quietly crumbled away. Brother Jorge worked hard at what was left of the ranches, a few rocky acres and some rusty machines, but he could not support the whole sisterhood, try as he would; so Marta and Ema sold marchpane made up in all manner of flora and fauna, Carmelita and Trini sold teacakes to other destitute gentry, while Tula and Luz, being younger and stronger, catered at parties for gringos.

"I should have thought," I said to doña Carlota, "that their business affairs would be more likely to prosper if the sisters took the trouble to open the door when somebody knocked."

"But don't you see," the Marquesa replied, "that *that's* just the point? Whoever it was that opened the door, the caller would be sure to want somebody else, and Marta, for instance, would see Trini in hell before she would tell her the Guzmans had called for their teacakes, or that Father Otón had come for a visit."

Doña Carlota had grown up with Carmen and Trini, the plump, middle-sized sisters who wore their gray hair in a bump at the back, and offered to take me to see them tomorrow. But I was impatient and wanted action today. I sent my boy to stand in the door of the post office and told him to follow the first pair of sisters he saw coming out of the palace. I went to the nearest café and waited. In an hour or so, my servant came in to tell me that he had followed two of the ladies to the shop of Señorita Anita, the sister of Lawyer Ugarte. I went there at once and asked to see some striped poplins to take to the shirtmaker.

The sisters were discussing ecclesiastical matters with Señorita Anita, who spent most of her life arranging flowers in churches. From the Marquesa's description, I recognized Luz and Tula. They wore their skirts halfway up to their knees and braided their hair with bits of blue wool; while Marta and Ema, like Carmen and Trinidad, wore their black dresses down to their ankles, besides slicking their hair in equal parts over their temples.

"Excuse me," I said to the Señorita Anita, "I'm afraid I have overheard you discussing St. Anthony's Orphanage, and that reminds me, I have forgotten to send in my dues. Will you forgive me?" And I never stopped talking until I was presented to the Jauregui ladies.

"María Gertrudis Jauregui at-your-service," said one. (That was Tula.)

"María de la Luz Jauregui at-your-orders," said the other.

"What a miracle!" said I. "I have been wanting to call on you ladies to ask about your house at Number 5, San Benito."

Since I had not yet met, in San Rafael Aldama, a single inhabitant of low or high degree who had shown the least diffidence in speaking of money, I went straight to the point.

"Is it for sale?" I said, holding my breath.

"How much would you pay?" said Tula and Luz with one voice.

"You must tell me the asking price first."

"If I and my sister Luz owned the house," said Tulita, "as of course we should, — for it would have been the first wish of my father, — we would put a price on it now."

Luz drew a long face.

"Unfortunately, our sisters do not agree," she said. "So nice to have seen you." And with that, the two ladies flounced out into the street.

The Señorita Ugarte looked as though she wanted to wink, but she didn't, exactly.

"If you really want that old ruin up on the hill, you'd better talk to my brother," she said. "Carmen and Trinidad have had their hearts set on it for years. Before the roofs all caved in, they used to say they wanted to live there."

4

THERE was no escaping Lawyer Ugarte. I found him most cheerful, considering that nothing had come of ten years of cajoling the Jauregui sisters. He read me his manuscript chapter on Quetzalcoatl, the fair-skinned god of the Aztecs, and told me not to have any worry.

"Give me eight days," said he. "In eight days you shall have the deed in your pocket." (I had already promised a hundred pesos for *his* pocket.)

Doña Carlota was vastly amused.

"Eight days!" she repeated, when I told her the story. "I'll give you eight years, or I don't know Tulita Jauregui."

I admit to dismay when the Marquesa described the last meeting of the Jauregui family, Brother Jorge and the sisters, at the house of Lawyer Ugarte. They were gathered together to discuss a proposal of marriage which don Claudio Sanchez had made, through the brother, to Sister Tulita.

With the understanding that she could keep Luz always by her, Tula would have married the Spanish grain-merchant with pleasure. But a marriage without family consent would have been vulgar. Brother Jorge rode in from the ranch, and the sisters proceeded — at uncompromising intervals — to the house of the lawyer, where each was invited to speak of the proposal in turn.

It was Marta, the oldest, who summed up the

case for the elders. What, she had said, did anyone really know of don Claudio? He had come from Spain poor and now he was rich. That was all that one knew. Now, money was power, money was nice, don Pablo's daughter conceded, while the sisters sighed and remembered their hot charcoal ovens; but a nobleman's child couldn't marry money just fresh from the mint. That was the end of the formal family discussion, but it was Carmen who put in the last word as she stood up and nodded to Trini.

"It's no use, Tulita," she said, breaking the long habit of silence. "Marta won't let you get married. You may as well let your skirts down like the rest of us now."

Doña Carlota patted my hand. "You see how it is with the Jauregui house on the hill," she said gently.

At the end of a week I dropped in on Lawyer Ugarte. It was in my mind to suggest that the strain might be eased if the house were assigned to the share of the more neutral brother, who might then be persuaded to sign on the line.

"But it's all settled," said Lawyer Ugarte. "Didn't I tell you last week that the deed would be ready? Jorge is coming in from the ranch. He'll be here tomorrow. We're going to let you have Number 5 and divide up the money. Come back tomorrow — we shall arrange the whole matter."

I called again the following day, and the next.

"Ho! Ho!" said Lawyer Ugarte. "You gringos want everything done in a minute."

"A thousand years are as one day," I said to myself. "The minute of my impatience stretches from January to June." And I began to retrace my steps through a dusty gale to the *pension* of doña Carlota.

"I have reached the extreme limit of endurance," I said to the Marquesa at supper. "*Mañana, mañana!* I am sick of *mañana!* Tomorrow, either Jorge comes to sell me that house, or I am off to Mexico City."

Doña Carlota was munching a sandwich of fried pumpkin blossoms.

"Then pray for good weather, señor," she said. "The season of water follows the gales of the spring."

"So what?" I inquired, not seeing her logic.

"Pues, you will soon enough see."

That night it rained. The fountains of the great deep broke up, the windows of heaven were opened, the waters of the flood fell upon the dry earth. San Rafael, in midmorning, was transfigured. I had known the town to be pink and dry and brown and beautiful. Suddenly it became moist and green and radiant, more splendidly desirable for habitation.

The clipped laurels in the plaza glistened; the cobbled paving stones sparkled under my feet; worn stone gutters spilled the gathering waters over a thirsty landscape long after the rains had ceased.

Señor Ugarte was looking out of his office window when I went to see him, happily looking across the street into the freshly drenched gardens of the Franciscan convent, and thinking, no doubt, of his fields in the country, now turning green under a blessing of rain.

"Bad luck, señor," he called down to me out of the window. "We cannot expect to see don Jorge in town until after the rainy season. The roads will be terrible." Lawyer Ugarte rubbed his hands, but with more joy (it seemed to me) than sorrow.

"Never you mind," he went on. "Let's see — June, July, August, September — maybe October. Don Jorge will come sometime in October, don't fear. The family are anxious to settle the estate."

"But I've got to go back to the States in September," I said, "and I wanted to have my house all ready and finished by then."

"Too bad," said the advocate, wringing blame from the tips of his fat, brown fingers. "The Lord makes the weather."

"Too bad," said the Marquesa de Mora, licking her chops over a dish of wild dove. "Perhaps *mañana* will bring better luck."

"Tomorrow, señora," I said, as I went up to pack, "tomorrow I shall be in Mexico City."



FLAG AT THE PEAK

A Holmes Letter recalled by Catherine Drinker Bowen

In February, 1931, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court had a letter from President E. O. Holland of the State College of Washington. The boys out there wanted, it seemed, to celebrate the Justice's approaching ninetieth birthday. Would the Justice be kind enough to write a word of greeting for the occasion?

The Justice would. Sitting at the desk in his upstairs study on I Street, in Washington, D.C., facing the mantel over which hung his sword with the colors of the Twentieth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Holmes wrote a few lines in that strong, too swift handwriting that is the despair of his biographers.

I do not know of a more magnificent message. Nor does it detract from the message to recall that when the Justice wrote it he was alone in the world; his wife had died the year before, his friends were gone. There was no one, he said, to call him by his first name. Even the work he loved, the daily routine of the Court, must soon, he knew, be relinquished because of his failing powers. Here is what the Justice wrote: —

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 24, 1931

For March 8

MY DEAR SIR:

On the eighth of March, 1862, sixty-nine years ago, the sloop Cumberland was sunk by the Merrimac, off Newport News. The vessel went down with her flag flying — and when a little later my regiment arrived to begin the campaign on the Peninsula I saw the flag still flying above the waters beneath which the Cumberland lay. It was a life long text for a young man. Fight to the end and go down with your flag at the peak. I hope that I shall be able to do it — and that your students may live and die by the same text.

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) O. W. HOLMES

E. O. Holland
President, State College
of Washington

HEARD ABOUT JACKSON HOLE?

by KATHARINE BOYD

1

THEY called him "the Virginian," for no particular reason that I could see unless it was to annoy him — because he hated with such bitter hatred the show-off cowboys and fake bronc riders with sideburns and Navajo rings who hung around so many small Western towns talking big to the dudes. "The Hi-O Silver boys," he called them. Perhaps that is why they called him after the most romantic cowboy of them all: the way, in the West, they call a slim man "Fats" and a great giant of a man "Peewee."

The Virginian was like his namesake in that he was tall and lanky and had a devastating sense of humor, but there the resemblance ceased. Certainly there was nothing romantic about him now as he leaned back in his chair propped against a corner of the bar, sampling his drink, "studying in his mind," as he called it, what we had been discussing. His battered black hat was curled up at the sides, tilted forward over his red-brown face; his windbreaker was black, too, of leather, rubbed and scuffed at the elbows and wrists and collar; the Levis on his long, thin legs were soft and pale from long wear. He balanced his drink in a dark, horny hand, the long fingers curling around the glass.

"Well," he said, "you may say the Old West is gone, if you want to. And I'll allow you that some of it's gone. Stagecoaches is gone, and Indians on the warpath. The U. S. Cavalry is gone, praise to God. And we ain't had a lynchin' for as long as I can recall. But most of the rest is still here: cattle and cowhands and horses; coyote and elk and antelope; sheep for them that likes them."

"But rustlers and horse thieves and all that," I protested. "That's all gone; and shooting —"

"No, we ain't had a real shooting for a good while. But rustling, now, that's a different matter."

A native New Yorker who has lived in and been closely identified with North Carolina during thirty years of married life, KATHARINE BOYD is also at home in the wilder stretches of the West, where she has gone on camping trips with her novelist husband, the late James Boyd.

I gazed at him astonished. "You mean there are cattle rustlers? Here in Jackson Hole?"

"Well, maybe not exactly rustlers," he said. He rolled his glass and looked down at the swirling amber. "But pretty close to it. Only we don't call them rustlers any more."

"What do you call them?"

"Millionaires." His blue eyes stared at me.

For years now the Virginian had guided us on pack trips up Pacific and Pilgrim Creeks and along the Buffalo Forks. And back up into the Tetons. Magnificent country. It is all included in the tract which was last year proclaimed a national monument — the Jackson Hole National Monument. There are 221,000 acres of land in all, of which 77 per cent is already government-owned, 15 per cent is owned by John D. Rockefeller, and 8 per cent by small ranchers. I had heard a great deal about the Monument since coming to Wyoming. You couldn't join up with a crowd at any café in Jackson without hearing about it. Mostly you heard only one side, and the people that did the talking were the big folks and the lady and gentleman ranchers.

Up the valley they didn't talk so much, and if you brought it up they answered evasively. "There's lots to be said for both sides," they'd say. One man who took out fishing parties was franker. "What do I think?" he said. "I don't think." He looked at me hard. "My living comes from taking folks fishing. I can't afford to think."

But in and around town there was plenty of talk. They had had it back and forth all year; and after the President's pocket veto of the Barrett bill abolishing the Monument, the feeling seemed higher than ever. But still it was the same ones doing the talking.

"Cattle kings." The Virginian's voice, echoing my thoughts, made me jump. "Reckon you'd call them that."

"You mean the ranchers around here?" I said.

"That's right," he said. "They's eight or ten of them come in here during the last few years. And over to Wind River they tell me they're doing the same. They come in with lots of dough and fling a little here and a little there; they pick up a small ranch here and another beyond it — and before you know it, all the little ranchers has been bought out."

"Why do they sell if they don't want to?" I asked.

"Some of them want to, or they get offered so much they can't pass it up. And some don't want to but have to."

"Why 'have to'?"

He rolled an eye at me. "There's ways," he said. "They get the bank to foreclose maybe or — other ways."

"Virginian," I said, "was that what you meant when you talked about rustlers?"

"Did I talk about rustlers?" he said. "Well, now, I thought it was you talked about 'em."

"Well, then, millionaires."

He grinned at me over his glass. "Millionaires," he said. "Millionaires and politicians. I'll tell you, when you get them two kinds of folks boiling up together you're in for trouble. Boil up into one of these pressure groups, like they talk about, I guess. Anyway, you're liable to have some mighty queer doings."

"Such as rustling? Not really rustling."

"Well, no, not really. Not at all, I guess. They don't take a man's cattle away and brand 'em. But here's what they do. Supposing there's a small ranch near to theirs and the owner won't sell and they can't buy up the mortgage or there ain't one, and they can't get him out nohow. Here's what they do: they range their cattle along with his and then, when they start drifting to the winter range, their hands get the orders: 'Drift all the cattle.' So they drift the little feller's hundred head along with their thousand — drift 'em all."

He saw the protest in my eyes and raised a hand.

"Sure," he said, "the little feller raises a howl. He goes to the big rancher and says, 'You're taking my bunch along with yours,' and the big feller says, 'Oh, are we? Now ain't that too bad. Well, you just come on down and cut 'em out. You'll get 'em back again.' Well, the little feller spends three to four days getting his stock back; most likely has to hire a hand or two to help him. Next year the same thing happens, and each time, maybe, he'll lose a few head coming or going. After three or four times, the little feller's ready to quit."

"Can't he do anything about it? I should think he'd sick the sheriff on them."

"The sheriff won't mess with stuff like that; too hard to prove anything, too touchy. And then there's always the question who pays the most taxes, the big feller or the little one."

"It sounds like the old days, all right," I said. "Do the people know what's going on?"

"Most of them know. They know the valley is getting into the control of a little crowd that are running things with a high hand, or trying to. They don't like it, but what can they do?"

"I don't know," I said. "Write to the papers maybe."

"They ain't but one paper here," he said disgustedly. "And it don't ever print anything but one side. You take this Monument row now —"

He paused. His blue eyes, looking across at me, held a measure of doubt.

"All right," I said, "I'll take it. Do the rustling millionaires and politicians tie in with the Monument row?"

Carefully he set his glass down. He sat staring at it. "They do," he said. "Everything ties in with it. It's a lot bigger thing than the folks around here think."

2

I KNEW he was right. Those opposed to the Monument had played it up as a land-grabbing scheme. They compared it to TVA and other projects in which they accused the government of abrogating the rights of the individual. The Monument issue, that of all national parks, is closely integrated with the whole land policy of the country. Conservation of forests and game, flood control, prevention of erosion, irrigation — all these great projects are branches of the same tree, and they can all be attacked from the same angle: Should the government be allowed to own land or to exercise jurisdiction over it?

Or, if you were on the other side, you said: Should the individual, for his private interests, be allowed to despoil the land of America, or prevent its use for the good of all the people? Because in essence it *is* the land of America. As long as a man's land is subject to taxation, there is no such thing as private ownership. It is a carefully nurtured tree, I thought, this of our land policy, but it is a new growth and delicate, and once you start lopping off a branch here and there — the national park policy, game conservation, forest reserve — you may have the whole thing coming down.

The Virginian was speaking again. "One thing that ties in with it is conservation," he said. "That's been a big thing in this country ever since Teddy

Roosevelt started hollering about it." He paused. "My uncle guided Teddy Roosevelt when he was out here in 1906."

"No wonder you're interested in the Monument."

"Sure thing," he said. "They packed all through this country from the headwaters of the Yellowstone on down. Teddy Roosevelt said it was the finest camping country in the United States, and that it ought to be kept like it was forever. And he got to work on making a park out of it. And now here's another Roosevelt putting the thing across — or trying to."

"And being fought by the same 'interests' that used to fight T.R.," I said.

"That's right," he said. "And they're using the same old arguments."

"How far did T.R. go with it?" I asked.

"Not far. Only talked and shouted, and got some Congressmen interested one way or the other. It went along, with different ones taking it up, and finally the conservationists began to push it hard. They wanted it made a kind of park — not like Yellowstone, all fixed up, but kept just like it is, for people that wanted to see what the West was like or that might want to stay or to camp and fish. The man who pushed it hardest was Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He'd bought up a lot of land with just that plan in mind: to turn it over to the government. He started in 1926, and he kept trying to get the government to take it over but they dilly-dallied along, the way they do. Finally, what with taxes and all, Mr. Rockefeller got fed up and last year he suddenly sent a take-it-or-leave-it letter to Secretary Ickes. Well, it was either take it then or lose it altogether, and Ickes and the President went ahead and took it."

"They got more than they bargained for," I said.

"Maybe," he said. "They got a lot, all right. But I guess they must have expected it. The Republicans wouldn't let a chance like that go by in an election year. And every one of these cattlemen are Republicans. They must have expected an almighty row."

"I don't suppose they thought Congress would turn it down, though."

"Congress!" the Virginian snorted. "It wasn't Congress. It was just a small crowd that pressured the rest of 'em into it. Congress don't know anything about it. Why, do you reckon that if Congress had known about it, if they'd ever seen this place here, they'd have done such a fool thing?" He shook his head. "Congress," he said, "has got some fools in it, and it's got some heels, like any other bunch of people, but it ain't got that many of either one."

He snorted again and sat back. "I'll tell you,

every argument used about this question is phony. They say this is cattle country and the government is taking it away from the cattlemen. Well, there's some good ranches to the south, and not one of them is going to be interfered with; those people and their 'heirs and assigns,' it says, keep their rights as long as they have a mind. But to the north, the country I've taken you in, that's not cattle country and never has been. They's a few small ranches along the edge of it and they won't have to quit either, but the big ranchers that's been putting their stock up there these last two years, where they had no right to be, they'll have to quit."

"Are they the ones you were talking about?"

He nodded. "They've been running their cattle up there and they've been doing it for just two reasons: they want to have it so that when folks say, 'That ain't cattle country up there,' they can come right back at 'em. 'It sure is,' they'll say. 'Look at all the cattle that's up there right now.' And the other reason is on account of the game. Their cattle is using the elk and moose grazing ground and the game is being moved out. What's more, they work on the game commission and get them to have an open season on elk; right here on this land where the elk is accustomed to gather on their way to the winter feeding grounds. You see, they've got to prove their point: that this is cattle country and not game country. So, then, if the elk is shot off last year and this, the case is proved — no game. No game! Why three years ago I could take you up any draw on Pacific Creek and show you elk. But did we see any this year? Nary a one. Heard 'em bugle a few times and heard shots, but that was all. They're killing the bear, too; I haven't seen a bear track in weeks."

"The country that's the greatest wildlife country we've got is going to be turned over to cattle. And then somebody's going to be sorry. Back up there are the headwaters of three river systems: the Yellowstone that flows into the Missouri and the Mississippi, the Snake that flows north into the Columbia, and the Green that flows into the Colorado. Set cattle to grazing on the headwaters of a stream and what happens? Within a few years they've grazed off the underbrush and trampled the meadows and you begin to get erosion and runoffs in the spring." He straightened up. "That ain't cattle country now and it never ought to be."

3

CATTLE being the biggest industry in Wyoming, I suppose cattlemen are pretty powerful."

"You're right there," he said. "But the politicians are making a big mistake in kowtowing to them like they do. A lot of the big money that's come into the state lately has come through dudes, the kind that comes out for a summer and then buys land and stays, and the tourists, millions of 'em, that come just to see the country. Talk about tax revenues — you ask some of these old-timers how much money Teton County had before the dude ranchers settled around here, and the boys' and girls' summer camps, and before Mr. Rockefeller moved in. It wasn't cattle that brought those folks here or that keeps them a-comin'."

He raised his hand as if I had spoken. "Oh, I know what they say," he said. "They say the government already controls 72 per cent of Wyoming and it oughtn't to have any more. But what is that 72 per cent? A part of it is mountain ranges like the Wind Rivers and the Absarokas and the Big Horns and the Tetons; glacier country, forest country; mountain sheep and elk and grizzly country. In the parts where cattle can live, why there is cattle, and sheep and horses, grazing; and they lease the mining rights, too, like any company would do, only they control it so it don't get grazed off or mined out. That's only sense, as I see it."

"Virginian," I said, "there have been a lot of people opposed to the Monument. Some of them are bound to be sincere. In fact, some that I've talked to are sincere, I'm sure of it."

"A lot are," he said. "I'm sure of it, too."

"All right, then, what about them?" I said. "What about their arguments? You know them."

"I know them. Sure. And there's hardly a one of them that isn't cockeyed in some way. They don't mean to talk cockeyed. They're sincere, like you said. But they've been taken in. Just like Congress. They believe the talk that's going round. They believe, for instance, the talk that the Monument was put over on them. Well, it wasn't. This Monument was established just like dozens of others, by Presidential proclamation."

"But maybe it's true that nobody knew this park was being planned."

"Eyewash," said the Virginian. "That was first brought up seriously out here in 1923 when a crowd got together at Menor's Ferry to talk about it. But the real thing got going when Mr. Rockefeller came in and got the idea. That was in 1926. He talked it over with various ones in and out of the government, and then he started to buy up the land. Well, as soon as he'd been in here a year folks knew about it. Look here," the Virginian said again, shaking a long finger at me, "you ask folks outside the valley — over to Wind River or Gro-

vont. They'll tell you they all knew about it. You mean to tell me if they knew about it the ones living right here didn't?"

"If the Rockefeller holdings and the other ranches went into a park, that'd make a lot of difference to the tax revenue of the county, wouldn't it?" I said. "I've heard them say so, and I don't see how you can get around that."

"You can't get around the argument," he said, "because it's right. But you can get around the fact. That's what I mean about this cockeyed talking. Here they've been pulling this argument on you and a lot of other people, and all the time there was three bills up before Congress to fix things. Why, one reason the Monument was held up first at Washington was because they hadn't got it fixed to reimburse the county for the taxes lost. One of the bills proposed is bound to pass, and it will affect not only this county but all counties near to national parks. They'd all get a cut in the revenue from the park."

"Well," I said, "that ought to do. They told me up in Yellowstone that they averaged over two million dollars a year from tourist expenditures."

"That's right, I guess," he said. "Teton Park, which was a part of this, pulls in around a hundred and fifty thousand. A cut on that'd go quite some distance in Teton County." He sat back. "Do you know," he said, "that only 8 per cent of this land we're talking about is privately owned? That, and the Rockefeller holdings, which may be thrown on the open market, for all we know, if this plan is killed. All the rest of it is government land already, part park, part forest reserve. For 8 per cent of land, the whole project is to be given up."

He grunted. "It's a mighty queer business," he said. "They talk about 'land-grabbing' and the 'rights of the individual.' Holy Ike! In the first place the rights of the people that own land won't be bothered at all, and what about the rights of all the rest of the country! Don't that make any difference?"

"A lot of people were back of them, though," I said. "And then Congress came out on their side."

"That's right," he said. "This feller Barrett, backed by the cattlemen and the states' rights boys and the Roosevelt haters, — don't forget them, — got his bill passed to abolish the Monument." He pointed a finger at me, "You listen!" he said. "If they abolish this park, what's to prevent them from going on and abolishing others? What's to stop another crowd from starting to muscle in on Glacier or Yosemite or even old Yellowstone?"

"Some of the millions of people that love the parks would want to stop them," I said.

"And you can bet that's just what the President figured when he vetoed the bill," he said.

4

BUT, Virginian," I said, "I can't believe these people here want to abolish the parks. Why, one man told me the idea of a park here in Jackson Hole would have been fine. 'It's a beautiful dream,' he said, 'only it's fifty years too late and now it's going to hurt too many people.'"

"Sure, and the man who told you that will go on and tell you that they've already got one park here and that's enough. He won't tell you that he called that 'a beautiful dream,' too, and that he and his friends fought it just like they fought this." The Virginian looked at me quizzically. "I bet he told you how parks interfered with life out here and how the man tried to take his bull through Yellowstone in a truck and wasn't allowed. Eh?"

"Why, yes, he did," I said. "And that didn't seem quite right, I must say."

"It wasn't quite right," he grinned. "It was hardly right at all. They wasn't one bull and one truck, but two-three hundred head of cattle on the hoof. It's against the rules of Yellowstone to drive cattle through. There was no rules to prevent cattle being driven in this Jackson Hole Monument."

The Virginian picked up his glass and shook it. "You know," he said, "if you listen to these folks long enough you'll go plumb loco. Here they are talking this stuff, like you told me, about parks spoiling things and them wanting to keep this country like it is. And the rock-bottom reason for parks is to keep the country like it is." He set his glass down with a thump. "How're they going to keep it like it is, d'you ever ask them? How can they stop real-estate fellers coming in here and building hotels and developments and cutting up the lake shores into lots with camps and such? How're they going to stop roads being run through with signs and hot-dog stands up and down 'em? There'd be a good deal of money in all that for somebody."

He banged his fist on the table. "You'd be surprised what great Americans these folks are. They'll tell you how this country was built out of a wilderness by free men and no government to interfere with 'em. 'We want to keep this country free,' they'll shout. And they'll bang on the table — like I'm doing." He laughed. "And then, before you know it, they'll start throwing communism at you."

"I know," I said. "They did."

He groaned. "If we get communism in this country," he said, "it'll be because of those folks yelling about it. Sometimes, you know, I get to wondering what's happened to democracy. You don't ever hear about it any more. Here you have a government trying to do something that will benefit the people of the whole country. If that ain't democracy, I don't know what is. But no — according to these folks, that's communism. Communism my — hat!" he said.

His face was grim. He sat back in his chair and his gaze traveled down the long, narrow room to the bright space at the end where the light shone down on the green tables, winking on the whirling wheel and cutting black shadows on the faces under the big hats. Slowly his eyes came back to me.

"You was talking about the Old West," he said, "and I told you there was still some of it left. Well, ma'am, here it is, in this valley. And it always can be here if we'll just keep a-holt of it. I read something a while back — it was poetry." His eyes dropped to the table for a moment, then looked straight at me. "I got it by memory," he said.

"Where snowpeaks reach the running light of morning
The travois poles drag through the meadow-grass,
The mountain sheep stamps his tattoo of warning
Against the trapper's pack-mules as they pass."

He set his glass down. "Where snowpeaks reach the running light of morning." That's it," he said. "When you wake up just before sunup and look out at it, and you hear the horse-bells and the splashing in the creek, and maybe a coyote yowling before he hides away. And then you roll out and boil your coffee and fry your bacon and pack up. And start on. That's it," he said.

The game at the back of the room was beginning to break up. The men were lounging up to the bar for a last drink before starting home. But the Virginian sat on.

"Well," I said.

"Well," he said. He smiled across at me. "I want to keep it," he said. "In this valley we've got the finest scenery, the finest camping country, in the West. If the government will help us to keep it, O.K. After all, ain't the government us, when you come down to it? You and me and all the rest of the people in the U.S.? Ain't we got a right to keep what's ours? Look," he said, "we got this place, this — good place." His face flushed. "We want to keep it," he said.

Accent on Living

Story for the Slicks

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

CAROL SAUNDERS brushed her thick mop of chestnut hair off her forehead with long, nervous white fingers. *How am I going to tell Jim?* she thought. *How can I tell him?* She thought of Jim's long, lean jaw, his dark tousled hair, and his crooked grin. *Oh, Jim, Jim —* (Opening paragraph plunges you right into the story with all its intense passion and suspense.)

But I mustn't think about that now. I'm so tired, she thought wearily, and the thin fingers twined nervously in the thick hair. She stood up suddenly and went into the bathroom, and she noticed dully that the faucet was still dripping. *I'll have to get Jim to fix it,* she thought automatically. (The homey touch.)

Determinedly, she turned on the cold water full force and let its clean sparkling freshness flow over her thin white wrists, and then she leaned over and dipped up the water with her slim hands and felt the sharp cold on her hot face. She dipped pads of absorbent cotton in the water and bathed her burning eyes, and she brushed out her hair with long, soothing rhythmic strokes, away from her forehead. (Beauty hints.)

She surveyed herself in the mirror. She saw the white, pointed face and the hair that seemed almost too heavy for the slim neck. It hung round her shoulders in a thick mass. "It's as soft to touch as a spaniel's ears," Jim always said. The lashes around the wide gray eyes were stuck together in

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared in several recent issues of the *Atlantic*.

dark points with little beads of the cold water still clinging to them. And the lower lip of the full crimson mouth was quivering. (Important that heroine be described, but not too specifically. Sprinkle liberally with "slim" wherever possible. Helpful if heroine can be made to whip in and out of tight sweaters.)

Tomorrow, she thought wearily, twisting and untwisting the long, nervous fingers. *Let tomorrow be time enough to tell him. I'm so tired today.* (There has to be at least one sentence starting with "let.")

She moved swiftly, with the easy flowing walk that Jim loved, and stood awkwardly for a moment in the living room. The late afternoon sun made a brilliant, warm golden splash on the center of the soft green carpet. *It's so quiet,* she thought, *and it seems almost strange to be here, in this house, now.* (This doesn't mean a thing, but it almost sounds as though it does, doesn't it?)

She thought suddenly that it was getting late, and Jim would be home soon. She went into the kitchen and leaned on the cool enamel table. The kitchen was bright and sunny with yellow walls and crisp curtains with appliquéd tulips. (Interior decorating hints are absolutely necessary.)

She caught herself humming a tune — "Star Dust," she realized suddenly. Their song. *Oh, Jim, Jim,* she thought, *remember how it was that night on the top of the bus, and it was so cold and clear, and I could feel the roughness of your coat against my cheek!* (Stir in a little nostalgia.)

And you were laughing because the clean cold wind kept whipping my hair across your face. Ah, we had





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As He Listens, Wilfred Pelletier Dreams of the Great Voices of Tomorrow

The voices of Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior reached the end of the famous duet from "Tristan." This had been a perfect performance... even Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, could only whisper "Bravo" in admiration. But this music that left him breathless was recorded! This was his audition of the famous Meissner electronic radio-phonograph.

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politan Opera Presents," "Vacation Serenade" and "World of Song," add his praises to those of other famous artists. For more than an hour he had listened... spellbound by the ability of this new instrument to reproduce the full range of voices he knew and loved.

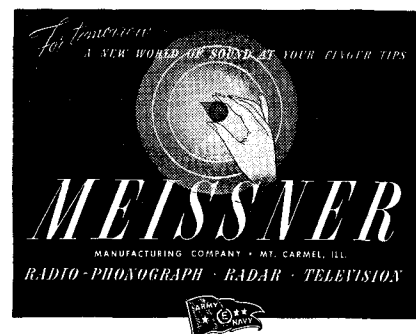
And as he listened, Wilfred Pelletier dreamed of the great voices of tomorrow. Now he could listen to the recordings of thousands of new voices... catch that quality always before a "missing element" in recorded music.

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fun. (Always change paragraphs at every possible opportunity, regardless of the meaning. Be sure heroine talks and thinks like a heroine, as opposed to a human being.)

And suddenly the small white face was down on the cold enamel table and bitter sobs shook the slim shoulders. (Got another "slim" in. Good!)

Then she straightened up with determination. *That's enough of that, Carol Saunders,* she thought, and she threw back the slim shoulders and lifted the little pointed chin. (A little pointed chin is always good too — tears at the heartstrings.)

I think I'll make some blueberry torte, she decided, and she glanced at the clock to see if there would be enough time before dinner. There would be, and she started working swiftly; she thought happily, *Jim always loves blueberry torte.* (Always be specific about food. A good recipe never hurts either.)

She deftly creamed a quarter of a cup of rich yellow butter and a tablespoon of sugar in the blue bowl, and added one egg yolk and a little salt and flour. (This is the most complicated recipe I could find in the Settlement Cook Book — it ought to be a killer.) She patted and pressed the dough in the shining greased pan (or spring form) with her slim quick fingers till it was a quarter of an inch thick, and placed it in the gleaming refrigerator overnight. Then she filled it with any desired Fruit Mixture, and baked.

Then, still humming to herself, having lined the bottom and sides of a spring form with Muerbe Teig No. 1, page 377, she sprinkled it with bread crumbs, added one quart of blueberries (*How ripe the berries are!* she thought, and she ate one, slowly savoring its sweetness), sprinkled it with one quarter of a cup of sugar (*How white the sugar is!* she thought unexpectedly), and cinnamon and two tablespoons of lemon juice. Over all she dripped the yolk of an egg beaten with three tablespoons of rich yellow cream. She baked it in the hot oven for fifteen minutes, then reduced the heat to three hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

This time she baked it till the crust was golden brown. *Jim loves it with the crust nice and brown,* she thought.

She sniffed the heavenly smell of the Muerbe Teig No. 1, page 377, and her face was flushed from the heat of the stove and her eyes were shining. She beat four egg whites until they were stiff and stood up in little white crusty peaks, and added powdered sugar. When the torte was ready, crust nicely browned, she spread the beaten eggs and sugar over it, returned it quickly to the oven, and baked it fifteen minutes more at three hundred degrees Fahrenheit. (I wonder if anybody ever tried this.)

While she was waiting for it to be ready, she realized suddenly that she was famished, and she thought, *I'll make pickled herring with lots of sour cream, just the way Jim loves it, and chicken soup with matzos balls, and creplach. And pot roast with potato latkes.* (Always give menus. Memo: Remember to get other cook book. Feel certain this is not the right cook book for magazine fiction writer.)

Carol didn't hear Jim's key turning in the lock, and he strode in and stood for a moment in the kitchen doorway, looking at her. Her face was flushed, and one tendril of hair had separated from the chestnut mass and curled over one cheek. (A loose tendril is always good.)

Suddenly she felt his presence, and she turned quickly. He was standing there, grinning that crooked grin that always made her heart turn over. (Crooked grin absolutely essential.) He was at her side with one step, and then he was crushing her to him, and her little white face was pressed tight against the warm roughness of his tweed shoulder. He buried his hands in the thick mass of her hair, and then he tilted her face up to kiss her. *She's so little,* he thought. He was always surprised at how little she was. (This establishes that he is of the necessary height and breadth for a proper hero.)

"Jim, darling," Carol said, "let me get my breath." (*He mustn't suspect,* she thought. *I'll tell him tomorrow.*) "And darling," she said, "you'd better hurry and wash — dinner's ready."

When they sat down to dinner, she was quite composed again. The tall glasses sparkled against the deep-blue linen table mats that she had made from that old blue linen dress, and trimmed with the oyster-white cotton fringe that made a happy design against the polished mahogany. (More housekeeping hints.) The lovely old silver that she had got from Grandmother Stanford on her wedding day gleamed softly. She kept the silver polished with

reverent care, and its soft sheen never failed to remind her of Grandmother Stanford's shining white hair that she had carried bravely, like a banner.



When Columbia's overseas correspondents broadcast an interview with a serviceman the correspondents tell the network in advance the name and home town of the soldier. CBS then tries to get in touch with his relatives. Those who hear their boys are mighty grateful.

★

Texas may possibly be the first state to support and operate a blood bank. If it is, credit an act of public service to KTBC, CBS affiliate in Austin.

One night last December a woman in an Austin hospital was losing blood so fast that her doctor had to give her transfusions in both arms at once. Between 7 and 11 p.m. he injected 16 pints. At one point her breathing stopped and he had to give her adrenalin. In the morning more blood was needed but the hospital's supply was exhausted. Her desperate husband asked KTBC to broadcast an appeal for type 2 blood.

Within the first hour 50 volunteers responded in person. During the day the number rose to 175. Six more pints were injected into the woman, plus penicillin. After 24 hours she came through her last crisis and started to get well.

From this experience the woman's husband learned two things: (1) the basic generosity of his fellow man, and (2) the active response of Austin listeners to KTBC. With the names of the 175 volunteers in his pocket he began to operate as a one-man blood bank. Doctors kept calling him up for volunteer donors. That gave him a notion.

He persuaded the State Health Department to type blood free of charge. Then he went to all the people he knew and got them to agree to have their blood typed and to add their names to the first 175. Then he arranged that people who received blood should volunteer as donors.

That took care of Austin, but the man still wasn't satisfied. So he went to a prominent state senator whom he knew and told him the whole story. The senator got excited, said "write me a brief" and promised to bring it before the legislature. That's where

the matter now stands.

KTBC's snowball is still rolling.

★

When a radio actor playing the part of a Frenchman says *O, zat ees zo vairy luffly*, a lot of people in radio who are earnestly trying to help American boys and girls get a better understanding of the peoples of other nations, suddenly go crazy. A certain amount of dialect, they admit, is necessary to identify the character as a foreigner, but too much and the wrong kind makes him and all his countrymen seem queer or ridiculous.

That's why at a recent meeting of the national board of consultants of Columbia's *American School of the Air* some pretty important educators went on record as opposing the misuse of dialects and accent in programs with foreign locales. If you're trying to teach better understanding (they say)

your treatment should at least be accurate and at best sympathetic.

Point well taken.

★

William J. Dunn, CBS' correspondent in the Far East was radio's only representative among the fifteen correspondents who were officially commended in Manila by Maj. Gen. Verne A. D. Mudge, commanding the First Cavalry Division for covering the liberation of the city. The citation said in part:

"By undertaking this hazardous mission, during which you were continually exposed to enemy fire and on several occasions actually engaged in fights with the enemy you were able to gather material for the press and radio that gave the allied public a true living picture of actual warfare in the Philippines.

"Your presence with the troops in actual combat was in itself a high morale factor that is readily recognized."

Ever since October 22 last when he waded ashore on the Leyte beach-head shoulder to shoulder with Lieutenant General Sutherland and Gen-

eral MacArthur, Dunn has been right on top of most of the action in the Philippines.

★

Under a good head, Bill Henry, CBS' Washington newsman, has a good pair of shoulders. They once did more than any other pair to introduce the Australian crawl to the U.S.

Henry spent a term studying at Sydney University in Australia. There he also learned the crawl, and came back to California and won races. Then he went to work covering sports for the *Los Angeles Times* and when that city was chosen for the 1932 Olympic Games Henry found himself in charge of the technical arrangements. He thus became America's expert and helped advise the Germans and Finns how to run their games.

This gave him keen insight into Europe's customs and behavior. He was broadcasting for CBS in London in 1939 when the British army started marching and was the first radio correspondent actually to wear a uniform and be attached to an army. Henry was assigned to the R.A.F. in France and was the first to broadcast from the front lines.

When his friend Eddie Rickenbacker was lost, Henry was in one of the planes that scoured the Pacific. Through his Olympic connections he got to know General MacArthur, one time chairman of the games. There isn't much of major importance that has happened in the world in the past 20 years that Bill Henry hasn't run into somehow. And although he speaks for only 5 minutes over CBS every night at 8:55 EWT from Monday to Friday, you come away from hearing him with that feeling.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

(Bravely, like a banner — isn't that *good*?) If only she could be as brave, if only she could have the strength that Grandmother Stanford had had.

Not that Carol Saunders hadn't been brave. She'd been brave the day that Jim had come home from the Army induction center, rejected. She had been strong then. She remembered how he had come home that day, his shoulders bent, his gray eyes smouldering with helpless rage. "It's no good," he had said, "they won't have me — that ankle —" Carol had known about his ankle — that time it had been broken, but he'd fought on to make his touchdown before he collapsed and was carried from the field. That ankle would never be right — she had known that. And she had been strong. (Naturally, there has to be a football injury.)

But this — this was different.

They finished dinner, and Jim helped her to clear away the dishes.

"Darling," she said, blinking back the tears, "I don't feel like washing the dishes tonight — let's just stack them in the sink, and I'll do them in the morning." She pushed her hair back from her forehead with the funny little gesture that Jim loved.

"Sure, honey," he said, "if you say so. It's certainly no hardship for me."

Carol laughed uncertainly. And then suddenly she knew that she had to tell him. Now.

"Come in the living room," she said. Her heart pounded painfully, and she could feel the pulse beating in the soft part of her neck. "I want to talk to you."

Jim looked puzzled, but he followed Carol into the living room. He sank down on the big soft couch covered with deep red frieze and trimmed with a looped woolen fringe of the palest gray. Carol came and sat close to him. She linked her thin fingers, and sat there a moment, looking down at her hands. *I have to tell him now*, she thought. But still she sat there, silently, twining and untwining the long, thin fingers.

Jim sat as still as death, waiting. Suddenly he leaned forward and caught both her hands in his big ones. "What is it, Carol?" he said, his deep voice vibrant with sympathy. "What is it?" he said again. "Darling," he added softly, "remember that I love you."

Carol looked up gratefully, and her wide gray eyes filled with tears.

She felt fear, like a cold hand laid across her heart.

And then suddenly she thought of Grandmother Stanford. And she knew then, deep within her, that she could be strong too. She held her little head high, and the gray eyes were shining.

"Jim," she said, "I'm going to tell you straight. "I — I —" Her voice broke, but she swallowed and went on bravely in a clear voice. (Now, I believe, if I have learned the method properly, we are at the crux of the story. It just so happens I don't have a good crux on hand at the moment, but I can think one up later. It hardly matters, for the denouement is the same in any case.)

Jim stared at her a moment, unbelief in his honest eyes, his long jaw rigid. She saw a tiny muscle quivering in his temple. The room was very still, and somewhere off in the distance they heard the plaintive cry of a train rushing through the night.

Finally Jim spoke. "Carol," he said, and his voice shook a little, "Carol — we'll be all right. We'll start over, you and I, together."

"Jim!" Carol cried. "Oh, Jim!" She started to cry, and he wrapped her in his strong arms till she was quiet again. "Oh, darling," she said then. "Darling."

Suddenly she sat up straight. "Jim," she said. "Let's wash the dishes *now*."



Spring

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

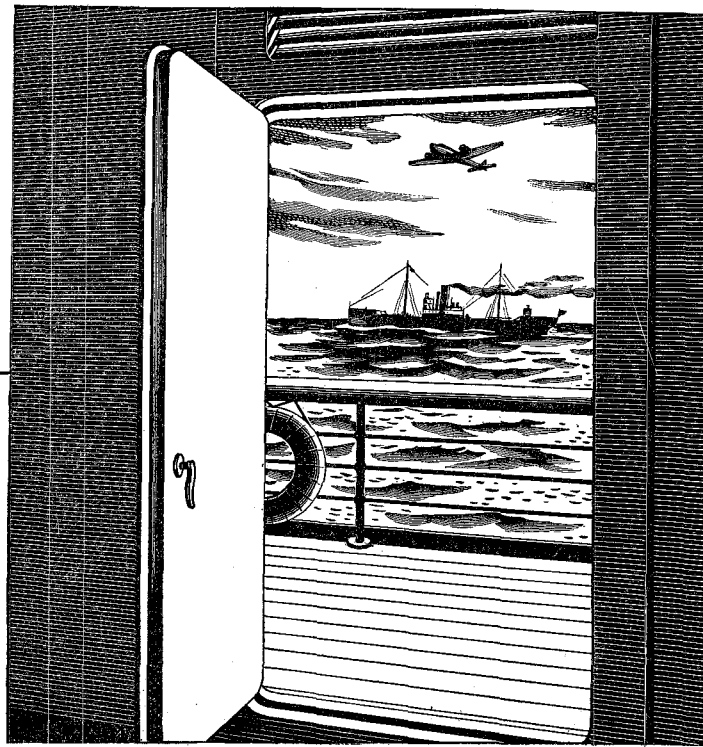
THE bird that flies to climates crisper
Over its feathers wears feathers of sound
Protecting itself in a coat of whispers
Against the silence that stones the ground.

In the long miles between song and hearer
Where the distance's bones lie disinterred
I now overhear as the wings come nearer
The whispers of God instructing the bird

And see Him put out the branch of a finger
Where the bird sits down and begins its
cheers:

The buds push out to look at the singer,
The blades of grass stand up like ears.

Oh, truly now, it is gayer and warmer,
Tomorrow's the only dark bush on the land
And full of its doubts, but God the performer
Is walking about with the bird in His hand.



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— BUY U. S. WAR BONDS —

Sheep and Goats

By A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

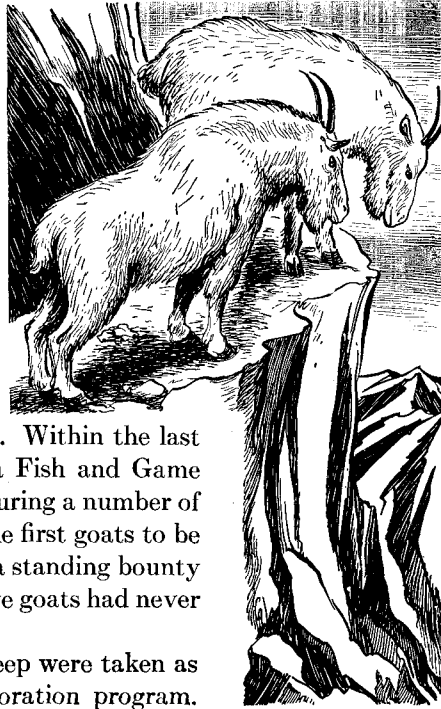
THE Rocky Mountain goat is rarely seen on its native range except by big-game hunters. This is not because the goat is wary, for it is in fact a foolishly curious and incautious beast, but because it lives high on the peaks of the Rockies, where only the most ardent sportsman will climb: it customarily leaves its mountains only as an inanimate trophy. Within the last few years, however, the Montana Fish and Game Department has succeeded in capturing a number of goats alive. These are probably the first goats to be trapped in this way. At any rate, a standing bounty of twenty-five dollars a head for live goats had never previously been claimed.

The goats and some bighorn sheep were taken as part of Montana's big-game restoration program. Montana authorities fear that these once abundant animals will be exterminated unless they are protected; for by 1940, hunters had reduced the state's goat population to a mere 5231 head, and of the innumerable bighorn observed by early travelers, only 1304 remained. In the following year, the Montana Fish and Game Department, with assistance provided through the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act, embarked on a plan of transplantation from regions in which the animals are still numerous to others in which they are languishing or already nonexistent.

The first step in this novel program was to catch the sheep and the goats. Robert F. Cooney, director of the Wildlife Restoration Division of the Fish and Game Department, and Ray C. Gibler, a seasoned mountain man and professional guide who was then field man for the department, had no tried technique to use in trapping the animals. But their ingenuity proved enough.

The first goats were trapped about fifty miles south of Glacier National Park, high on the divide between the north and south forks of Deep Creek, where a band of about one hundred animals was known to range. Cooney and Gibler built a pen on the ridge, eleven feet high, twenty feet wide, and thirty-six feet long, constructing it of heavy, unclimbable wire reinforced with posts and poles. They swung a drop gate at either end.

The question of bait was no problem, for Cooney



and Gibler knew how the Rocky Mountain herbivorous animals wear paths to mineral licks. They put salt inside the pen — fifty pounds of block salt broken into fragments. Then, leaving both gates open, on the assumption that visitors would be less wary in entering if they saw a means of exit, the men went back to town.

After a week they returned, to find eight goats actually inside the pen. The remainder of a band of about thirty-one were in the neighborhood.

The men closed the back gate of the pen and ran a trip wire from the front gate to a point three hundred yards away.

After another week Cooney and Gibler came back again. They were disappointed to find the pen empty, but they settled down in their hiding place to wait. As the chill afternoon crawled along, two goats appeared and browsed interminably about the trap. At last they went in, and were soon followed by a nanny and her last year's kid. Cooney jerked the wire.

The men watched intently, wondering whether the goats would try to jump the fence or climb the wire, or whether they would rush the sides.

When the gate banged shut, the startled animals huddled together. Then they began to run. But they didn't hit the sides of the pen and they didn't try to climb the fence or leap it. They just dashed about.

With their catch secure, the men debated procedure. In the absence of experience, original or secondhand, they did not know what to expect from a caged goat. They did know that goats' horns are almost needle-pointed. Finally Gibler, an old hand with a lariat, climbed the fence, perched on the top, and roped the animals from there.

The goats were defiant but didn't charge; and with later catches Gibler went inside the pen and roped from the ground. The goats struggled fiercely until they were thrown, but once prostrate they gave up and lay limp and apparently philosophical. The hunters learned, however, to beware of swift and unexpected flirts of the goats' heads, which could drive a horn deep into flesh.

At one town where the transfer truck and its load of crated goats stopped on the way to the planting grounds, a deputy game warden, scornful of warnings, tried to put his hand on the head of a yearling

A. B. GUTHRIE, JR., left his native Montana to become city editor of the *Lexington Leader*, Lexington, Kentucky. Now on leave from his paper, he is completing a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard University.



billy. He got a spike horn through his palm.

When weather and trails permitted, the animals were trucked from trapping place to planting ground. At other times they were taken out on pack horses, in crates especially constructed. On their new range the goats followed an identical and comic course. For a long moment after each animal had been taken from its crate, thrown, and re-

lieved of restraining ropes, it would lie possum-like, then warily lift its head to appraise the situation, then abruptly scramble up and lumber off.

Mountain sheep were caught in the same manner. Unlike the goats, they showed no signs of fight, but only a wild, pathetic terror. When they couldn't be put directly into the pickup truck the sheep were travoised out by horse in the Indian fashion — that is, the animals were lashed to two parallel poles, the top ends of which were fitted at the sides of the horse like shafts, while the bottom ends trailed on the ground. This procedure was necessary because no crate small enough for a pack horse was big enough for a male sheep with its tremendous roll of horn. A ram's head sometimes weighs as much as forty pounds, and the horns may measure nineteen inches around at the base.

Partly because of these spectacular ornaments, the bighorn have waged a losing battle for survival. Big-game hunters slaughtered thousands of them, and when the sheep retreated to higher grazing grounds, disease and the inbreeding resulting from sequestration continued the process. The bighorn is regarded as the greatest big-game problem in the country, for, despite the anxious efforts of conservationists, the sheep herds barely manage to hold their own. There is one exception to this condition, the Tarryall band of bighorn in Colorado, which, after reaching the vanishing point of seven animals in 1923, somehow accomplished an about-face and now numbers more than four hundred head.

Montana officials decided to combat inbreeding among the bighorn by catching and transferring rams from band to band. For example, two rams from the Sun River drainage were trapped and moved to Gallatin Canyon, and one trapped in the Gallatin was trucked to Sun River.

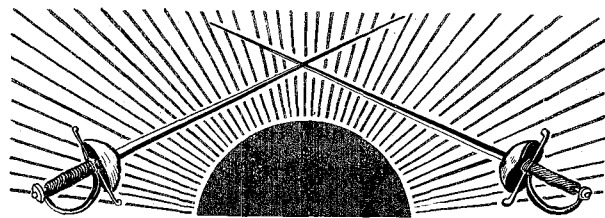
In an attempt to establish a new band of bighorn,

fourteen sheep were moved from Sun River to the Gates of the Mountains, an area near Helena named by Lewis and Clark. The bighorn had presumably died out entirely there, the last report of a once big band having been made during the severe winter of 1919-1920.

It is too early, of course, to pass judgment on all the aspects of Montana's wildlife transplantings, but officials are hopeful that the number of mountain sheep and goats really will increase. During the short time that the project was in operation before war curtailed the work, thirty-eight goats and seventeen sheep had been caught and moved from one part of the state to another. Officials of the Wildlife Restoration Division know that in 1943 there were thirty-three goats, including eight kids, in the Crazy Mountains, where twenty-two were planted in 1941 and 1942, and that the bighorn in the Gates of the Mountains are maintaining themselves, at the very least. Montana officials are already making plans for post-war multiplication of the sheep and the goats.

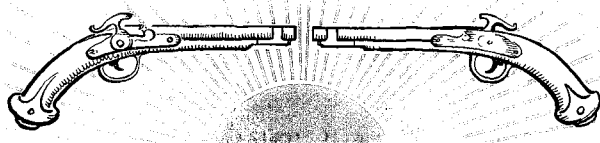
For a Revival of Dueling

By DAVID L. COHN



WHEN Huey Long was riding roughshod over the state of Louisiana, vilifying, slandering, black-mailing, and spreading lies about men from the platform and in his hired press, he used to tell his henchmen: "Nothing is lost except honor." On one occasion, however, he changed his tune when he feared that something else might be lost — something that counted. Just before he arrived to make a speech in a Louisiana town, the publisher of the local newspaper inserted a notice warning Long that if he so much as mentioned his name he would kill him. Long kept his mouth shut, and it was forever closed a few months later when a young man, goaded beyond endurance by the Senator's vilifications of his family, killed him and was killed by the politician's bodyguard.

Our fire-eating contributor DAVID L. COHN believes that the judicious use of forty-fives would go far to improve our public manners. Congressmen wishing to legislate to that end are invited to get in touch with him.



These are some of the things that may happen in a country when the law of libel and slander is inoperative or ineffective; when dueling is illegal and men, honorable but helpless, have to take the law into their own hands.

It is not alone in Louisiana that honor seems to have been lost. Consider some of our syndicated columnists. Their eyes glued to the keyholes of the nation, they think nothing at all of telling us that so-and-so is about to divorce his wife and marry a cutie; that such and such a woman will soon elope with her chauffeur or will have a baby next Thursday afternoon. With the subtlety of a switch engine, they hint that so-and-so is a seducer, a grafter, a homosexual, a drunkard, a smoker of marijuana, a wife-beater, or anything else that may pop into their minds. In these amiable and profitable labors they are assisted by a group of maggots and botflies in human form who for various motives supply journalists of the abdominal school with what the trade calls "the dirt" — as rich pay dirt, if more polluted, as was ever found in the Klondike. And the public — that is, you and I — lap up the filth with almost lascivious delight and call for more.

Similarly, there are newspapers whose editors use their columns for motives of personal revenge, libeling people they hate, making monstrous accusations against them, exposing them to the contempt of the community, sometimes wrecking their private lives or driving them into political obscurity. Congressmen, arising on a point of personal privilege, consume the time of the country denying the slanders and gossip of columnists, or, taking advantage of their immunity from slander suits for anything said by them in Congress, indulge in the luxury of slandering others.

The delicate art of "smearing" has become a large industry working full time. Its products are in great demand, no personal risks are involved, no capital investment is required. Soon correspondence schools will arise to teach the art: "You Too Can Learn to Smear in Your Spare Time." All over the land we hear the anguished cries of Mr. X that he is being smeared by Mr. Y, while, by a logical process, slander breeding slander, we have reached the point where we now have what is elegantly termed the radio "smear-cast."

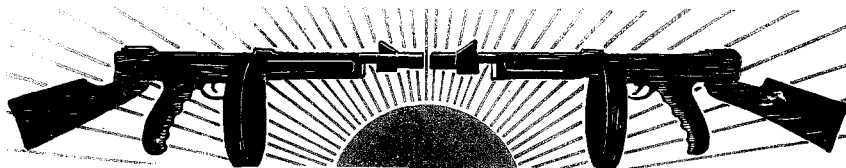
One of the privileges of being a democrat is that if you are talked about, you can talk back.

But this happy condition no longer prevails. How can you talk back to a powerful newspaper or a radio network? Editors (and this is a sharp break with the past) no longer have to smile when they say that word. Once upon a time in the United States, editing was a hazardous profession and many editors died of the occupational disease which the boys jocularly called "lead poisoning." But now that civilization has struck its fangs into our jugular vein, we do not shoot editors if we think they have libeled us. We no longer regard that sort of thing as cricket — and besides, it is dangerous. In most parts of the country there is a closed season on editors and you will be jailed for shooting one. Only certain sections of the West and South still look upon the editor as less sacrosanct than the ivory-billed woodpecker.

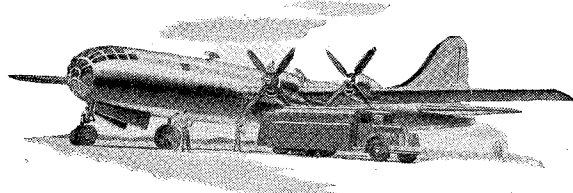
The remedy for the libeled man, we say, is at law. But if a man resorts to law, what are his chances of getting a verdict that will still lying tongues? They are small. The average man who would sue a powerful publication or radio network is not likely to do more than think about it, because he cannot afford to sue. He may be kept in the courts for months or for years and be financially ruined in the process. We are, moreover, lenient toward libelers because the case against them is difficult to prove — usually because they are conscious of the law and proceed by insinuation and innuendo, so that, while their meaning is clear to the reader or listener, it is not evidentially libelous or slanderous.

The ordinary man is, then, helpless in the face of the libeler; and if he proceeds by the old-fashioned and altogether salutary manner of knocking the daylights out of him (provided he can get by his bodyguard), the law, which does not protect him against character assassination, will jail him for assault and battery committed upon the person of the assassin.

We may note, by contrast, that the case is otherwise in Great Britain. The humorless Britons do not think it is funny to ruin a man's or a woman's reputation, or to permit journalists to bring down the contempt of the community upon the heads of others. They therefore savagely apply the law of libel and slander, with the consequence that tongues wag and hands write far less loosely in Britain than they do here. These stuffy people, tradition-ridden, still cling to the quaint concept that to besmirch a man's name is almost equivalent to taking his life.



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How, then, are we to protect men against slanderers, libelers, syndicated gossips, and the whole clan of sewer gentry who not only operate without hindrance in the United States but who make a profession of besmirching others and grow rich and notorious in the process? If a man cannot defend himself at law, how is he to defend himself?

The remedy is simple and clear-cut: revive the practice of dueling.

Dueling had its virtues as well as its vices, but like other institutions — such as free-handed banking and the free-lunch saloon — it was abused. Trigger-quick men, itching for a sport which made wing shooting pale by comparison, went about the country seeking to have their honor offended and, succeeding in doing so without much difficulty, kept themselves amused at the expense of the other fellow's life or limb.

This was especially true of cock-of-the-walk young officers of the United States Navy. If they were not properly addressed at breakfast in the wardroom, they felt their honor had been impugned, and they promptly issued challenges. Duels were fought at the next port of call, and sometimes the ship would return to this country in charge of a junior officer, all the others having found graves in Kingston or Leghorn. This practice went on for years until the Navy, having at long last decided that it was not bringing up its officers to be duelists, wetted down the ardor of the young men with threats of court-martial for dueling.

Nonetheless the fact is that nowadays the law does not adequately protect assailants of men's honor and reputation and thus they are put in the intolerable position of being besmirched without recourse or of taking the horsewhip into their own hands and going to jail. This concept is not only repugnant to all our instincts of fair play and decency but is all the stranger in a country which permits outraged fans to throw pop bottles at that robber, the umpire.

The remedy, then, is to revive dueling and put such safeguards around it as to prevent it from becoming the plaything of expert pistol shots in search of stronger diversion than softball games. Certainly no man should have the right to make an outright deal for a duel with another man. He must first present his case to a Court of Honor composed, say, of ten volunteer men and women of the community who are both levelheaded and persons of integrity. If they hold against him, he must retire and peacefully lick his wounds or hire a lawyer to present his grievances in court. But if they hold

that he has been injured, he should then be permitted to challenge the offender by public notice in the local newspaper so that the community will be aware of it and become a party to it.

As for a choice of weapons, it must be remembered that we are a pragmatic people ("results count") who, moreover, regard a man as effeminate if he uses eau de cologne. It follows, therefore, that we are not to be satisfied in such a case by a meeting under the oaks, pistols fired in the air, kissings on both cheeks, and elaborate reconciliations among the offended parties. This may satisfy Latins — and if it does, it is the right system for them although it is obviously not the one for us. One must also bear in mind that we are not only a pragmatic but we are also an evangelical people who sulk in frustration if we cannot draw a moral. Consequently the weapons to be used in dueling should be of a kind that will produce results and point a moral.

Under these circumstances it is conceivable that there might not be many duels, because the gentlemen who permit their typewriters and tongues to clatter at random are wedded to the axiom that there is no sweeter fat than sticks to their own bones. Every man would then become the policeman of his own words, and we should come into an era of writing and talking which would exalt the beauties of restraint, the sweet uses of understatement, and the austerities of accuracy.

"... The Good News from Gand to Aachen"

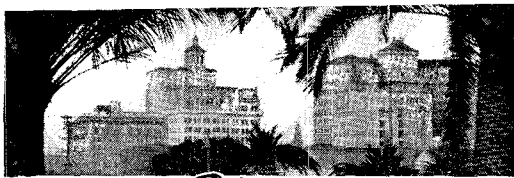
By LT. THOMAS J. HAMILTON

AN isolationist, as I understand it, is a superpatriot who neither likes nor understands any nation except our own. Mr. Ickes, for all his boasted interest in foreign affairs, is exactly that; he has forced upon us such outlandish spellings of the cities and rivers of Europe that we cannot even understand where the Allied armies are fighting. And certainly we will withdraw from such an incomprehensible continent as soon as the fighting is over.

It is because of a *Diktat* from Mr. Ickes's Interior

Former Madrid and roving Latin American correspondent for the *New York Times*, THOMAS J. HAMILTON is serving as a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve.





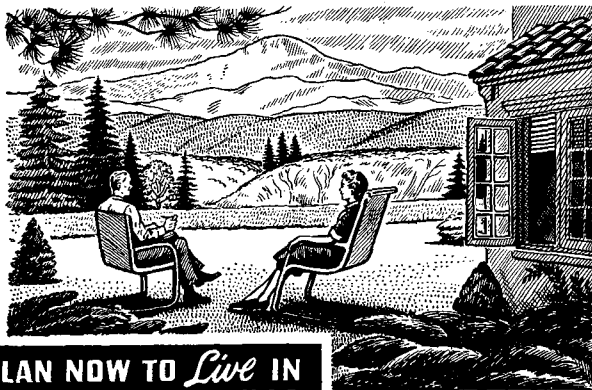
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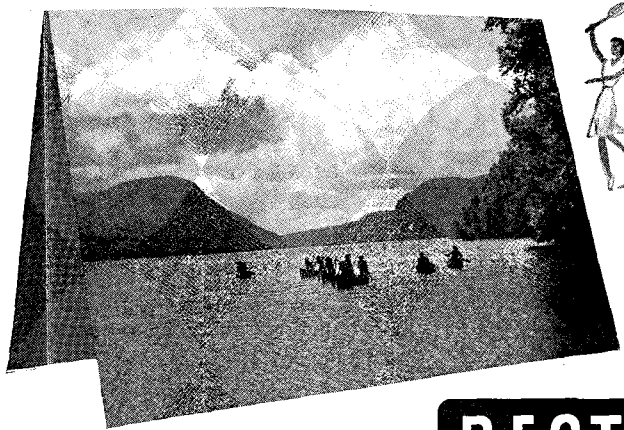
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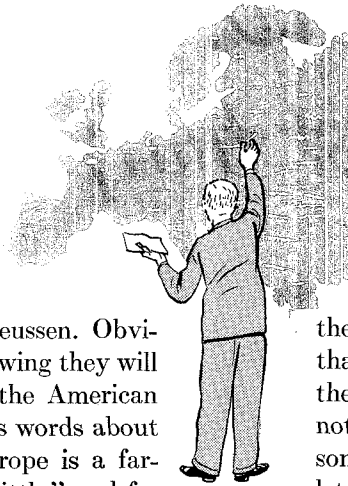
Department — itself a significant clue to his intentions — that war correspondents keep writing about such strange streams as the Maas, such unheard-of cities as Lwów, 's Hertogenbosch, and Peiraieus. Soon the papers will start telling us about claims and counterclaims for territory, and unless something is done, Americans will be puzzling out such incredible places as Cieszyn and Ostpreussen. Obviously they will not know, and not knowing they will lose interest; a large proportion of the American people will borrow Mr. Chamberlain's words about Czechoslovakia, and decide that Europe is a far-away continent "of which we know little" and for which we will do nothing.

For who, besides Mr. Ickes and a few cartographers, knows that the Maas is really the river which we knew from our grammar school days as the Meuse? That 's Hertogenbosch is merely Bois-le-Duc, and Lwów is Lemberg, Peiraieus is Piraeus, Cieszyn is Teschen, Ostpreussen is East Prussia? I do not say that our hearts would bleed automatically for Europe if we could understand these names in the day's news, but certainly such an understanding is a prerequisite.

Mr. Ickes's instrument masquerades under the innocuous title of the United States Geographic Board. It was set up back in 1890 by a stalwart Republican, Benjamin Harrison, and confirmed in its powers by the no less stalwart Herbert Hoover. The board's function, as redefined by Mr. Hoover, was merely to decide the correct spelling of places in the United States so that Presidential proclamations would not offend local patriots. It was an agency of the Interior Department of the United States, and again and again it left the Meuse and the people of Bois-le-Duc alone.

Mr. Ickes, however, had other plans — his years in Chicago should not be forgotten — and in 1933, in the guise of a Sixth Report which was supposed merely to digest the work it had been doing on *American* names, the board set out to render all *foreign* names unpronounceable and unspellable.

It is worth noting that Mr. Ickes's men are perfectly aware of what they are doing. In an explanation of their departure from the American Way, they admitted that it is impossible to transcribe words from Slavic or Oriental languages into Roman characters with any sort of accuracy. They conceded that even in the case of French, German, and Italian place names certain "conventional" forms have long since been adopted which are much better known than those actually used by the natives. As an example, they remarked that the



capital of Austria (this was in 1933, remember, and they would now undoubtedly select the Nazi name of Ostmark for that country) is called Wien by the inhabitants, though it is known throughout the English-speaking world as Vienna.

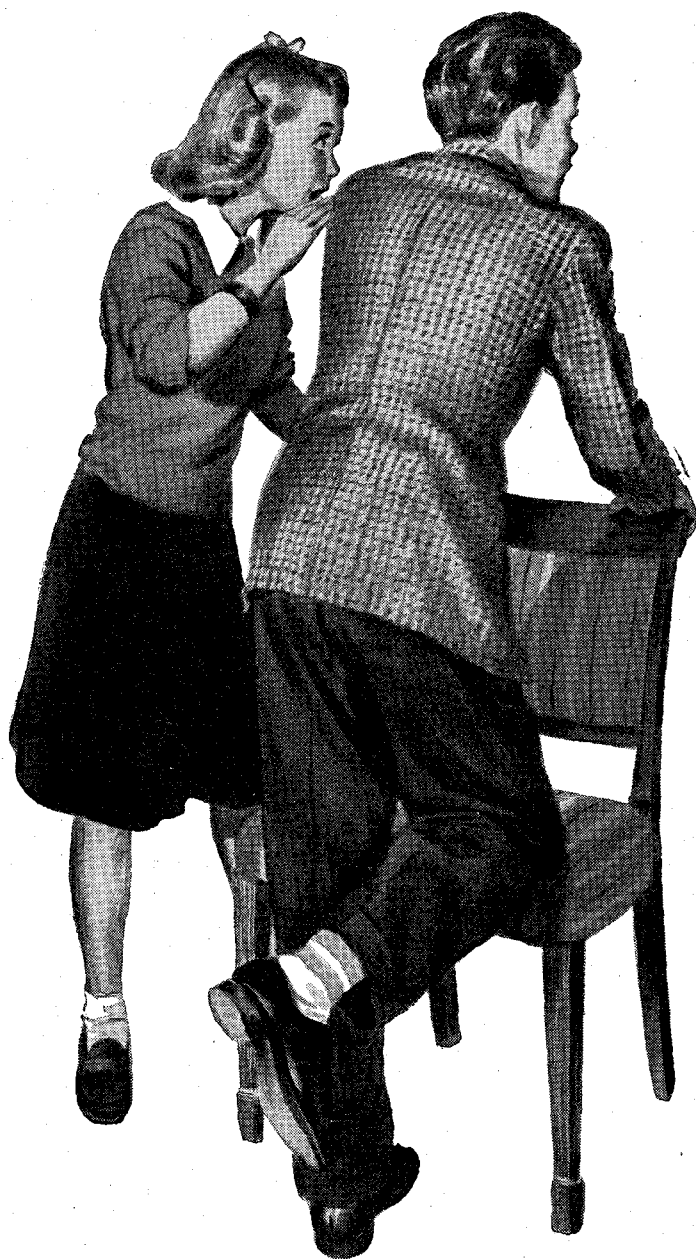
With such an obvious example to guide them, it might have been expected that the board would follow the sensible rule of accepting the name that is familiar to Americans, rather than the preference of the local citizens. It did not do so, the pretext being that, after all, some American might want to write a letter to Vienna, and if so it would be delivered quicker with Wien on the envelope. From this it went on to decide in favor of the local name for all foreign towns, cities, rivers, mountains. Only in the case of entire countries was it permissible to use the English version — for example, Germany instead of Deutschland. As a permissible alternative spelling it authorized Vienna, for example. But always the experts of the Interior Department said the local spelling was much the best.

The Sixth Report therefore gives some strange and wonderful renderings of names that once were familiar to every American. For Munich, see München; for Aix-la-Chapelle, see Aachen; for Rheims, see Reims; for Naples, see Napoli; for Prague, see Praha; for Warsaw, see Warszawa; for Moscow, see Moskva. Always the accents must be supplied, though we have no accents in English, so it is Zürich and Genève, not Zurich and Geneva. Always the extra letter, making it reasonably possible for the American tongue to make something of a strange name, is suppressed. No vagary of local nomenclature is too small to be ignored, and woe to the obstinate bureaucrat who tries to write Mexico City when the board, at least, knows that the Mexicans for some reason prefer to write it México, D.F.

When the board reached the Pacific it became even more exacting. Thus, although the few Americans who had heard of the principal Dutch (sorry, I mean Netherlands) naval base in Java knew it as Surabaya, the board must make it Soerabaja. It would be too easy to identify the northernmost chain of Japanese islands as the Kuriles, and so the board, as a friendly gesture to the Mikado, makes them to be the Chishima Islands. The Sunda Islands also are too familiar, so they become the Soendas.

The experts also are severe with anyone who is behind on his Chinese and doesn't know that *kiang* and *ho* both mean river. Therefore you must never

"Oh, she's OLD!
Almost thirty!"



At twenty, thirty seems ancient.

At thirty, forty is distant middle age.

At forty, well, it'll be a long time before you're fifty.

The point is that ten years *ahead* always seems like a long time. Yet, actually it passes "before you know it" . . . and you find yourself face to face with problems, opportunities, needs, that once seemed very far in the future.

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Terveia
Lithuania
Latvija
Japona
Korea
Indo-Neerlandia
Yaroslawa
Irano
Anglo-Saksonia
Amerika
Druidia
Vindobona

A cartoon illustration of a man with glasses and a mustache, wearing a dark suit, sitting and reading two large books. The books are titled "WORLD GAZETTEER AND ATLAS 1910". One book is open to a page showing a globe, while the other is open to a page with text. The background is filled with a dense, overlapping pattern of country names from various languages, such as Shqipëria, Bulgariya, Mysir, Eesti, Suomi, Hellas, Magyarország, Island, Letonya, Nagybel Ágria, Norvege, Polska, España, Sverige, Terveia, Lithuania, Latvija, Japona, Korea, Indo-Neerlandia, Yaroslawa, Irano, Anglo-Saksonia, Amerika, Druidia, Vindobona, and others.



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

SHE was slender, dark, and animated, and with her wedding ring and wings clearly a flyer's wife. The lounge car was crowded, and as we sat smoking side by side, the talk came eagerly, as it does in these uninhibited days when so many of us show our hearts on our sleeves. "He is in the Marine First Wing," she said in reply to my question. "A fighter pilot. He went out in June as a replacement. But in his last letter he warned me not to expect to hear from him for a long time. That was two months and a half ago." I watched her mouth as she said it. That is a long silence.

"Our home is in Oregon, but I have been living here in Cleveland, doing Home Service for the Red Cross. We help the wives and check up on the returned veterans. Some of the boys come down to your office and just sit and talk — about their allotments, about their girls or their outfits. Some are back on Compassionate Leave. Seems they can confide in a stranger more than they can at home. One fellow's girl had married while he was away in the South Pacific.

He just sat there and cried and cried. You don't realize it, but as you listen to other people's troubles day after day, your own begin to knot up inside you. So I asked for a week's leave to visit my sister

— and to get away from watching and listening and waiting for that mailman when there isn't any mail. But this Red Cross work has brought me closer to him. However he comes back, I feel now I can help him."

Later we went into the diner, where we were joined by a psychologist in uniform, on his way to one of the new Separation Centers. He was full of praise for the work that is being done in the reconditioning of Army aviators. "The treatments they are carrying out at a place like Pawling should set an example for the entire Army," he said. "Of course the Air Corps are ahead of the Ground Forces. Many of their nervous cases and wounded have had to be dealt with earlier, and then, being a younger service, they have been able to move with greater freedom. One thing I believe," he said, turning to the pilot's wife, "is that by no means all of the mental breakdowns can be traced to combat experience. Many of them are caused by worry added to battle fatigue. The worst thing that can happen to a boy under strain is to hear of troubles at home which he can't do anything about. The home front has got to learn not to pass along its gripes." I thought to myself I'd like to give a course in letter-writing for service wives and mothers.

But as I rode circuit through the Middle West, my respect grew for the women at home. Most of them are living two lives: the one, the small busyness of household or office which burns up the sur-

face energy; the other, that self-dedication to the national front and to the men who are fighting.

I remember one spectacular blonde whose dark eyes, low voice, and air of authority mystified me

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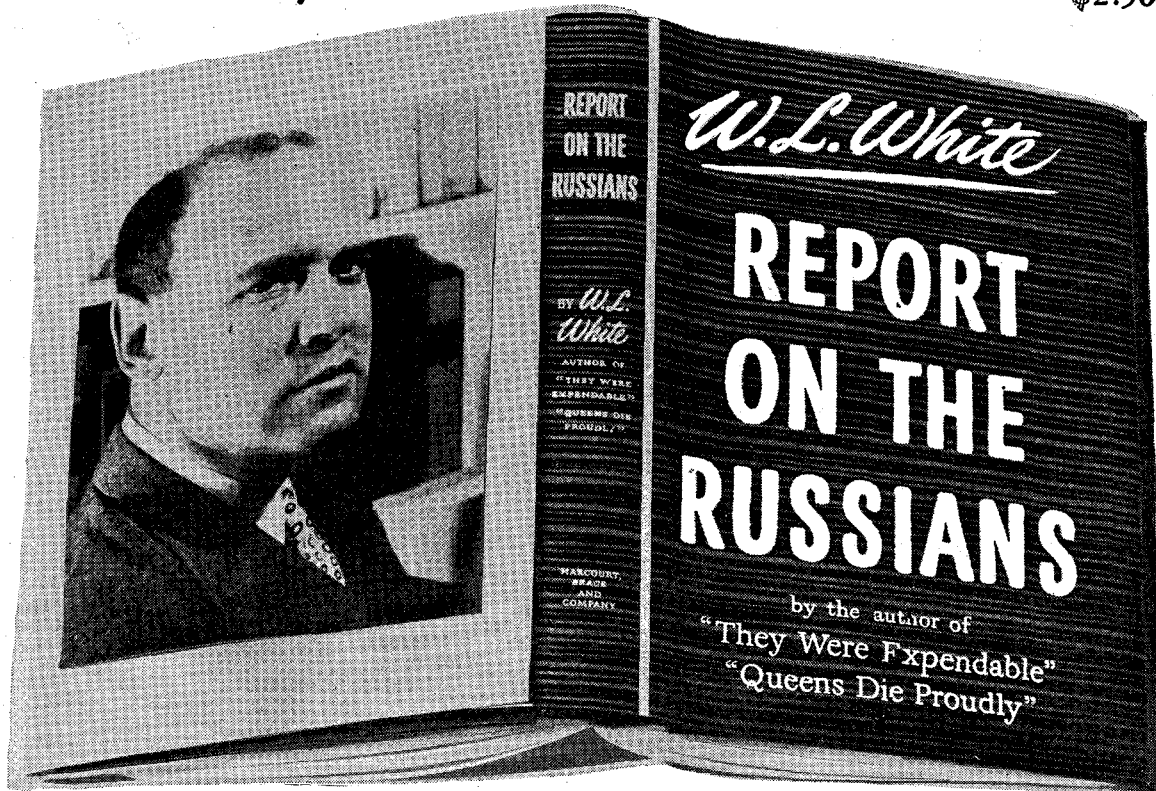
WRITTEN IN SAND · BY JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE
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TWO MYSTERY NOVELS · BY ELLIOT PAUL
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HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York 17

W.L. White, superb reporter that he is, has made the most of the drama, the conflict—and the humor—of his momentous trip through Russia with Eric Johnston. Here is the unvarnished story of the Russians on their farms, in their factories, and on the battlefronts—an exciting report on the most important country in the world for Americans to know about today.

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YOUNG BESS

By Margaret Irwin

The hearty, lavish
story of Elizabeth
before she was
England's Queen.

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until she explained that she was the nurse in charge of the Operation Room in one of our great metropolitan hospitals. She had been back to the family farm for her first vacation in a year. "Stopped at the city on my way home," she said, "but I couldn't get any real rest there. Every time I heard the fire siren or the police car, I was wide-awake, ready to dress for the emergency call." On the farm at last, she found the deep sleep — and the answer, I suspect, to the problem which had been worrying her: where would she be of greatest use — overseas as part of an operating unit, or here at home, supervising the student nurses and helping to hold together the hard-driven staff.

In my lectures I spoke rather frankly about the inevitable casualties in the war marriages. In this protracted struggle the heart lines are being tangled or broken as they seldom were in 1917-1918. "You just give me ten minutes with my Johnnie," said one young bride whose husband was in Task Force 58, "and I'll know if there's anything wrong between us."

A woman defiant

The Ballad and the Source, by Rosamond Lehmann, is the story of an impulsive Victorian beauty who broke all the rules of her generation and who, by the early 1900's, when the novel opens, has come down to us as a white-haired but still dominant grandmother, a woman both fascinating and sinister to her grandchildren and their friends.

We see Sybil Jardine (to give her the name of her last husband) through adolescent eyes: the secret details of her scandal and ostracism are pieced together by a schoolgirl, Rebecca, partly from the talk of an old servant, partly from the disapproval of the elders, partly from the rebelliousness of the grandchildren now in Mrs. Jardine's care. For this is the fall and rise of Mrs. Jardine or, as the title suggests, the song and the reality behind it. Sybil, once so young, so lovely, so selfish, so theatrical — and so wronged! — who was once an outcast, has come back to respectability. She has her tabby-cat husband, her country house and gardens; she has her past; and, defiantly, she still has her charm. "Experience has signed her face with a secret, a promise whose meaning people still would watch, still desire to explore and to possess." Thus she exerts her spell, even unto the third generation.

The Ballad and the Source is a detective story of morals. The reader is asked to join in the pursuit of beautiful Sybil's reputation. The search leads us back into England's Indian summer, to the spaciousness and snobbery of Edward's realm. The clues the children pick up, their parents' gossip, and the backstairs talk point the way into a feminine maze

of loyalty and vanity and feline power. I feel that Miss Lehmann has scored her greatest success in the character of Sybil, who certainly through the first half of the novel is both mystifying and attractive. Her career as it is exposed to us by inference and tattle-tale is a melodramatic one, and it is just as well for the verisimilitude that the more lurid scenes all take place off stage. But this method of tale-bearing, which is so skillfully conveyed by Tilly the little maid, becomes noticeably artificial as it is prolonged into the third generation. For none of the youngsters — neither Malcolm who goes to war, nor Maisie the rebel, nor Rebecca the narrator — has enough individuality to prop up our interest when Mrs. Jardine begins to fade. By this time we have picked her reputation clean, and it really doesn't seem to matter very much.

A woman preoccupied

I can imagine that a number of people will have their teeth set on edge by Gertrude Stein's recollections, *Wars I Have Seen* — just as I can imagine that others will enjoy the exercise of running through her sketchily punctuated but more lucid than usual sentences for the curiosity and amusement of seeing where her thoughts arrive. The ends of Miss Stein's sentences are important, and the ends of her paragraphs even more so, for if she has a contradiction or a joke or a reflection to exploit, there it will be. The topic sentence which the *Reader's Digest* so carefully superposes upon its contributors has no attraction for Miss Stein. It is the tail of the prose that wags her dog.

The irritables will find plenty to fume at. In her first person singular Miss Stein is as discursive as she is egocentric. Her chronicle meanders rather like Salvador Dali on a bicycle; yet it is always clear in its focus, for in the meandering the world is seen to be revolving around Gertrude Stein: she is the perpetual center because, as she charmingly puts it on page one, she was petted and privileged as the youngest of an indulgent family — "that is the way I was and that is the way I still am and anyone who is like that necessarily liked it. I did and do." In a world which has reduced so many egos to the size of a small potato, this is momentarily hard to take.

Miss Stein and her companion, Alice B. Toklas, were living on their farm in Bilignin in the Rhone valley when the Germans smashed through the French armies of 1940. Their first impulse was to join the slow serpentine of refugees, but prudence prevailed and they turned back to share with the villagers and country people of Haute-Savoie the duress of German occupation. One gathers that the two Americans were little molested by the Germans. They were free to come and go. Food and coal

The Journal of Mary Hervey Russell



By Storm Jameson

Storm Jameson's many staunch admirers will read this *Journal* with particular interest, because it reveals so much of her essential mind and spirit, responding to life in Europe, the coming of war, and war itself. "Subtle, intimate, thought provoking."—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$2.50

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By George Francis Marlowe

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Edited by
H. K. Tong

Seven authors who know China at first hand tell how the Chinese people look, think, and fight today. They picture concretely the economic, social and cultural conditions of the China behind the headlines. \$2.00

America's Far Eastern Policy

By
T. A. Bisson

"A clear, succinct and unerring account of the events that led to Pearl Harbor... Its value in clarifying the issues at stake in the Pacific war can hardly be overstated." — *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$3.00

The
MACMILLAN
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became their daily concern, but they had the esteem of the country folk, who foraged for them; and in the long run they and Basket, their poodle, seem to have made out fairly well. Miss Stein, rheumatism or no rheumatism, would walk the fourteen kilometers to the next village and come back with "some very good cake, and cake is a comfort, cake is certainly a comfort."

Prisoners tell us that writing and play-acting are the two sanest preoccupations for those in captivity, and Miss Stein took refuge in both. She began these recollections in 1940, keeping them "in manuscript as my handwriting is so bad it was not likely that any German would be able to read it." These pages, particularly the first two thirds of them, were written in a national climate very different from what we know today. Petty details here will be infuriating to our champions of democracy. The tepidness of some of the French, which Miss Stein observes without disapproval, her justification of Pétain, her preoccupation with Basket, and her asides, as when she likens the Americans going off to the Spanish-American War with the French youth going into German labor camps — these are just a few of the irritants I mean.

But this is only half — and, to those who admire her work, the superficial half. However detached she may have been at the outset, there is no doubt that Miss Stein kept in key with the French villagers. Their changing temper, their daily anxiety, the resentment growing into calculated resistance, the pride and relief as the Russian armies advanced, the distrust of the English so skillfully enlarged by the Germans, the wild, uncertain hopes as the Americans landed, the final "rabbit drive" of the maquis — all this is the record of France within, which she has set down with fidelity. The solace which she found in Shakespeare, the nostalgia with which her thoughts turn back to this country or to France before the war, her passionate interest in our fight back across the Pacific, are evidences of a true and likable spirit.

Ballet of life and death

Against the waning interest in war books, please enter this exception: *Carrier War: Task Force 58* by Lieutenant Oliver Jensen, USNR. It is the authorized biography of the fighters and the dive and torpedo bombers on a carrier of the Essex class; it is the vivid story of the most vivid ships the war has produced. "To see a carrier in action in the sunlight of the Pacific," wrote a friend of mine, "is to see the most magnificent ballet man ever created." A ballet of life and death.

This book is printed in that paperbound magazine format which Simon & Schuster have made

peculiarly their own. The air photographs, many of them in color, and the maps show by what arrow-head assaults we have retaken the Pacific. They suggest the black hazard of the take-off before dawn, the fiery violence of our bombing, the gaunt, burned faces of the airmen rescued after eleven days at sea. These pages are alive with the grinning appearance of those who have made their last strike and with the echoes of their talk over the intercom or at mess. Lieutenant Jensen's prose makes this the personal book it is. He writes as the Navy talks: the ease, the banter, the scuttlebutt and technicalities, the pride of ship, and the affection for the Skipper are threaded together to give the fabric of carrier life.

The ghost in the closet

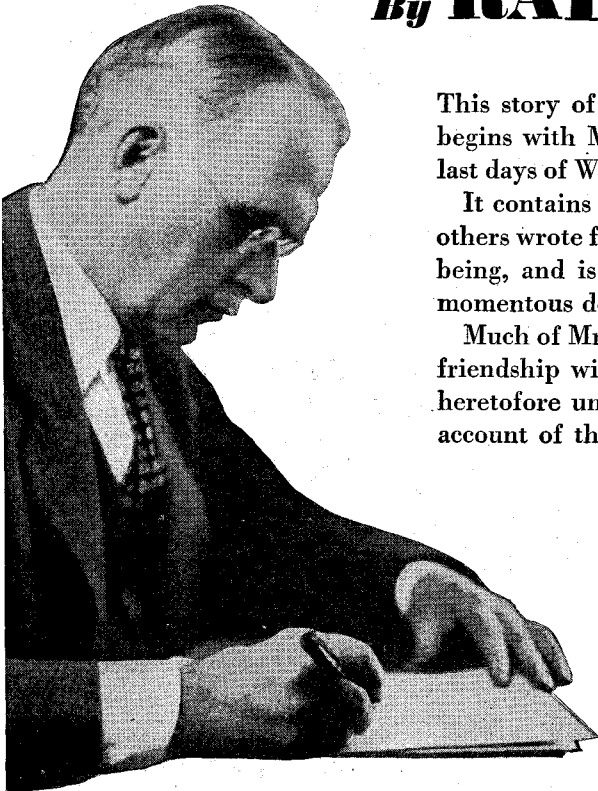
They tell the story of an American who was being shown the new Moscow subway. His Russian host pointed with pride to the broad entrance, the corridors and platforms of marble, the decorative murals, as they walked the length of the station. There was a pause. "But where are the trains?" asked the American. "Have I said anything about the race problem in America?" protested the Russian.

The ability to laugh at each other would help to relieve the hypersensitiveness which now exists between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. We have sent some of our ablest observers to Russia today — men like Leigh White, Henry Cassidy, John Hersey, and W. L. White. But when they are ready to sum up their findings, I wish they would conscientiously avoid this new American habit — the habit of judging other people by the standards of sanitation and efficiency which we have made our own. For it seems to me that in our attitude toward the Soviet we are in danger of assuming the same condescension, the same sharp-tongued dissatisfaction, which we have so bitterly resented in the British who visited us this century past.

W. L. White's *Report on the Russians* was by necessity written on the run. He flew to Russia with Eric Johnston in June of 1944, and during the six weeks of their visit he worked indefatigably to size up the "whole Soviet show." He looked at it through his own eyes and those of the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and he made his judgments as an American journalist jealous of any censorship of speech or print or picture. It irked him to see the allusions to the American Communist Party deleted from the published version of Mr. Johnston's speech; it infuriated him to hear how the American correspondents were restricted, and to see how partial a version of American life was available to the Russians in books or films.

American Chronicle

By **RAY STANNARD BAKER**
(**DAVID GRAYSON**)



This story of the eventful life of a famous American journalist and author begins with Mr. Baker's account of "Coxey's Army" and concludes with the last days of Woodrow Wilson and the "era of confusion" that followed.

It contains the story of the famous "exposure articles" that Mr. Baker and others wrote for *McClure's Magazine*, describes how "David Grayson" came into being, and is filled with vivid portraits of the leading men and women of momentous decades in our national history.

Much of Mr. Baker's autobiography deals with his long association and close friendship with Woodrow Wilson, about whom there appears much material heretofore unpublished. In these days of "Big Three" meetings Mr. Baker's account of the Versailles Peace Conference, with its intimate, revealing and sharply drawn pictures of Clemenceau, Lloyd George and other statesmen has special interest, as do the events in Washington that followed the conference.

In "American Chronicle" Mr. Baker has written about the things that have gone deepest into his life and that meant most to him. His book, not only for its many eventful scenes, but because of the personality of the man who tells this engrossing story, may well be listed with the truly great American autobiographies. \$3.50

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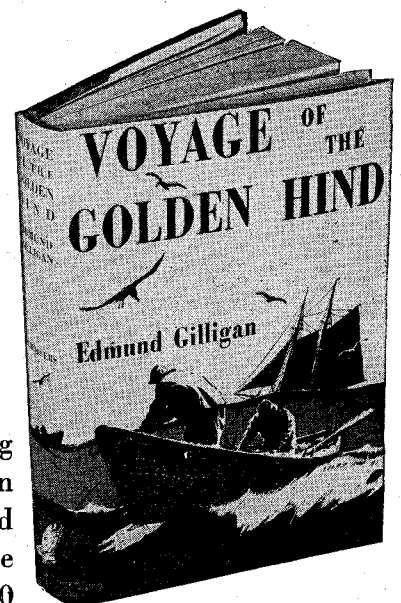
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Because of this indignation he has made scant allowance for a country which is wounded and at war. When Mr. White compares Russia's industry to our own, the results are always in our favor. Mr. White is outspoken in his liking for the Russian people and equally outspoken in his dislike of their "sub WPA standard of living." The shabby clothes, the lack of roads, the absence of taxis and toilet paper, the bad plumbing, the dirt and the waste of material in the factories, the cheapness of life, and (again) the censorship at the front — all this provokes the tone of exasperation in Mr. White's pages. But between the lines of this criticism one can detect both envy and admiration — envy of the Russians' resources and of their passionate loyalty to their government, admiration of a fighting machine which did what we thought was impossible. One would like to see the counterpart of this book, criticism as frank as it is friendly, written by an experienced Soviet reporter after a six weeks' tour of this country. Judged by his standards, he would doubtless find here things to criticize.

Report from Red China

By HARRISON FORMAN

+ + +



H. FORMAN

HARRISON FORMAN is known primarily as an enterprising and proficient photographer, and as a narrator of colorful travel experiences. He is not the most penetrating or sophisticated political reporter among the Americans in China, but, like all correspondents who have been exposed to the Chinese Ministry of Information's positive and negative methods of thought-control and fact-censorship, he has developed an unmistakable tenacity in holding on to such facts as he is able to turn up for himself, and a stubborn resistance to being spoon-fed with bogus news by propaganda agents.

Mr. Forman tells what he has to tell straightforwardly, and what he has to say is on the whole convincing. The reporting is colorful; people come alive and walk across the pages, talking about strange and fascinating but always human and credible experiences. Mr. Forman is sometimes slapdash in his handling of ideas; but he has a wonderful feel for people and the things that happen to people. The land through which he travels is the never-never land of the deep loess, which no one who has been there ever forgets, the oldest land in China.

Since the Communists have been there, strange newcomers are to be seen in that ancient land — bespectacled intellectuals, girls with bobbed hair, earnest, bustling doctors, puritanical troops who fight the way Cromwell's Ironsides would have fought if they had all managed to be

simultaneously Ironsides and Daniel Boones. In their spare time they clear the land like CCC boys, farm like 4-H boys and girls in Iowa, and do good deeds like politically star-struck Boy Scouts. The newcomers move among the deep-rooted people of the ancient land — people who are of the marrow and flesh of the oldest stock in China, the purest lineage of the Sons of Han; yet the old and the new do not clash: they merge together, a vigorous new growth drawing vitality from roots that have in them the strength of the ages.

Mr. Forman's military chapters are among his best. He gives an enthralling account of how Chinese villagers, out on open plains where there is no shelter from the armed might of Japan, have created shelter by an intricate system of deep tunnels in the soft earth. These tunnels link whole networks of villages. The technique has been perfected through grim experience. After the Japanese killed hundreds of people by trapping them in tunnels and gassing them, the Chinese dug alternative tunnels at varying depths, with gas-tight communications between tunnels. Mr. Forman's military material winds up with a stirring account of a long raid behind Japanese lines which he was allowed to accompany, with lots of action. This raid led into country which I know very well, and in reading the account I felt as if I were back there.

On the political side, Mr. Forman seems to have reported everything that was told to him as fairly and completely as he could; but I should not recommend *Report from Red China* as a political handbook. Like a great many other observers, he assumes that the Chinese people are unpolitical until someone comes along and makes them political. The truth is that the Chinese people — the common people — are chock-full of politics.

There is increasing evidence that the Chinese Communists are not only fully aware of this inherent political energy, but are convinced that it seeks an outlet in democratic activity, and that they are accommodating themselves to this existing and strong demand instead of trying to force on the people theories, ideas, and forms of organization which they do not want. If that is true, the future holds a bright hope, not just for the Chinese Communists, but for the whole Chinese people. *Holt, \$3.00.*

OWEN LATTIMORE

A Rising Wind

By WALTER WHITE

+ + +



W. WHITE

A REPORT on how America's segregated Negro troops fare in the war zones has been due for a long time. Walter White, Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and a seasoned campaigner for Negro rights, is as able a person as could be found to make it.

It is not a reassuring report, though it is not entirely pessimistic either. It is clear from Mr. White's

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of a wartime traveler

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The publishing scoop of the year!

REPORT from RED CHINA

by **HARRISON FORMAN**



■ A bombshell of information from the cave city of Yenan, the world's most remote fighting capital . . . the full and complete story of one of the most amazing fighting forces in the history of this war. This report is backed up with documents never before printed in this country, and with facts never before revealed. Illustrated with the author's superb photographs. \$3.00

The new book by

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A Masque of Reason



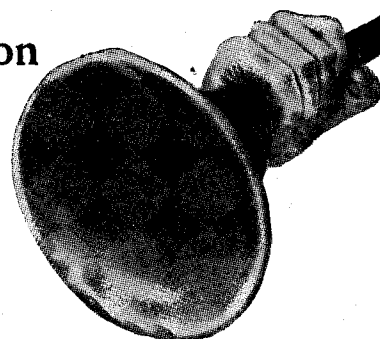
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Tin Horns & Calico

The story of New York's Tin Horn Rebellion of 100 years ago

by **HENRY CHRISTMAN**

observation that Negroes, shunted off into predominantly service outfits and kept from combat duty, have a serious and understandable morale problem. Except in places where officers have been firm in enforcing the no-discrimination orders, they are generally kept away from mixing with white soldiers and often find the civilians of England, Africa, or Italy warned against associating with them. More often than not, where colored and white troops are billeted in a single town, the Red Cross canteens are Jim Crowed. Prejudiced white Americans have frequently interfered with the friendly contacts between Negro troops and townspeople. The result has been not only tension and trouble, but sometimes the stimulation of an active dislike of white Americans among the British, who are not inclined to adopt Jim Crow.

There are more hopeful signs: at the actual fighting fronts, where Negro and white troops have been occasionally allowed to fight together, prejudice hardly exists. Dozens of white soldiers that White talked to — among them a good many Southerners — were honestly and angrily opposed to discrimination. Once in a while protests from white servicemen stopped segregation before it got well started.

Every such incident helps to balance the timid and shortsighted policy of the Army, which, in its professional and laudable determination to get on with winning the war, has failed to do away with segregation, and hence has allowed prejudice to spread within its own ranks. It has in some instances transplanted the Jim Crow system to parts of the world where it was never seen before.

War intensifies everything, including both prejudice and the reaction against prejudice. If the officers in control of any part of the Army are inclined to admit Negroes into full participation, they do that much to make the Army democratic and the war a tremendous educative and democratizing influence on millions of servicemen.

If they don't, if they insist on transplanting to England or Africa or Italy the caste system of Mississippi, they will transplant with it the seeds of hatred and of a catastrophic future war of color. Mr. White does not prophesy; he merely warns. A battle as important as any in this war would be won if that warning, voiced before by Wendell Willkie, Henry Wallace, Pearl Buck, and many others, could be heeded, and at once. *Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00.*

WALLACE STEGNER

“First with the Most” Forrest

By ROBERT SELPH HENRY

+ + +

IN JUNE of 1861 a tall, burly man of forty, unlettered but worth a million dollars, stalked into the recruiting office of the Confederate Army in Memphis and enlisted as a private. He had six months of schooling and no military training or experience. Less than four years later, “completely used up, shot all to pieces, crippled up

... a beggar,” he surrendered as a lieutenant general.

He made short work of his farewell as he had of many a battle: “I have never on the field of battle sent you where I was unwilling to go myself, nor would I advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers, you can be good citizens. Obey the laws, preserve your honor, and the government to which you have surrendered can afford to be and will be magnanimous.”

That was all. He took back with him to Mississippi seven young Union officers, set them up in farming, and made his house their Sunday home. Their names are unrecorded; his was Forrest — Nathan Bedford Forrest.

For twenty years Robert Selph Henry has been collecting, sorting, filing, and mulling over material for a life of Forrest. Forrest was a military man and the book is a military book. Henry has followed the pattern of his *Story of the Confederacy*; that is, he spreads out the general military situation, shows the disposition of the opposing forces, and lets you in on the secret of how Forrest is diagnosing the job to be done, and then in a final burst tells you how Forrest is doing the job.

It is this burst that is worth waiting for. Henry was not there, of course, but he makes you think he was. It is only by the greatest self-restraint that he lets Forrest do all the fighting. At the crucial moment, up rides Forrest (he had more than thirty horses shot under him), a-cussin' and a-cuttin' and a-slashin' and a-shootin', with Henry right on his heels. The book is as vivid as that in spots, and it is these spots that count.

Forrest never said that he always got there “fustest” with the “mostest”; what he did say to a captain in the Union Army was that he always made it a rule to “get there first with the most men.” That is a good deal more modest. Forrest's “most” was often a phantom force he had assembled out of thin air for the purpose of fooling his enemy. Usually about the time he had got together a respectable force big enough for one of his raids, somebody ordered it sent elsewhere to somebody else. Few rode long with “Old Bedford,” but those few rode hard. It was his unique power to do much with little that has given him his belated reputation.

Shortly after the first Battle of Ypres, Sir Douglas Haig was found by a United States Army colonel browsing around in a London bookshop hunting for a life of Forrest. Of him Haig said to the colonel: “We regard him as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of English-speaking commanders of mounted troops.” If today anybody anywhere should want to study Forrest's campaigns, he will find in Mr. Henry's book the chronology, the place, and the military elements, all based on original sources amply cited.

The reviewer is disappointed that among the many splendid illustrations and maps there is no picture or drawing of the old Forrest home, now rotted down, which he used to pass on his way to school in the little hamlet of Chapel Hill, Tennessee. But that is small stuff. The average layman will grow a little tired of the necessary description, but Henry knows his campaigns in the War Between the States, and he knows those in which Forrest had a part. These he has set apart and followed with zeal.

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HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

Written in Sand

By JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

+ + +



J. Y. CASE

THIS book concerns primarily that relatively little-known American, "General" William Eaton, and the great moment of his life: his gallant attempt in 1805 to settle our troubles with Tripoli by a land march from Alexandria to conquer Tripoli — a march across a thousand miles of desert.

This incident is one of the most completely misrepresented military events in our schoolbooks. It is generally referred to as a brilliant achievement of the American Army, although the Marines have, in song and verse, appropriated the glory. In the nondescript rabble which started on this fantastic expedition there were European mercenaries, a company of Greeks, and four or five hundred Arabs and Turks. There were only some ten Americans, including the commanding general. By sheer fanatical faith in himself and his plan, Eaton succeeded against incredible difficulties in capturing the city and fort of Derne, well on the way to Tripoli, and in holding it against attack by superior forces.

The American fleet, which had coöperated mildly during the coastal march, was commanded by a weary professional commodore who had never had much faith in Eaton's undertaking and was glad to endorse a negotiated peace with the wicked Bashaw of Tripoli. Eaton's presence at Derne certainly had considerable influence on the Bashaw's decision. Eaton and his officers and men and the Bashaw's brother and his retinue were forced to steal on board the American ships at night, leaving their followers to almost certain destruction. Thus ended William Eaton's claim to fame — a claim which almost succeeded. The rest of his life was frustration.

Mrs. Case belongs to that school of authors who document themselves well on their historical themes and then enliven their narration with imaginary conversations. Sir Walter Scott gave great popularity to this technique, but he called his books novels. Mrs. Case has not written a novel, but a dignified, straightforward, and dramatic narrative. The average reader will regret that he was not supplied with a little more historical background at the beginning, but the story as written will hold his attention and compel his admiration. *Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00.*

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

Two Mystery Novels

BY ELLIOT PAUL

+ + +



E. PAUL

HERE in a single volume are the two latest works of Mr. Paul. The jacket asserts them to be "mystery novels." This is a courtesy and a great convenience as well for the reader, who might otherwise spend a good deal of energy in trying to decide what they are.

Indeed, this reviewer found himself seeking several times the reassurance which the jacket definition provided. Lost in Wyoming or deposited suddenly in the Beacon Street mansion of Lancaster Primway, he came to regard the sturdy words "mystery novels" as veritable beacons guiding his faltering eye and mind.

I'll Hate Myself in the Morning, one hastens to explain, is about Homer Evans, hero of *The Mysterious Mickey Finn* and other paperbacks in Mr. Paul's series. This means that the question of who killed Isaac Momblo becomes the vehicle for Mr. Paul's comments on life in the United States. He settles old scores with the New England Watch and Ward Society, folkways of Boston, racism, Clare Luce, and he even manages a passing kick at Cuban gin. By a genial legerdemain and much out-and-out decree, Mr. Paul keeps these ingredients from boiling all over the stove; he is, in all candor, cooking over a very low flame.

Mr. Paul's fine sense of detail is something else again. Who could resist him when, on flinging two comely Mormon girls into his story, he declares them to be named, respectively, Reeda and Smoota? Who could doubt that great things are afoot when Homer, busy with the nation's security measures in time of war, proves to be employed not in the lowly G-2 but in a classification whose arcana are so fancy that the branch is known as G-19?

The second "mystery novel," *Summer in December*, begins with Mr. Paul in more sober moods. Written in the first person, it takes the author aboard ship for South America. The reader can half believe half of this for a time, especially when the traveler falls in with a troop of Spanish dancers. But there are Nazis in the offing, and their design is no less than the complete destruction of the indispensable nitrate fields on which democracy itself must depend in its struggle against totalitarianism.

By the time the denouement arrives, Mr. Paul is in the mood to assure us that the principal plotter gave himself away by holding cigarettes in his left hand to avoid nicotine stains on the right. The man was a dentist: "His right hand was too frequently in a patient's mouth or right under his eyes and nose. If that hand were badly stained, his practice would suffer."

As the only avowed legpuller in the business, Mr. Paul deserves the continued patronage of his readers. Just to make sure of it, he has sprinkled this volume with ample references to his earlier books. *Random House, \$2.50.*

CHARLES W. MORTON

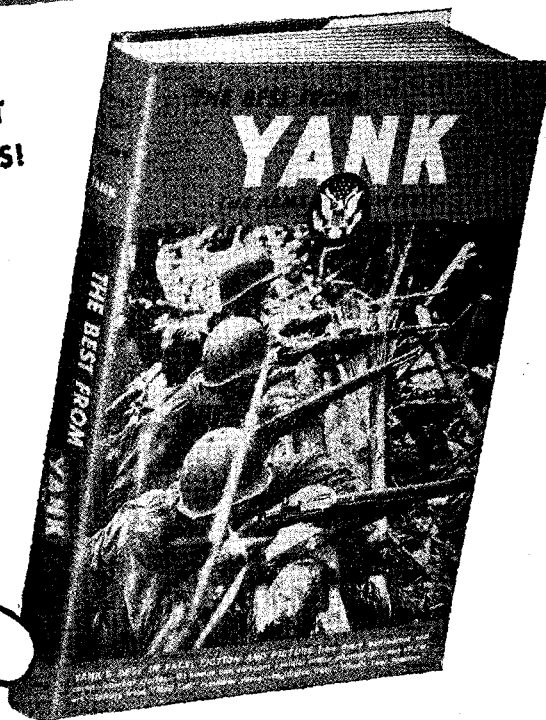
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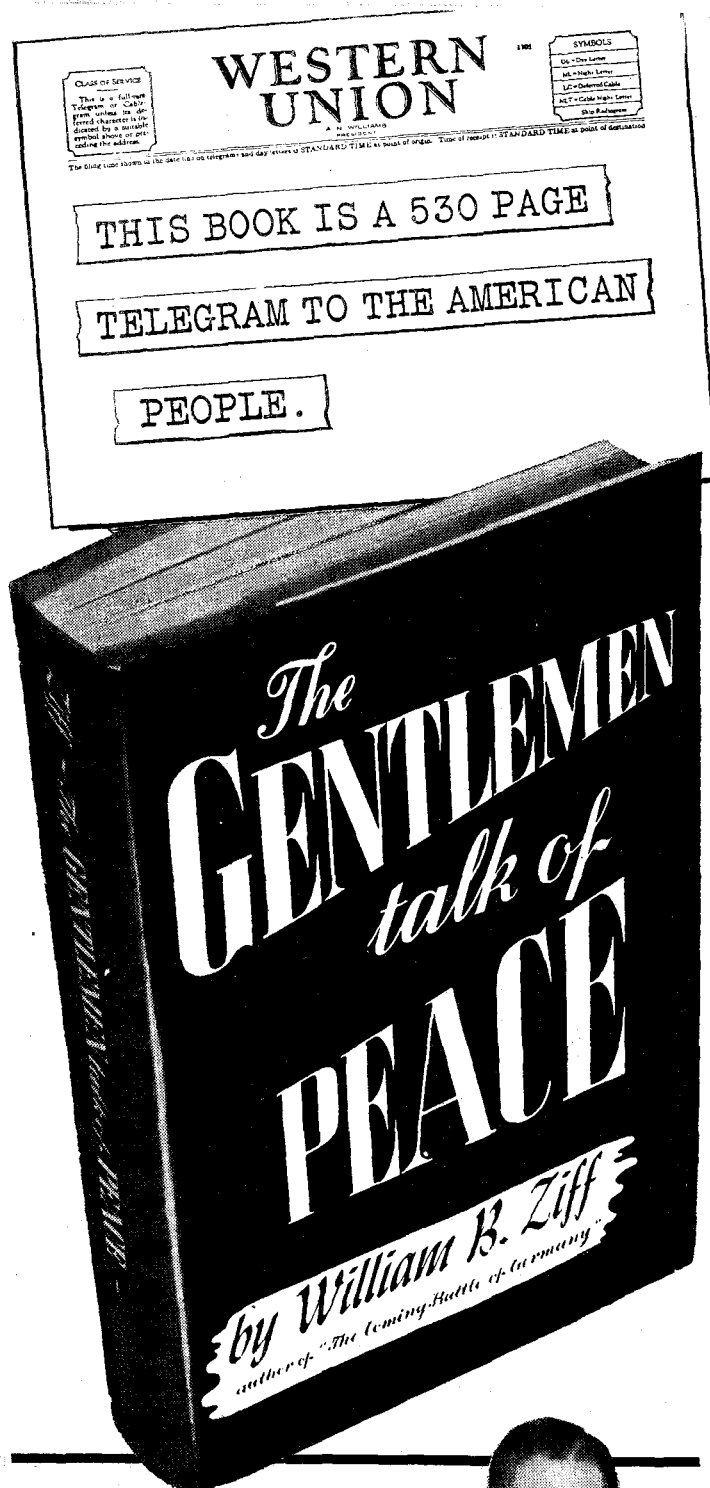
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GABRIEL GALLOWAY

by MARY LAVIN

SUMMARY. — This is the story of three generations of an Irish family. In the small, crumbling village of Castlerampart, the most prominent man is Theodore Coniffe, the village landlord. He is as penny-pinching as his wife Katherine is vain. Their two daughters, Theresa and Sara, grow up to be young ladies of property, if not of good looks. While they are still in their teens, Katherine dies in giving birth to her third daughter, Lily, who becomes the timid Cinderella of the household.

The household is upset when a young lawyer appears in the village. Fresh from Dublin, Cornelius Galloway knows a good fortune when he sees one; but after flirting with the older sisters, it is young Lily he proposes to. They marry and settle into the house in Clewe Street. But Cornelius's prosperity is short-lived: he is killed in the hunting field. After his death Lily sinks back into her position of inferiority, and even the birth of her son Gabriel does not restore her authority.

At Theodore's death it is found that he has willed his entire property to little Gabriel. The boy, a bright but unadventurous youngster, is brought up by his aunts and by the old serving-woman, Mary Ellen; and when his frail mother dies, he is completely tied to their apron strings. Not until he has begun his studies at the Technical School in Draghead, and has resumed his friendship with Sylvester, a boyhood acquaintance now an art student in Dublin, is Gabriel man enough to resist. Mary Ellen retires when Gabriel is sixteen, and a robust young girl of the village, Onny Soraghan, is brought into the house. Gabriel's eyes begin to widen.

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THE first thing that Gabriel saw, on his return one evening from Draghead, was the new servant girl. Onny Soraghan had often seen the Coniffe house from the street, and now, having done the few jobs that Miss Coniffe had given her on her arrival, she had run to the hall door to see how Clewe Street looked from the Coniffe house. She appeared in the doorway at the same moment that Gabriel turned into the street, and he caught a glimpse of a tawny head, a bright red dress, and a rosy face blackened already on one cheek by a streak of soot. At sight of him, however, the girl ran back into the hall; and in her concern to shut the door behind her, she forgot that she was slamming it in Gabriel's face.

When Gabriel opened the door for himself a moment later, the girl was standing on a chair in the hall, taking down the globe from the hanging lamp, and trimming the wick for the evening. Theresa Coniffe was coming down the stairs.

She yielded to a rare impulse and made Gabriel a concession. "Gabriel," she said, "leave out your shoes tonight. Onny will give them a rub with the brush in the morning before you get up. You have enough to do in the mornings in order to get out in time for the early train." She turned to Onny. "Hurry up with those lamps," she

said. "Lamps must be ready before dark. Your common sense should tell you that — if you have any. And when you have finished the lamps, be sure you clean your hands carefully before you set the table."

"How is Larry?" Gabriel asked Onny on an impulse, as he got around the chair, which she held awkwardly with the legs sticking out in his way.

Onny said nothing. But that his remark had given her pleasure was clear from the way she bent her head and giggled. She regarded his question about her brother Larry as a compliment to herself that needed no answer.

Gabriel, however, would have liked to hear news of Larry, who had recently got a job on the railroad and was several stations down the line. He went into the back parlor.

He thought Larry's sister was a silly girl. Yet he hated to hear his aunt Theresa ordering her about as she did. "Don't use that cloth on the floor — that is the dishcloth. Have you no eyes in your head? Don't touch that plate until you wipe your hands. What kind of habits have you? Lift that bucket up and never leave it there in the passage-way again. Do you want someone to trip over it and be killed?"

One evening, about a week after the coming of Onny to Clewe Street, Gabriel found his aunts, already dressed for the street, going round securing the window fasteners and closing the doors in preparation for going out to evening devotions. Sara pushed the back door several times with her gloved hand, to make sure that the bolt was adequate.

"What delayed you tonight?" said his aunt Theresa from the back parlor. "You'll be late for church."

"I was looking at some old books," he said, lamely.

A daughter of Irish parents, MARY LAVIN spent ten years of her childhood in Walpole, Massachusetts, before returning to Eire. The author of short stories, whose talent has been signalized by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, she has been working steadily for the past three years on this, her first long novel, of which the *Atlantic* is proud to publish related episodes. Now in her early thirties, she makes her home in Dublin, where she divides her time between her husband, — an Irish solicitor, — their year-old daughter, and her manuscripts.

"More shame for you! That's a fine admission to make. I suppose you had no tea."

"Oh, it's all right. I'm not hungry," said Gabriel.

His aunt drew off her gloves and laid her prayer book on the sideboard.

"Don't stay home on my account, Aunt Theresa, please," he begged. "I can wait till we come back, or Onny can get me something."

"Onny will do nothing of the kind. I know my duty to servants as well as my own, although she'd stay fast enough if she was allowed. She'd sooner spend her time on her knees scrubbing than praying."

Gabriel put his hand on her arm. "I'd rather not eat anything. I don't want to be late for church myself."

His aunt Sara, who had been standing in a state of nervous stiffness, relaxed. She pulled off her gloves and ran over to the table.

"You'll have time to have a glass of milk, Gabriel. I'll get you a glass of milk and some biscuits."

"Oh, I can wait," said Gabriel.

"No, no," said Sara, pouring milk into a tumbler. "God does not expect us to do anything unreasonable. He does not expect us to jeopardize our health."

She put the cold glass into his hand, and his hand tightened on it with irritation at the intimacy of her words. He lifted the glass and began to drink the milk.

"There's no need to wait for me. I can run and overtake you," he said.

"That's right," said Sara. "We can go on ahead. Are you ready, Theresa?"

She put on her gloves again, and straightened her hat once more; and never doubting that Theresa was simply waiting for her, she started toward the hall. But as Sara opened the hall door, to Gabriel's dismay his aunt Theresa continued to stand near the sideboard. Was she going to wait for him? He gulped the milk with distaste. But before he had come to the bottom of the glass, Theresa was off down the hall, in the direction of the kitchen. "This is going too far!" he heard her exclaim.

"Don't lose your temper, Theresa," cried Sara, running after her. Gabriel lowered the glass in surprise; and then, as Theresa lifted her umbrella and smote upon the door of the kitchen, Sara ran into the back parlor to Gabriel.

"It's that dreadful Onny!" she said. "She keeps us late. I do believe she does it out of spite." And through the frightened patter of Sara's words the cascade of blows from Theresa's umbrella upon the door could be heard distinctly.

"The dreadful girl!" said Sara again.

There was the sound of more rapping. "Onny Soraghan! Open this door at once! What do you mean by delaying us in this manner?"

Gabriel listened. He turned to the frightened Sara.

"Why does she lock the door?" he said.

Sara straightened up. She coughed. She assumed a look of delicacy and then she lowered her voice.

"She washes herself at the sink," she said, modestly and doubtfully, but as Gabriel roared out in a loud laugh she spoke more confidentially. "I think it's nice of her to want to clean herself before going to the church, but we

believe she makes it an excuse for dawdling and delaying. Theresa says she is not content with being late herself, she wants to keep others late as well."

Sara's voice was drowned once more by Theresa's rapping on the kitchen door.

"If you're ashamed to be seen with the sweat of honest work on your face, you should stay at home. It isn't to waste our soap and water that we pay you your wages, Miss Soraghan."

"I'm coming, ma'am." Onny's voice sounded frail and far away, as if she were bending down and her voice had to travel through curves and pathways as well as through the wood of the door.

"She changes her stockings, I think," said Sara, confidently. "That's going a little too far. Who is to see what she has on her in the dark of the church? It's not about her legs she should be thinking."

Just then the door opened and Theresa stood aside like a jailer to let out a prisoner; and as Onny slunk out abashed, the first thing that Gabriel looked at was her legs, and he laughed at the bright yellow sheen that came from the cheap stockings. It was almost impossible for anyone with sight in his eye to avoid seeing that they covered shapely limbs. He turned to make a joke with his aunt Sara, but when he looked at her he was startled for a second by the similarity to Theresa that was creeping, with age, across her face. Upon both faces as they stared at Onny there was the same expression of indignation. Age was souring Sara.

He looked away in distaste and looked back at the offending Onny as she stole out the hall door, her blue coat tight around her, as if in shutting out the cold she shut out also the criticism that was showering down upon her from Theresa Coniffe's tongue. The yellow-clad legs flashed as she went down the hall.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" cried Theresa, prodding the girl with her umbrella. But an awkward slowness of movement was imposed on Onny, either by embarrassment or by defiance, and not until she had stepped over the cold threshold into the night air did she make any real effort to hasten. Then, poised for a moment on the threshold, she threw a glance backward at the group in the hallway; and turning swiftly, she broke into a run, and they could hear her feet in the silence even as the sisters rearranged their clothes with little pats and pulls.

"You'll overtake us, Gabriel," they said, and went out banging the door.

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GABRIEL listened till the feet died away in the distance. Then he began to smile. Onny's ignominy in being driven like a heifer by the prodding of Theresa's umbrella served as a butt for the laughter he could not turn upon his own almost similar position, and he laughed out loud.

Gabriel finished the milk and, taking a pair of gloves from the hall stand, went out the door and turned in the direction of the church.

As he came near the church, the darkness of the evening was splintered by the long shafts of light from the

narrow, pointed windows. He went into the churchyard and stood outside the center door looking down the main aisle. All the heads were bent, and it was the moment at which the priest himself bends over before raising the monstrance.

Then he hurried round to the side door, finding his way with difficulty, because his eyes were temporarily dazzled by the blaze of candles on the altar. The shafted windows were so high they cast their light too far for guidance to those on the pathway, and there was no light from the side door. He put his hand on the handle of the door, and then, just as he was about to push it inwards, he glanced up at the sky.

Gabriel took his hand from the doorknob and stared upwards, reluctant to go in. While he was staring upwards, it seemed to him, suddenly, that he was not alone; that he was being watched, if only by the still, small eyes of an animal, the agile eye of a bird, or even the fierce eye of a rat measuring his chances of security before darting across the grass. Gabriel looked around. There was no one in sight. On one headstone there was a graven figure of a human form, lifelike in silhouette against the sky; and although he did not remember having seen it before, he was about to give allowance for some distorting element in the starlight when the figure raised an arm, and all at once the sensation of being watched became a certainty.

"Who is there?" said Gabriel, stepping nearer.

At once the figure slipped from its perch on the headstone. Gabriel ran over instinctively. The desire of the other person to remain unknown aroused in him an unthinking impulse to discover that identity. "Come back. I won't hurt you. Who are you?" he called out as he ran into the wet grass in the direction that the figure had taken.

He ran from headstone to headstone, clambering among them, grasping their cold stone surfaces to propel himself forward over the mounds. Just as he was about to abandon the chase, there was a sound of fabric catching on something and ripping with a harsh sound. A figure started up like a hare almost from under his feet and sprang past him out onto the clear path again. The figure had almost brushed against him, but its nearness had baffled any identification.

Gabriel started after the running figure. He was out on the road, and had nearly reached the first of the patches of sidewalk lighted by the shopwindows, when he drew near enough to the person he pursued to hear the heavy breathing as clearly as the running feet. It was a girl.

Another step and he drew abreast of her and, reaching out his hand, caught at a coat sleeve, bringing both himself and the girl to a stop in the patch of yellow lamplight that flooded out on the pavement from the small sweet-shop to their left.

It was only when he felt the fabric in his hand that he realized the impertinent quality of his pursuit, and a chill descended on him, making the cold moisture start from his flesh. But as he looked at the struggling creature in his grasp and heard the gulping laughter, he began to feel that the pursued had taken the whole affair in much the

same spirit as he had. Her head was bent as she struggled away from him; and since, in order to do this more effectively, she had turned in his clutch, and was using her head and shoulders to push him away from her, he was still unaware of her identity, but from her laughter he guessed that it was someone he knew.

Nevertheless when he wrenched her arm around and flashed her face into view he was unprepared for the shock of seeing Onny Soraghan's face laughing up at him with a full consciousness of the incongruity of his position, and in his astonishment he let go his grasp. She stood up straight for a moment, took a gasping breath, and pushed her hair out of her eyes, laughed at him again, and without saying anything, ran away in the direction of Clewe Street, while behind him there was the murmur of voices and casually moving footsteps of the people coming out from the church.

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NOT wishing to return to the house before his aunts arrived there, Gabriel turned abruptly down River Street and sat on the bridge for a time, until he felt sure they had arrived home. Yet he had walked with the speed prompted by upset nerves, and so, although he had traveled a good mile, he arrived back at the house only a few minutes after his aunts. They were still upstairs taking off their hats. Their shadows, as they raised their hands and lifted off their finery, were silhouetted on the street in the bright squares of the window light; and while he watched the sham scenes of their actions, he smiled to himself and seemed to see the asperity of Theresa and the timidity of Sara emphasized more fully in this dumb show than he had ever noticed before.

He went in. The kitchen door was open. Onny was cleaning shoes. Upon the scrubbed white boards of the table were a row of shoes with the shape of the owners' feet still in them, and Onny, as she lifted shoe after shoe, gave it a dab of the thick blacking from a tin which she had left upon the table. The air was scented with the heavy polish.

"If I were you, I would have polished the shoes before I scrubbed the table," he said, seeing that the white boards were already streaked with the blacking. But he spoke only from a desire to speak.

"There is an order in this house and it is not to be disturbed," said Onny, in such an exact imitation of Theresa Coniffe's voice that Gabriel looked at her sharply to see if she was deliberately imitating his aunt, but her face was bent over the shoe in her hand, which was the first to have received its dab of blacking and was now getting a more severe rubbing with the polishing brush. Onny was rubbing the brush back and forth with such vigor that her whole body shook. She looked like one of those mechanical toys which are made so that the maximum number of the limbs move, in order to give a semblance of life, but which, since they all move in the same rhythm, give an effect that is entirely lifeless.

"Why don't you hold the shoe still, and rub the brush up and down?" said Gabriel; and when she made no

answer he laughed. "Or you could hold the brush still, and rub the shoe up and down."

Onny caught her rich lower lip in her teeth. Apart from the one repetition of Theresa Coniffe's remark, she had said nothing. Gabriel began to feel unwelcome. He picked up his own shoes. They were covered with mud.

"What's the use of shining those? They'll be just as bad tomorrow."

Onny went on vigorously rubbing the other shoe.

"Will I throw them under the dresser?" he said, taking them up.

Onny stopped rubbing. She went over and took the boots out of his hand and set them back on the table from which he had taken them. With one thumb she jerked upwards, where there was a sound of footsteps going back and forth on the old flooring boards. She jerked her thumb from the ceiling to the boots and then towards herself with such a comical urgency, her lips still compressed with the energy with which she had wielded the polishing rag, that Gabriel laughed. He sat on the edge of the table. Onny put down the brush she had held in her right hand, and began to jerk her thumb again in a dumb indication of the door. Then, setting down the shoe she held in her left hand, and catching him by the sleeve, she made it clear that she wanted him to leave the kitchen.

Gabriel resisted. He gripped the edge of the table with his knees and his hands.

"What's the matter? Have you lost your tongue?"

Onny shook her head from side to side in denial of this. She looked up at the ceiling again.

"What have they got to do with you?" said Gabriel.

Onny hesitated. "I was told not to encourage you coming into the kitchen," she said at last, reluctantly.

Gabriel began to laugh. "Do you always do what you're told?"

Onny picked up another shoe and began to rub it.

"What about tonight?"

She stopped rubbing. "What about tonight?" she repeated, truculently.

Gabriel felt a sense of achievement at having made her speak.

"What would my aunt say if she knew you didn't go in to the church for the service?"

"You should have been in the church yourself."

"Oh, it's different for me," said Gabriel. "I am my own master."

Almost as soon as he had said it, he looked at her quickly to see if she had taken offense. To cover up the error, he hurried on without choosing his words.

"Why didn't you go into the church?"

"Because I wanted to stay out."

"Are you putting me in my place?" he asked.

"There's only one way to put a fellow in his place," said Onny.

"What way is that?"

"Slap his face."

"Why didn't you slap my face?" he said, delighted at the incongruity of the idea. Onny gave him a scathing glance.

"Did you want to?" he persisted.

She looked more scathingly at him.

"Have you lost your tongue again?" he asked.

Onny began to collect together all the shoes in her arms and started to walk towards the door.

"Are you mad with me?" said Gabriel, slipping off the table and opening the door for her.

She was going to pass through it without answering him when he shot out his hand and barred her way.

"Let me go," she said, and at the same time she raised her head like a startled foal, as there was the sound of a door shutting upstairs. "Let me go," she repeated frantically, pressing against his outstretched arm as at a barrier that might be expected to break in the middle. The boots and shoes dug into his arm. Her eyes were large and childish, and to his amazement he saw that she was frightened. "Oh, let me pass! Let me pass!"

Gabriel let his arm fall. She burst out of the door; and as he stepped back into the kitchen, he heard her run up the stairs. A second later he heard her stop, and he knew that she was standing aside to let his aunt pass down. From the delay, he could imagine his aunt examining the shoes. With an instinct quite unanalyzed he slipped across the kitchen floor; and as his aunt passed across the hallway into the kitchen, he crossed it at the other end and went into the back parlor, where supper was laid.

In his mind lay an unassorted heap of new ideas, all trivial and commonplace, but all the more welcome for that reason. They afforded him respite from the strange, troubled thoughts about his own future that had occupied him during the past few weeks. He sat down by the fire and, taking up the poker, idly began to poke at the coals.

How contradictory had been the behavior of the little servant. She had been in terror of her life at the sound of his aunt's footsteps descending the stairs, and yet an hour before she had sat defiant and cool on a headstone in the dark churchyard.

And even with himself, she had behaved with a curious servility. As he chased her in the churchyard and wrestled with her in the light of the shopwindow, he had caught a glimpse of a real person, but in the conversation over the kitchen table there had been no reality. She was choosing her words and gestures.

There was only one way to put a fellow in his place, and that was to slap his face. She had said that, but she did not consider that he was a real fellow.

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ONNY came in with the tray containing the supper. Gabriel looked at her with amusement. She had taken off the stockings she had worn to the church and her legs were bare. They were white and hairless, and the dirty white canvas shoes into which her feet were thrust were down at heel. Her red dress had become drabbed with dishwater and looked more sloppy than ever. But as he followed her with his eyes he was surprised to see how attractive her form was, in spite of the repellent clothes. Under the sloppy red dress her body was firm and perfect.

When the meal was over, Onny came into the room again. Gabriel, who had left the table and taken up a book, sat with it in his lap, but he followed her movements, raising his eyes without raising his head, as she went around the table collecting the soiled crockery and piling it up precariously in her arms. She had the inscrutable look of a woman who performs routine work which demands not the least attention of the mind.

He wondered where her thoughts were, and tried by the very movement of her limbs to trace the path taken by her thoughts. There was undeniably a peculiar rhythm in the way she swept up the cups and saucers, lightly yet surely, and there was an undeniable character in the kilt-ing movement of her skirt as she went around the table from one side to another.

He kept looking at her face, and all at once he felt piqued that her thoughts should desert them all so completely that she could walk into the room where they sat and not have the slightest curiosity, not look their way, not be perhaps even aware that they were there. He remembered that, in all the times that she had crossed back and forth between the door and the table since the meal was finished, she had not once looked at him even with the most cursory curiosity.

And on at least two occasions she stepped across his legs, sprawled out in her way, when she wanted to put the cutlery in the drawer of the sideboard, in much the same way as one would step over a sleeping dog. He felt an impulse to say something to turn her eyes on him for a moment, but before he had yielded to it he felt suddenly that, although Onny's eyes were following the far-away visions of her heart, there were a pair of eyes watching him and watching him steadily. He swung his head upward and sideways with such swiftness that his aunt Theresa, who had been staring at him for a long time, could not avert her eyes before he looked straight at her.

"Onny!" she snapped. "Do you know what time it is?"

The girl started violently as Theresa's harsh voice split the air. It seemed to Gabriel that she was expecting the next words, because she seemed to toughen perceptibly, take a firmer stance, and close her lips aggressively.

"Hurry up, please," said his aunt. "I want you to be gone out of this house at a respectable hour. I'm willing to be responsible for you in the daytime when you're under my eye, but I won't be responsible for you after you leave this house. I don't want your mother coming up here moaning and crying over you, one of these days."

If Gabriel had complained that Onny had stepped over him as if he were a sleeping dog, he had no cause to complain now. Her glance flew from his aunt to himself and he saw the struggle in her face as she wondered whether to be silent under the shame of the unnecessary reproach or whether to brazen it out with a back answer. He thought that he would spare her some embarrassment by going out, and he tore a piece of red-fringed paper that decorated the shelf under the mantelpiece and put it into the book to mark the place before he closed it. He threw the book on the mantelpiece and went out without saying anything.

Gabriel went up the street and turned down River Street, past the sprawling whitewashed cottages where the sleepy children leaned in the doorways and played lackadaisically. He crossed the bridge and walked out past the rampart cottages where Onny lived, until he came to his favorite sanctuary on the rampart wall. He flattened a place for himself in the tow grasses that grew up between the stones as coarse as wire, and taking out a cigarette he lit it and sat smoking.

The incident in the back parlor at Clewe Street had disturbed him even more than he realized, and it was with genuine surprise that he noticed a tremor in his hand as he put the cigarette to his lips. He felt that it was his stupidity, his culpable recklessness, that had brought the ugly rebuke upon the girl. His glances at her body had been almost in the nature of a quizzical joke with himself, but he had, he admitted, at the time that he was staring at her, a cheap feeling of familiarity.

There had been no more personal feeling in his thoughts about her than he would have felt had she danced above him behind footlights in the local theater, providing paid entertainment. But as her face came before him again with the flushed cheeks, the lip caught in her teeth, and her resentment, he thought about her for the first time as a human being. He felt a great pity for her. And he made a resolution to put something pleasant in her way, if it was within his power to do so, to recompense for the insult that he felt himself directly responsible for bringing on her.

It seemed to Gabriel that a long time had passed before he climbed down from the rampart and made his way back to Clewe Street; but when he went in, his aunts were still sitting by the flagging fire in the parlor, and as he entered they both called out to him.

"Is that you, Gabriel?"

He wanted to go upstairs to his room, but there was an excitement in their voices. When he went into the room they both spoke at once.

"Where were you? We were longing for you to come in. We had such a pleasant evening."

Then the sisters disentangled their words and Sara, running ahead, caught her hands together and exclaimed, "They're so charming!"

"Who was here?" said Gabriel, and without hearing he began to detect a scent in the air of the room that he had not at once noticed.

"The Finnerty girls!" said Theresa. "I had no idea they would turn out to be such charming girls. Agnes is very pretty."

"Hannah is a very good-mannered girl," said Sara, and all at once, looking at Sara's eager upturned face, Gabriel knew that his aunt Theresa had spoken about the way he had been staring at Onny. He knew they had been talking about him and that they were beginning to worry about Onny Soraghan. They had deliberately encouraged the Finnertys to come in, and they would encourage them to come again.

Theresa Coniffe was afraid that she had made a mistake in hiring Onny Soraghan. This was her way of trying to remedy it.

IT WAS the middle of October, but the weather was still warm and summery, and the evenings were bright until late. When he came back from Draghead one evening, Gabriel took a book and went out into the garden at the back of the house. The light was beginning to fade and he would not be able to read for long, but it made him feel less aimless to clasp the book under his arm.

The garden was still and empty. He passed down the center path to the slope at the river edge. On the way he noticed a small, wet handkerchief spread to dry upon one of the hedges. It was white, with a border of blue dots around the hem. It must be Onny's, he thought.

When he reached the end of the garden, Gabriel opened his book, but he had no real inclination to read. He sat listening to the soft noises of the water.

The river was low, being nearly dried up, and although in the middle of its course a swift stream of bright water ran freely on its way, the rest of the river bed was filled with such a pale, shallow wash of water that the pebbles and stones on the bottom, which in winter were not to be seen, were now bared to view, and moreover portions of the larger stones rose above the water level, dry as bones. Lancing high out of the water there were grasses and waterweeds which normally grew high enough to penetrate the surface of the stream, even in winter, but which in that season were never allowed to strike up vertically, because the swift currents bent them under and dragged them as far as their roots would allow.

From where he sat, Gabriel could just see the dark outline of the ruin, and beyond it again the broken rim of the rampart. The great loneliness of the place settled slowly into his mind, and his own personal loneliness became as nothing beside it. But as the evening came on, the color in the sky deepening as the color on the earth faded, he heard a faint sound of music lift on the wind for a moment like a streamer, and after a few minutes he heard it again.

He lifted his head to catch it and hear where it came from, and at the same time he thought that it was followed by a sound of laughing. But there was only silence. He bent his head to his book again. Again a streamer of music flagged faintly on the wind, and this time, after it, came unmistakable human laughter and the clear ringing of human voices, calling out, one after another, in the far-off roads beyond the rampart.

Gabriel raised his head. The voices came from the cemetery crossroad, where the space made by the joining roads tempted the young people of the town to linger if groups of them met there while out walking.

Crossroad dancing was forbidden by the parish priest, but the crossroads was still a meeting place. Here the young shopboys and servant girls of the town met on bright nights; and although they did not dance in couples, there were often jigs and solo dances to the tune of melodeons, mouth organs, and jew's-harps. To this music also there was a continual activity of handkerchief-snatching, hair-pulling, and impudent pinching, which was in itself,

although it followed no measured pattern, like an elaborate figure-dance of erotic import.

Gabriel listened, and although he could see nothing, or perhaps indeed because of that fact, he was filled with an envy of the companionship that the voices suggested; even to listen evoked a faint feeling of gayety in his heart.

Gabriel did not think that he had been sitting there long, but once when he looked around him he saw that the little dotted handkerchief that had clung so limply to the hedge was stiff and dry. Then, a minute or two after he had turned to look at it, he heard the back door open; and looking round again, he saw Onny come out into the garden. She made straight for the hedge and, picking up the handkerchief, began to fold it carefully, matching corner to corner. She did not see him.

She was dressed with a particular care this evening, he noticed. She wore the same ample and badly fitting red dress, but to it she had added a green silk bow that plastered her bosom like a great dead bird pinned there. Over the dress she wore a bright blue coat. Under the red skirts Onny's legs were clad in her stockings of glittering amber, and above the green silk bow and the brilliant blue coat her ruddy cheeks and her bright curls added just the same touch that a poster-painter might add if he were painting a bill of attraction for a coming circus.

Gabriel took in every detail of the festive attire which Onny wore, and he was well aware that it had a great tastelessness in its many conflicting details, but Onny was dressed for an evening of gayety, and unless she wore the traditional costume of motley, she could not have worn anything more festive than her ill-assorted garments. He looked again at the sparkling patent-leather shoes with their bright steel buckles; at the lolloping swirls of the wide red dress, the spreading silk of the great green bow, the glittering stockings, the blue coat, and the rusty hair; and he felt a spirit of gayety rise in him till he could no longer control it, and slapping the book on his thigh he laughed outright.

"Oh, God!" said Onny, springing away from the dimming bushes and letting the folded handkerchief flutter out of her fingers. "Oh, God! You gave me a fright," she said, as she saw him.

Gabriel stood up. "Why are you all dressed up?" he said, more closely inspecting the details of her finery.

"It's my free evening," said Onny, dropping back into a deferential manner and beginning to edge away.

"Are you going without this?" Gabriel stooped and picked up the blue-dotted handkerchief.

Onny put out a hand for it speechlessly.

Absolutely unable to cease teasing her, he put it behind his back. "Shame on you, Onny, going out for the evening with a handkerchief that isn't ironed!" He held it out and shook it, holding it by a corner. Onny said nothing. "Now, if you were the fine lady you'd like to think yourself, Miss Onny, you would delay a moment and heat up an iron to make this piece of cambric a docile folded square that would do you credit with the young men of the town, should you have occasion to display it in public. This crumpled cloth, with the prick of the bushes

still upon it, will do you no credit in the matrimonial markets."

While he spoke, Gabriel advanced and drew the fluttering handkerchief before Onny's wide eyes, over which the lashes fluttered nervously. He liked looking at her. She made him feel gay. He felt an impulse to keep her there. He spoke without listening to his own words, thrusting the handkerchief nearer and nearer to her face each time, fascinated by the way the eyelashes fluttered, and wondering how long her patience would endure the torment. Watching her so closely, he did not catch what she said when, bending her head suddenly, a tear splashed out of her eyes and fell on the silk bow at her neck, making a dark stain on the gaudy emerald silk.

"Onny! You're not crying! Onny!" He stopped waving the handkerchief. "I was only teasing you. You shouldn't mind what I say. Onny!" She kept her head bent and he saw her short, white teeth bite into the soft, fluid flesh of her lips. "Onny!" He did not know what to do. He looked foolishly at the handkerchief in his hand. "See," he said, stretching it out towards her. "See — here it is. I don't want it. I was only teasing you." He held it out foolishly; and then, seeing that she had no intention of taking it, he leaned across and tucked it into her belt. Onny put up her hand and, taking the handkerchief out of her belt, crumpled it up and put it into her pocket.

She turned around and began to walk back towards the house with her head still bent in a way that made her sloped shoulders look childish and unhappy. His desire to keep her in the garden had been only a whim, but now he wanted to delay her until she had recovered her good spirits. He remembered how happily she had run across the grass a few minutes before, and he wondered at his own stupidity in having made her unhappy.

"Onny!" She stopped when he called her name, but she did not turn around. "Onny! Come back."

She turned around slowly and came back. The tears had dried on her cheeks. Her eyes were bright again. But her face still had the sorrowful look of a child's face which, although one knows the hurt that has caused it, produces an uncontrollable desire to smile. Gabriel controlled his features; and putting as much concern as possible into his voice, he spoke to her gently, coaxingly.

"You said something about the handkerchief before you began to cry. What was it?"

Onny drew a deep breath. "You said it was a shame on me not to iron the handkerchief," she said, falteringly.

"Yes? Go on." Gabriel had forgotten the handkerchief. What on earth was in her mind?

"You said it was all crumpled."

"Yes. Go on."

"You thought I was too lazy to iron it!" Onny was gaining confidence.

"I didn't say that, did I? You shouldn't try to read people's thoughts."

"But you thought that?"

Gabriel felt that he was gradually falling into the inferior position. The color was as bright as ever in her cheeks. He saw only one way to extricate himself from his position, and that was by teasing her again.

"Well, that was the reason, wasn't it?"

The color brimmed over in her cheeks. "No, that was not the reason," declared Onny, with all the righteousness of one about to deliver a crushing reply. "I never iron my handkerchiefs, because I like the smell of the bushes on them. So there!" And, then, entirely restored to the good spirits of a short time before, she stood in front of him, wreathed in smiles, her head moving slightly and involuntarily with the slightly tipsy sensation of triumph.

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FOR a moment more Gabriel could not understand what she meant, and then, leaning over, he took the piece of crumpled linen from her pocket and pressed it to his face. He breathed in the sweet, wild scent of the air that clings to clean-washed cool linens as it clings to nothing else, and in breathing it a new sense of sweetness and simplicity in life seemed suddenly to come to him, and Onny, herself, as she stood, with her toes turned in, upon the dampening grass, seemed nearer and more in harmony with the earth than anyone else he had ever met.

"Where are you going, Onny?" he asked, with more real curiosity in the question than there had been in any other he had asked. And then, before she had time to answer, the need to do so was removed, because from across the river, once more, but this time louder and clearer in the bolder air of the later evening, came the stranded music of an accordion, and the voices of young people, singing upward into the air, laughing and calling out gayly.

"Are you going over to the crossroads?" he said.

She nodded.

"You would be there by this time if I had not kept you?"

He felt compunction for having kept her here in the dull garden which he had himself thought of as a prison a short time before. Her time was so short for pleasure, and she worked so hard. He wanted to atone for having kept her there, for having made her cry, for having perhaps put a shadow upon her anticipation of pleasure. But he could not think of anything to do to remedy what he had done.

"Onny!" His face lit up with excitement. "I have an idea. I'll tell you what to do! You'll be over at the crossroads in the twinkling of an eye if you do as I say."

Onny looked at him. She was doubtful.

"The river is nearly dry," he said. "You can get across on the stones!" Onny looked down with a mixture of credulity and fear. "It's a great idea," said Gabriel. "Come, I'll show you. You can cross in a minute. I'll help you, and then you will only have to run through the park, climb over the rampart, and you're there. Come!" She held back with doubt. "Where is your courage? Where is your spirit of adventure? Come."

He caught her hand and, making her run too, ran down the sloped grass to the edge of the water. As Gabriel ran, his excitement grew. The thought of helping her to cross upon the stones seemed to carry with it some of the

excitement with which he had sailed out floating paper boats upon it as a child. It held something of the old make-believe qualities that gilded the days of childhood, and yet her hand in his had the new pulse of reality.

"I couldn't cross that!" said Onny, pulling back, as they came to the fringe of the water where a breeze had ruffled the shallows slightly, making faint noises of sighing and lisping.

"Of course you can," said Gabriel, still holding her hand, and jerking it with a mixture of impatience and encouragement.

He looked at her and saw that with the jerk to her hand an alteration had come in the color of her cheeks. He was amused. He jerked her again, more gently.

"Of course you can," he repeated idly, because he was watching her face, where the coloring shifted slightly again with the force of the jerk.

A great careless gayety came into his heart. He looked around him quickly and examined the stones with a glance, putting out his foot and trying to see if this one was steady, if that one was steady, if it was possible to reach from either of them to another one, which was more isolated and further out in the stream.

"Put your foot on this one," he directed then, stepping back onto the bank; and pulling up a stem of green sally from the mearing-hedge, he pointed to a large stone, smooth and slate-colored, which was flat like a chiseled steppingstone.

Onny hesitated one moment more and then, biting her lip in her teeth, she put out the tip of her foot nervously and tried to stir the stone. It did not move. She gained more confidence; and leaning forward so that her weight fell on the foot which pressed against the stone, she pressed it several times, allowing her other foot to rise from the bank until it barely tipped the security of the ground and was merely a symbol of the fact that she had not yet given her full confidence to the idea.

"Go on. Why are you afraid?" said Gabriel, and with the leafy end of the sally rod he tickled the yellow silk ankle of the foot which still rested on the grass.

"Oh! My stockings! Be careful — you'll tear them," said Onny, looking over her shoulder in a far greater concern for the silk covering upon the left leg than she had displayed for the security of the right foot poised upon the stone.

Gabriel continued to tickle the silk ankle with the soft tufty leaves of the sally rod.

"I'll tear it if you don't move on," he said, and he began to trace the stiff line of the coarse seam upon the stocking with the small, sensitive fingers of the twig.

"They'll tear! I'll be a show with my stockings all torn," wailed Onny.

"You know what to do," said Gabriel.

With one last look of appeal, against which Gabriel remained unsusceptible, Onny drew in an abrupt breath and, shifting the right foot slightly upon the stone, made way for the other foot, which she brought across with such a jerk that the stone rocked slightly.

"I'm falling!" she called out, but she at once threw out her arms and righted herself; and this time, gaining reas-

urance from her own balancing, she began to enjoy the idea. She looked for another steppingstone and began to try it with the point of her shoe.

"Not that one!" called Gabriel each time as she stirred a stone and sent a slow ripple of water out from under it.

"Look, try this one," he called at last, and he pointed with the sally rod to a rough, edgy stone of a granite discolored by the yellow waters that had covered it all winter.

"I want a flat stone," said Onny, looking at it distrustfully.

"Do as I say," said Gabriel. "Put your left foot on that one, and only touch it lightly and spring from it to that big stone beside the reeds."

"I won't be able to reach that far."

"Try it."

"I'm afraid."

"Try it."

Onny drew another breath and sprang from the yellow rock to the large, flat stone among the reeds.

"You're nearly halfway across now," said Gabriel.

The stone that Onny stood upon was the last large stone in the shallow waters. Underneath it on the far side, the river ran deeper, with the only current which carried the fresh water onwards to the main river. The current was slight, but in comparison with the flat and stagnant waters under the bank, it appeared to be very fast. Onny stared down at its swiftly running ripples.

"There's no stone to step on!" she said.

"There's a stone on the other side of the current," said Gabriel. "Stretch your foot across."

"It's too wide."

"Jump, then."

"It's too deep. I might fall."

Onny's voice was faltering. She stared at the running water and she began to follow certain ripples with her eyes, until new ripples attracted her attention and she looked back, only to follow them. Her gaze seemed to ride along a little way with each ripple that passed, and then run back again to follow another. Fascinated, her head began to sway in rhythm with the ripples.

"Stop looking down!" called Gabriel. "Look up, Onny."

Onny tore her eyes away from the water and looked up into the sky. Over her head the evening clouds were moving onwards in the same way as the water, to their haven in the west. She looked down. She looked up again. Below her the world was moving. Above her the clouds traveled. Her head began to reel.

"I'm falling!" cried Onny, and she threw out her hands and tried to balance herself.

There was something inexpressibly comic in the attitude of the girl, perched on the sturdy rock, secure and safe, but in her excitement tilting forward, more and more, to the rippling waters, and waving her arms, more and more wildly, like a bird flapping its foolish wings, as she became more and more fascinated by the water and more and more unbalanced by her fascination.

"If you keep on like that, you will fall in for a certainty," he shouted. "Keep your head, Onny. Stop waving your arms."

But even while he spoke he felt an irrepressible impulse to laugh at the thought that she might topple into the shallow river. He could imagine the splash. He could imagine the cry of consternation. And above all he could imagine the draggled girl being helped out onto the bank, her hair hanging lank and her clothes stuck to her skin as wet fur sticks to a drenched dog.

"You'll fall, all right, Onny," he said, and this time he doubled up on the bank and laughed, holding his sides. But all at once, when he heard his own loud laughter, it seemed coarse and unnecessary, and through it he heard a small, agonized voice from the middle of the stream.

"My shoes! I have my good shoes on me. And my coat! My good coat."

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AND at once the figure that had seemed so comic to him became so tragic that he caught his breath. The pitiful red dress with the green bow, the bright blue coat, the dotted handkerchief, and the shiny black shoes with the silver buckles seemed in an instant to represent all that was gay and courageous and festive in the dull walled town, and the waters that ran sluggish and clogged seemed to be but another force of the oppression that daily waylaid his own heart.

"Hold on. I'm coming," he shouted; and splashing into the water, not caring whether he landed on them or not, he leaped from stone to stone; and just as the last vestige of control departed from the dazzled Onny and she tilted forward with a gasp, he landed on the stone beside her with one foot on the outer edge and the other foot between her patent shoes; and throwing out his arms, he caught her against him and bound her tight to himself and to the security of his steady nerve.

Onny faced outwards to the far bank. Gabriel faced the same way, his breast pressed close to her thin shoulders. Against the frame of her body he could hear his own heart beat, and the great gasping breath that he created stirred the light down on the back of her neck. Onny said nothing. He held her closer and tried to make his own breathing more even.

While he composed himself, he looked around to see what he would do. From the position in which they stood it might be easier to continue across the stream than to try to get back to the bank they had left. It would be difficult to get Onny to turn around. His breath came more evenly.

"Are you all right, Onny?" He slackened his hold on her.

"How will we get back?" said Onny.

"You're not afraid now that I'm with you?" said Gabriel.

"I don't know!" said Onny.

This was such a challenge that Gabriel took a last long breath. "Do as I say now," he ordered. And lifting her in his arms, he leaped across the moving water and came to a slippery foothold on a large, horny stone in the shallows on the other side of the current. Onny's feet brushed against the reeds as they landed. "Ready?"

said Gabriel, and he leaped again, this time landing securely on a flat stone and bringing Onny's feet down upon the safe and even surface, with a reassuring laugh.

"Now, I brought you safe, didn't I?" he said, as he took his arm from her waist and twirled her round to face him. "We are beyond the dangerous part." For it seemed, now that they had crossed it, that the crossing of the river had been a hazardous and dangerous operation, and that saving the black shiny shoes from a wetting in the river was a worthy achievement.

"We can pick our way out from here without any difficulty."

But he put out his hand and caught Onny's hand as he stepped from one stone to another, and as he guided her he looked with amusement once again at the changing expressions that flitted across her face, as a stone tilted slightly, a pebble loosened and rolled over on the river floor, or a ripple created by a loosened reed that pierced the surface set the waters murmuring softly.

"I thought you were a great adventurer!" he said. "I thought you did not have an ounce of fear in your whole body." And then the old inclination to tease began to rise again. "Is this the girl that was not afraid to play hide-and-seek in a graveyard?" He sprang up onto the bank at the other side, giving such a jerk to Onny's wrist that when she was lifted up beside him she was very close to him and he could see the tear marks on her flushed face.

"Now your face is dirty," he said.

Onny took out the spotted handkerchief. She turned around and dipped it in the stream behind her and began to wipe it gently over her face while the fresh tears began to run down in the tracks of the old.

"You are a funny girl!" said Gabriel. "Why are you crying now?"

"I'm all dirty and my dress is splashed. They'll all laugh at me when I get to the crossroads."

At the mention of the crossroads Gabriel's own face fell. In the excitement of negotiating the stream, and in his amusement at his companion's expressions, he had completely forgotten the object of the journey across the river. He had forgotten that he was only a casual agent in helping Onny to take a short cut to her destination. He forgot that it was for her companions at the crossroads that she wore her festive colors and her glittering slipper buckles. He forgot that now, once she was set securely upon the far bank, she would be bidding him good-bye and leaving him to his loneliness while she sped off through the damp evening grasses in the direction of the darkening skyline from which the silver evening voices volleyed through the trees.

And looking around him at the darkening spaces of the old park, where the colors were deepened with that last desperate depth of color that the earth takes on before night descends, he felt a passionate desire to enjoy the evening and to be gay, to be lighthearted. The bank of the river which he had left was like the shore of another world — a dull world of routine and convention. Crossing the river, he seemed to have stepped into an enchanted land where everything wore a new shape, a new color, and where the sounds of the earth were different.

HE LOOKED back at Onny. He looked at her face rubbed red with the damp linen of the handkerchief she had dipped in the river. He looked at the decked-out bodice of the red dress. He looked at the glittering shoe buckles. He looked at the riotous unruly curls of the heavy copper hair. He looked at the bright eyes that were regaining their saucy twinkle. She was no longer the kitchen drudge. She was young. She was dressed for a fancy evening. She was pleating the folds of her dress and looking out towards the crossroads where young men and women were taking the full advantage of their youth in gayety and laughter.

"Onny, I'm going with you. I can dance as well as any of your friends. I can sing. I can play a mouth organ if necessary." Gabriel caught up a reed from the edge of the river; and blowing along its edge, he raised a thin note that yet was sweet and piercing.

"Show me!" Onny pulled the reed from him and blew along it. There was no sound.

"There is an art in it," said Gabriel, and he bent down and, leaving the reed still held in her hands, put his lips to the outer edge and blew a thin breath along it.

There was again a piercingly sweet wail upon the air. He stared into Onny's eyes over the edge of the reed.

Onny's eyes widened. "You can't come to the crossroads!" she said.

"Why not?"

"Because!"

"Don't you want me to go?"

"It's not that," said Onny.

"What is it?"

She tore her eyes away from him. She looked away into space, but she jerked her head backwards to indicate the other side of the river where the back of the Coniffe house stared across at them with its blank windows.

"Your aunts would hear about it," said Onny. "It's only shopboys and lads from the farms that go over to the crossroads."

"What do I care about my aunts?" said Gabriel, for the river appeared to have widened until it seemed that never again would he recross it and go back to the old flat life of obedience and self-abasement.

"If they found out you came with me, I'd be sent home," said Onny.

Gabriel looked down from the gray back of the house across the river. "How would they find out?" he said, seeking eagerly to be deluded. But he knew that she was speaking the truth and that his aunts would be bewildered

and insulted if they heard that he had gone to dance at the crossroads with the servant girl from their own house.

"Bad news travels fast," said Onny. "There are plenty of people that are ready to spread a lie without giving them a chance to spread a story that's true."

She began to move away slowly in the direction of the rampart where, even at this distance, a gap could be seen leading into the lighter fields beyond that led out to the cemetery road.

"Onny! Wait!" Gabriel ran after her. "Were you ever up in the ruins of the old tower?"

"It's ghostly," said Onny.

"I thought you said you wouldn't be afraid with me."

"You can't get up there. The stones are loose. The steps are broken."

"I was up there a few times. I dragged myself up on the ivy. I'd pull you up after me."

"Why do you want to go up there? It's only an old tower. It's all crumbling to pieces."

"You can see out over the whole town — over all the ramparts and over the fields. You can see your cottage. You can see the cemetery. You can see the dancers at the crossroads and you can hear the music."

"It's too dark to see anything at this hour," said Onny, and she looked up at the first pale stars that were piercing through the sky above them.

"Well! What better could we have to look at than the stars?" said Gabriel, and he looked up at them himself.

Onny looked at his throat that arched with the terrifying strength of a man under the thin skin of a boy.

"I'd get light in my head up there on the broken stones looking at the stars," she said.

Gabriel looked down at her.

"I'd hold you," he said. "I'd hold you tight so that you couldn't fall."

And while he spoke he put out his hand to her and drew her arm through his arm, and led her slow feet across the dark grasses towards the tower. He was unable to speak, because the memory of holding her against him while they stood on the stone in the middle of the river had returned to intoxicate him in a way that it had not done while they stood there in the flesh.

He could feel again the beat of his own heart against the rounded curve of her shoulders and he began to hasten his steps, for already his blood was busy with anticipation of the moment when he would draw her up beside him on the crumbling ledge of the cold glassless castle, and his pulses throbbed with a pitiful violence when he felt the full significance of the fact that this time it would be her soft bosom that would be pressed to his breast.

(To be concluded)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR